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CONTENTS OF VOL VIII.

PAGE

EHRENSTEIN. By G. P. R. James, Esq. . . . 1, 173, 263, 370, 474
Hope. By Edmund Ollier, Esq. 24
"Run for the Doctor." By George Raymond, Esq. 25
The Merry Wives of Stamboul. By the Author of "Richelieu in Love" . 33
The Waterloo Banquet. By F. W. N. Bayley 56
The Sabre Duel. By Captain Medwin 58
Day after the Wreck. By Thomas Roscoe 65
Sketches of Dialogue at Denbigh. By Uncle Sam 66
Hymns for the Catholic Church. By Edw. Kenealy 72
Her Majesty's Bal Poudré 75
The Lover's Leap. By Percy B. St. John 82, 359
London at Night; seen from the Summit of St. Paul's 86
The Country Editor. By Shirley Brooks 89
Whitehall 92
Cæsar Borgia. By the Author of "Whitefriars" . . 97, 193, 289, 385
Song of the Demons. By Thomas Roscoe 113
Sonnet. By C. H. W. 113
The Man who makes Bargains. By Russell Graham 114
The Dahra Massacre. By the Author of "Richelieu in Love" . . . 118
"Working the Oracle" 119
Thom, the Weaver Poet 125
The Ring. By the Author of "Festus" 128
Thomas Chatterton 129
Nanna. By Herbert Smythe 139
Legend of the Lobisholme. By W. H. G. Kingston 140
Soy Contento. By Charles Hervey 149
Theatrical Recollections. By Drinkwater Meadows 150
The Order of Truth. By Frances Brown 156
August. By Edmund Ollier 160
Strange Incidents from Real Life. By George Raymond 161
Notes and Anecdotes: Venice. By Charles Hervey 169
Harold. From the German of Uhland 172
The Return from Battle. By Mrs. Ponsonby 192
The Moors and the Stubble; or, the 12th of August and 1st of September. By Frederic Tolfrey, Author of "The Sportsman in France," &c. . . 210
The Malocchio. By Captain Medwin 217
Story of a Strange Childhood. By Arnheldt Weaver 225
The Two Streams 233
A Reminiscence of Marseilles 234
September. By Edmund Ollier 240
The Italian Boy: a Tale of London Streets. By Charlton Carew . . . 241
Captain Bobadil. In Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour." By Pat Fogarty, of Cork 248
The Cell in the Rock: a Legend of Terracina. By Charles Hervey . . 254
Tale of a Toe. By Edmund Ollier 257
The Convent By A. G. 262
The Valley of the Meuse 281
The Fortune of Edenhall. From the German of Uhland 285
Our Library Table 286
London Bridge. By Arnheldt Weaver 308
October. By Edmund Ollier 316
Glimpses of Germany, with a Glance at France. By a Travelling Satellite of Queen Victoria 317
James Shepherd the Jacobite: a Story of the Reign of George I. By Charles Ollier 322

PAGE

A Tale of East India Life. By J. H. Stocqueler, Author of "Handbook of India" 328
Belgium and the Belgians 337
Stanzas. By Mrs. Ponsonby 344
St. Silvester's Night: a Romance of Real Life. By Madame de Crespigny . 345
Mavourneen. By T. J. Ouseley 353
Characteristics of English Poets—Chaucer, Webster, Quarles, and Chapman. By R. H. Horne 354
Sonnet. By David Lester Richardson, Author of "Literary Leaves," &c. . 364
Poets. By T. J. Ouseley 364
The Paris Hippodrome. By Charles Hervey 365
Chaldea. By W. Francis Ainsworth, Esq. 399
The Legend of Le Petit Saint Albert 404
Schwarzkopf the Poacher. A Tale of Bavarian Forest Life 407
The Mournful Tournament. From the German of Uhland 421
The Gambling Booths at Baden. By Thomas Roscoe, Esq. 422
My Ancestors 428
The Life and Writings of Nimrod. By the Author of "Handley Cross." Nos. I. and II. 429, 511
The Searchers of the Sewers. A Tale of Modern London Underground. By Charlton Carew 447
Minstrel Life in the Thirteenth Century. A Sketch of Medieval Life and Manners. By Thomas Wright, M.A. 456
On a Favourite Walk. By Edward Kenealy, Esq., Author of "Brallaghan," &c. 462
Hermann and Regina. A True Anecdote. By Captain Medwin . . . 463
The Paradise of Mohammed. By Dudley Costello, Esq. 467
The Count of Monte Christo. By W. Francis Ainsworth, Esq. . . . 479
The Muntifik Arabs. By W. Francis Ainsworth, Esq. 493
Dream of an Evil Spirit before his Fall. From the German of Jean Paul Friedrich Richter. By John Oxenford, Esq. 499
Song. From the German of Henreich Heine. By Percy Boyd, Esq. . . 501
Osborne Northbrooke. By Charles Ollier, Author of "Ferrers" . . . 502
The Head and the Heart. By J. E. Carpenter 510
Romance. Translated from the Spanish. By John Oxenford . . . 518
A Few Words about Zumalacarregui. By a Personal Acquaintance . . 519
The Separate Purse. By Mrs. White 524
The Lonely Man of Lambeth; or, Quite the Gentleman. By Cornelius Webbe 532
Sonnets, suggested by Thucydides, Books I. and II. 545
A Visit to Ispahan. By the Hon. C. Stuart Savile 546
Town Life in Italy. The Fiasco. By L. Mariotti 551
A Dissertation on English Domestic Cookery. By Dudley Costello . . 560
Goldsmith Illustrated 567
The Rose Garden of Persia 567
The British and Foreign Institute 568

AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINE.

EHRENSTEIN.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

CHAPTER I.

It was an awfully dark and tempestuous night: the wind howled in fury through the trees and round the towers; the large drops of rain dashed against the casements; the small lozenges of glass rattled and clattered in their leaden frames, and the thick boards of the oaken floor heaved and shivered under the force of the tempest. From time to time a keen, blue streak of lightning crossed the descending deluge, and for an instant the great black masses of the forest, and the high and broken rocks around, appeared like spectres of a gone-by world, and sunk into Egyptian darkness again almost as soon as seen; and then the roar of the thunder was added to the scream of the blast, seeming to shake the whole building to its foundation.

In the midst of this storm, and towards one o'clock in the morning, a young man, of about one-and-twenty years of age, took his way silently, and with a stealthy step, through the large old halls and long passages of the Castle of Ehrenstein. His dress was that of one moving in the higher ranks of society, but poor for his class; and though the times were unusually peaceful, he wore a heavy sword by his side, and a poniard hanging by a ring from his girdle. Gracefully yet powerfully formed, his frame afforded the promise of great future strength; and his face, frank and handsome, without being strictly beautiful, owed perhaps more to the expression than to the features. He carried a small brazen lamp in his hand, and seemed bound upon some grave and important errand; for his countenance was serious and thoughtful, his eyes generally bent down, and his step quick, although, as we have said, light and cautious.

The room that he quitted was high up in the building; and descending by a narrow and steep staircase, formed of large square blocks of oak, with nothing but a rope to steady the

steps, he entered a long, wide corridor below, flanked on one side by tall windows like those of a church, and on the other by numerous small doors. The darkness was so profound, that at first the rays of the lamp only served to dissipate the obscurity immediately around it; while the rest of the corridor beyond, looked like the mouth of a yawning, interminable vault, filled with gloom and shadows. The next moment, however, as he advanced, a blazing sheet of electric flame glanced over the windows, displaying their long line upon the right, and the whole interior of the corridor. Here and there an old suit of armour caught the light; and the grotesque figures on two large antique stone benches seemed to grin and gibber in the flame. Still the young man walked on, pausing only for one moment at a door on the left, and looking up at it with a smile somewhat melancholy.

At the end of the corridor, on the left, he came to a larger staircase than that which he had before descended; and going cautiously down, and through some other passages, he found himself in a small vestibule, with two doors on either hand. They were of various dimensions, but all studded with large nails, and secured by thick bands of iron; and turning to the largest of the four, he quietly lifted the latch and pushed it open. The wind, as he did so, had nearly blown out the lamp; and in suddenly shading it with his hand, he let slip the ponderous mass of wood-work, which was blown back against its lintels with a dull clang, which echoed far away through the vaulted passages of the castle.

The young man paused and listened, apparently fearful that his proceedings might be noticed; but then, as all was silent, till a loud peal of thunder again shook the ear of night, he opened the door once more, carefully shading the lamp with his cloak. Then, closing the door gently behind him, he turned a large key that was in the lock, seemingly to ensure that he should not be followed. He was now in a vast old hall, which appeared to have been long unused, for there were manifold green stains upon the stone pavement; no customary rushes strewed the floor, no benches stood at the sides, and the table, at which many a merry meal had passed, was no longer to be seen. A number of torn and dusty banners and pennons, on the lances which had borne them to the field, waved overhead, as the wind, which found its way through many a broken lozenge in the casements, played amongst these shreds of departed glories. A whispering sound came from them likewise; and to an imaginative mind like that of the youth who walked on beneath them, some of the rustling banners seemed to ask, "Whither, whither?" and others to answer, "To dust—to dust!"

In the middle of the hall he paused and thought. A degree of hesitation appeared to come over him; and then murmuring,

"It must be all nonsense—but, true or not, I have promised, and I will go," he walked forward to another door at the far end of the hall, much smaller than that by which he had entered. Apparently it had not been opened for a long time, as a pile of dust lay thick against it. There was no key in the lock, and it seemed fastened from the other side. After pushing it, however, to see if it would give way, the young man drew forth a key, saying to himself, "Perhaps this opens all;" and applying it, after some examination of the keyhole, he turned it and threw back the door. Then holding up the lamp ere he entered, he gazed into the space before him. It was a low, narrow passage in the stone-work, with no windows, or even loopholes, perceptible; but yet the damp found its way in, for the walls were glistening all over with unwholesome slime. The pavement, too, if pavement indeed there was at all, was covered thickly with a coating of black mould, from which every here and there sprung up a crop of pale, sickly fungi, covered with noxious dew, spreading a sort of faint, unpleasant odour around.

So foul, and damp, and gloomy looked the place, that it evidently required an effort of resolution on the young man's part to enter; but after pausing for a moment he did so, and closed and locked the door behind him. Then turning round, he looked on, still holding up the lamp, as if he expected to see some fearful object in the way. All was vacant, however; and as the faint rays of light dispersed the darkness, he could perceive another door at the end of the passage, some twenty yards in advance. It, when he reached it, was found unfastened; and on drawing it back, for it opened inwards, the top of a flight of stone steps was before him, descending apparently into a well.

It was no faint heart that beat within his bosom; but those were days in which existed a belief, almost universal, in things which our more material times reject as visionary, or which, at least, are only credited by a few, who can see no reason why, in the scheme of creation, there should not be means of communication between the spiritual and the corporeal, or why, the bond of mortal life once dissolved, the immortal tenant of the fleshly body should not still feel some interest in the things of earth amongst which it moved so long, and have the power and the permission to make its presence felt for warning and for guidance. It is very different to feel an awe and a dread in any undertaking, and to shrink from executing it. The young man did feel awe, for he was going, in solitude and the midst of night, into places where mortal foot rarely trod, where every association and every object was connected with dark and dreary memories, and with still more gloomy anticipations —the memorials of the dead, the mouldering ruins of fellow-men, the records of the tomb, the picture of all that warm existence

comes to in the end. He stopped for a moment there, and gazed down into the dark void below; but the next instant, with a slow and careful foot upon the wet and slippery steps, he began the descent. The air, which was sultry above, felt cold and chilling as he descended, and the lamp burned dim, with a diminished flame, from the impure vapours that seemed congregated in the place. Each step, too, produced a hollow echo, ringing round, and decreasing gradually in sound, both above and below, till it seemed as if voices were whispering behind him and before him. Twice he paused to listen, scarcely able to persuade himself that he did not hear tongues speaking; but as he stopped, the sound ceased, and again he proceeded on his way. The square-cut stones forming the shaft in which the staircase turned, with the jointing only more clearly discernible from the mortar having dropped out, soon gave way to the more solid masonry of nature, and the rude rock, roughly hewn, was all that was left around him, with the stairs still descending in the midst. A hundred and seventeen steps, some of them perilous from decay, brought him at length to the termination, with a door ajar at the foot. All was darkness beyond; and though there seemed a freer air as he pulled the door back, and the lamp burned up somewhat more clearly, yet the vast gloomy expanse before him lost scarcely a particle of its gloom, as he advanced with a beating heart, bearing the light in his hand. He was unconscious of touching the door as he passed, but the moment he had entered, it swung slowly to, and a solemn clang echoed through the vault.

Laying his left hand on his dagger, he turned suddenly and looked behind him; but there was no one there, and he saw nothing but the heavy stone walls and low groined arches, which seemed spreading out interminably on either side. The next moment a bat fluttered across, and swept his face with its cold dewy wing, nearly extinguishing the lamp as it passed; and then, as he took a few steps forward, a low voice asked, "Who is he?"

"Who, who?" several other voices seemed to say; and then another cried, "Hush!"

The young man caught the lamp in his left hand and half drew his sword with his right, demanding aloud, "Who spoke?" There was no reply but the echo of his own voice amidst the arches; and holding the lamp before him, he turned to the side from which the first question seemed to proceed, and thought he saw a figure standing in the dim obscurity, at a few paces' distance. "Who are you?" he cried, stepping forward, but there the figure stood, grew more defined as the rays fell upon it, and the eyeless grinning head, and long mouldy bones of a skeleton, appeared bound with a rusty chain to a thick column. Instinctively he started back, when he first discovered what the object was; and as he did so, a low, wild,

echoing laugh rang round through the arches on every side, as if mocking the horror which his countenance expressed. Nothing showed itself, however, and ashamed of his own sensations, he drew his sword out of the sheath, and walked quickly on. His path soon became encumbered; and first he stumbled over a slimy skull, then trod upon some bones that cranched under his feet, while strange whisperings seemed to spread around him, till with no light joy he saw the further wall of the vault, with an open arch, leading out into some place beyond. When he had passed it, however, the scene was no less sad and gloomy, for he seemed now in a vast building like a chapel, where, ranged on either hand, were sepulchral monuments covered with dust, and between them long piles of mouldering coffins, with, overhead, a banner here and there, gauntlets, and swords, and tattered surcoats, the hues of which could scarcely be distinguished through the deep stains and mildew that covered them. Here frowned the figure of a warrior in black marble—there lay another hewn in plain stone. Here stood a pile of coffins, with the velvet which once covered them, and the gold with which they were fringed, all mouldering in shreds, and offering a stern comment on the grossest of human vanities, that tries to deck the grave with splendour, and serves up the banquet of the worm in tinsel. When he had half passed along the solemn avenue, he thought he heard a sound behind, and turned to look, but there was nothing near except three small coffins, and the marble effigy of a lady kneeling in the attitude of prayer. When he turned round again, a sudden light, blue and pale, like that of the unconfirmed dawn, shone through the long arcades, wavered and flickered round, as if moving from place to place, though whence it proceeded he could not see; but as he strode on it served to show him a large snake that darted from under the crumbling base of one of the monuments, and glided on along the path before him, as if guiding him on his way.

"By Heaven, this is all very strange and horrible!" he exclaimed aloud; and instantly there was a wild "whoop," coming from several parts of the chapel. The pale light that shone around was extinguished, and nought remained but the dim lamp in his own hand.

He would not be turned back, however, but hurried only the more quickly forward, till he reached a door at the opposite side. It was bolted within, but not locked, and pulling back the iron bar from the staple, he rushed out, the strong gust of the night air, and the pattering drops of rain, instantly extinguishing the lamp. A shrill scream met his ear as the door swung-to behind him; but nevertheless he paused and put his hand to his brows, with sensations in his bosom which he had never felt before, and which he was ashamed to feel.

While he thus stood, a fierce flash of lightning blazed around,

dazzling his eyes for a moment, but serving to show him the exact point of the rocky hill which he had now reached, and a path winding on down the woody descent, narrow, rough, and stony, looking more as if it had been traced by some torrent pouring down the side of the slope, than by the foot of man. Along it he turned his steps, guided by the trees and bushes, which rendered it impossible that he should miss his way, till, nearly at the bottom of the hill, a faint light shone before him, from the window of what appeared a little chapel.

"The good priest is watching for me," the young man said to himself, and, hurrying on, he lifted the latch and went in.

CHAPTER II.

THE interior of the building into which the young man now entered, afforded a strange contrast to the wild and fearful scenes through which he had just passed. It was like life and death side by side—the world and the grave; and the change struck him as much, or perhaps more, than if the particulars had been reversed. It was a little cell, dependent upon the neighbouring monastery, with a chapel attached to it, dedicated to Our Lady; but the room into which the door immediately led was one of the two dwelling-chambers of the priests, who came up there in weekly turn to officiate at the chapel. It was low-roofed and small, but, nevertheless, it had an air of comfort and cheerfulness about it, and the large well-trimmed lamp showed the whole extent, and left not one corner in obscurity. A little table stood in the midst, with the good priest seated at it, a book open before him, and another closed at his side; but besides these objects of study or devotion, the table bore several things connected with our corporeal comfort, which showed that, at all events, the chapel was not a hermitage. There was a well-roasted capon, and two or three rolls, or small loaves of white bread—a rarity in that part of the country, and at that time—and besides these, there appeared two or three neat glasses, with twisted stalks, and a capacious green bottle, large in the bulb, flattened at the sides, and with a neck towering like a minaret. It was a very promising vessel, indeed; for its peculiar shape, form, and thickness were too expensive to be in general bestowed upon bad wine; and the monks were supposed in those days, as at present, to be very accurate judges of what was really good.

Amongst the most cheerful things in the place, however, was the countenance of the priest himself. He was a man of somewhat more than sixty years of age, but fresh, firm, and unbroken; with a complexion which, originally fair and smooth, seemed only to have grown fairer and more smooth with years;

and though the untonsured part of his hair was as white as driven snow, his blue eye was as clear and bright as in youth. His features were high and somewhat aquiline, his eyebrows long and white; but that which denoted age more than aught else was, the falling-in of the lips, by the sad ravages of time upon those incessant plagues of life, the teeth. His countenance was a cheerful and contented one, not without lines of thought, and perhaps of care; but to the eye of one accustomed to read the character upon the face, the expression would have indicated a temperament and disposition naturally easy and good-humoured, without any want of mental energy and activity.

"Ah, Ferdinand!" he said, as soon as he beheld his visitor, "you have kept me long, my son; but that matters not; it is a terrible night, and the way somewhat troublesome to find. But, all good angels! what makes you look so pale, boy? Yours is not a cheek to turn white at a flash of lightning. Sit down, sit down, my son, and refresh yourself! See, I have provided for your entertainment."

"The way is a terrible one, good father," replied the young man, seating himself, and resting his arm upon the table; "and it is one I will never tread willingly again, unless it be to return home this night; though that I would not do, if there were any way of avoiding it."

"Why, how now—how now?" asked the priest. "Never let it be said that you have been frightened by a score of old monuments, and a few dry bones."

"That's not all, good father—that's not all," answered the young man; and he proceeded to relate in a low voice all that he had heard and seen as he came thither.

"Fantasms of the imagination," exclaimed the priest. "Voices in the serfs' burying-place, lights in the chapel-vaults! No, no, good youth, such things are quite impossible. These are but tales of the castle-hall, told in the winter's evening round the fire, which have so filled your imagination, that you realize them to yourself in a dark stormy night and a gloomy place. I have gone up there a hundred times, by night and day, and never yet saw aught but old crumbling stones, and mouldy arches, and fleshless bones, here and there; things fitted surely to produce solemn thoughts of the mortality of man's frame, of the vanity of all his works, and the emptiness of his glory, but not to fill your head with fancies such as these."

"But, father, I tell you I heard the voices as distinctly as I hear you speak," the youth rejoined, in a half-angry tone; "that I saw the light as plainly as I see this before me."

"A flash of lightning," replied the priest.

"No, no," answered his companion, "I never saw a flash of lightning that lasted uninterrupted, calm and quiet, for five minutes; nor you either, father. Nor did I ever hear the thunder ask 'Who is he?' nor laugh and hoot like a devil.

I would not have believed it myself, had I not had eyes and ears to witness; and so I cannot blame you for doubting it. I never was a believer in ghosts or phantoms, or spirits visiting the earth, till now. I thought them but old women's tales, as you do."

"Nay, nay," exclaimed the priest, eagerly, "I did not say that;" and he fell into a deep fit of thought, before he proceeded farther. At length, he continued, in a grave tone, saying, "You must not suppose, Ferdinand, that I doubt, in any degree, that spirits are at times permitted to visit or revisit this world. We have the warrant of Scripture for it; and many facts of the kind are testified by fathers of the church, and holy men, whom it would be a sin to suspect of falsehood, and a presumption to accuse of foolishness. But I do think that in thousands of instances, where such apparitions are supposed to have taken place, especially in the present day, there is much more either of folly or deception than of truth. In this case, although I have heard the women and some of the boors declare that they have seen strange sights about the castle, I have always fancied the report mere nonsense, as I never beheld anything of the kind myself; but there certainly was something odd and unaccountable in the Graff suddenly shutting up the great hall, where his brother used always to feast with his retainers; and people did say that he had seen a sight there which had made him dread to enter it again; yet I have passed through the vaults and the hall many a time since, without ever beholding aught to scare me.—But take some food, my son; ay, and some wine too. It will refresh and revive you."

The young man did not object; for, to say truth, he much needed refreshment—the agitation of the mind being always much more exhausting than mere corporeal fatigue. The good priest joined in his supper with moderation, but with evident satisfaction; for—alas, that it should be so!—yet nevertheless it is a fact, that as we advance in life, losing pleasure after pleasure, discovering the delusions of the imagination which are mixed up with so many of our joys, and the deceitful character of not a few even of our intellectual delights, there is a strong tendency to repose upon the scanty remnant of mere material gratifications that are left to us by the infirmities of the body. He helped himself and his guest to a glass of the good wine, took another without hesitation, and then insisted upon Ferdinand replenishing his glass, and, encouraging him to do so, bore him company. The young man's spirits rose, the scenes he had just passed through were partially forgotten, and the feelings and impressions which he had felt before he set out, and which, indeed, had brought him thither, once more became predominant. Finishing his meal, he wiped his dagger, and thrust it back into the sheath; and then, turning to the

monk, he said, "Well, good Father George, I have come at your bidding, and would come farther to please you, though I know not well what you want, even if I suspect a little. There was nothing very wrong, though I saw you gave me a frown."

"I never thought there was anything wrong, my son," replied the priest, gravely; "I saw the lady's hand in yours, it is true; I saw her eyes turned up to yours with a very beaming look; I saw yours bent down on her as if your knee would have soon bent also; but I never thought there was anything wrong—of course not."

His tone was perfectly serious; but whether it was conscience, or a knowledge that Father George did not altogether dislike a jest, even upon grave matters, Ferdinand could not help suspecting that his companion spoke ironically. He did not feel quite sure of it, however, and after considering for a moment, he replied, "Well, whatever you may think, father, it was all very simple. Her horse had fallen with her in the morning; I had not seen her since I had aided to raise her, and I was only asking how she had fared after the accident."

"Nothing more, I doubt not," replied the priest, in the same tone.

"On my life—on my honour!" exclaimed the young man.

"And yet you love her, and she loves you, Ferdinand," rejoined Father George, with a quiet smile. "Deny it not, my boy, for it is a fact."

"Well," answered the youth, with a glowing cheek, "it may be true that I love her, but I love without hope; and I do trust—though perhaps you may not believe me when I say so—I do trust that she does not love me; for I would not for my right hand that she should ever know the bitterness of such hopeless passion."

"But why hopeless?" demanded the priest, and paused for an answer.

The young man gazed upon him in surprise, almost amounting to irritation; for deep feeling, except when it is so intense as to lose all sense of external things, will not bear to be trifled with, and he thought the old man was jesting with his passion.

"Why hopeless!" he exclaimed, at length; "by difference of station; by difference of wealth; by all the cold respects and icy mandates of the world. Who am I, father, that I should dare to lift my eyes to the daughter of a high and mighty lord like this? Noble I may be—you have told me so—but——"

"As noble as herself," replied the priest; "nay, if blood be all, higher in station. True, fortune has not befriended you; but that same goddess was ever a fickle and capricious dame, and those she raises high one day, she sinks low the next, to lift up others in their stead. How many a mighty lord has been pulled from his chair of state to end his days in dungeons! We have heard of emperors confined to a poor cell, and of princes and

heroes begging their bread. The time may come, boy, when upon your arm may hang the fortunes of that lady's house—when to you she may cling for protection and support, and the sun that now shines for her father may shine for you."

Ferdinand shook his head with a desponding smile, as if it were well nigh a mockery to talk of such things. "Whence should those golden days come, father?" he asked; "even opportunity, the great touchstone of the heart and mind, the gate of all success, the pathway of ambition, love, and hope, is closed and barred to me. But yesterday—it seems but yesterday—I was her father's page; and a day earlier, a boy running through the abbey-grounds under your kind care and good instruction—the object of your bounty, of your charity, I do believe——"

"Nay, not so," exclaimed the priest, quickly; "you had your little store of wealth when you fell to my charge, Ferdinand. I have doled it out as I thought best in your nurture and education; but I have still some remaining, which I have invested for you in land near the abbey, and am ready to account for all. But still, even if all were as you say, I see not why you should be in so hopeless a mood; all ladies may be won, all difficulties overcome. There is a chance given to every man in life, his be the fault if he do not seize it."

"The distance is too far, father," answered the young man; "I have often, when I was a boy, stood and looked at the sun rising through the clouds; and, when a bright broad ray has travelled forth, like a pall laid for some emperor's tread, stretching from the golden canopy hung over the ascending monarch of the day, and reaching well-nigh to my feet, I have almost thought that I could tread upon it, and wend my way to heaven. But such fancies have passed now, father; such suns no longer shine for me; and in the broad harsh noonday of manhood, I dream such dreams no more."

"But you dream others no less bright, Ferdinand," replied the priest; "visions of triumph in the field, and mighty deeds, and great renown, and service to the state, and beauty's smile; fame, happiness, and joy, float even now before your eyes, and those visions may prove true. Did I want proof that such things still are busy in your heart, your very gay and flowery words would show them to me. I am the last to bid you banish them, my son; when well directed, and kept within reasonable bounds, they are often the harbingers of great success."

"But who shall direct them for me?" asked his young companion, who had heard encouragement so little expected with evident marks of surprise; "who shall fix the bounds to be called reasonable? To me most of those dreams seem foolish,—especially that which is sweetest."

"I will direct, if you will let me," answered the priest; "I

will fix the bounds; and to begin, I tell you that the hope you fancy the most visionary is the least so. But leave the matter to me, my dear Ferdinand; follow my counsel, and Adelaide shall be yours, and that speedily."

"Oh, father!" exclaimed the young man, stretching forth his hand, and grasping that of the priest, "do not—do not, I beseech you, raise in me such hopes, if there be a probability of their failure."

"There is none," replied Father George; "pursue the course before you boldly; seek her resolutely, though calmly and secretly; tell her of your love, win her confidence, gain whatever ascendancy you can over her mind, and leave all the rest to me."

"But, father, what will be said of my honour when all is discovered, as it must be?" rejoined the young man; "what torrents of reproach will fall upon me—what disgrace, what indignity will not be heaped upon me! Danger I do not fear—death itself I would encounter, but for the chance of possessing her; but shame—I cannot bear shame, father."

"Think you, my son," asked the priest, somewhat sternly, "that I would counsel you to anything that is disgraceful? I only advise you to caution and secresy, because you would meet with opposition in the outset. Have no fear, however, as to the result; I will justify you fully. I have told you that you are her equal in birth, if not at present in wealth; that you have a right to seek her hand—nay, more, that if your heart goes with it, it is expedient both for you and her that you should do so."

"This is all a mystery to me," replied the young man, thoughtfully.

"Ay," answered the priest; "but there are many mysteries in this life, which it is well not to scan. However, if there be blame, your blame be upon me. Still it is right that you should be able to show that you have not yielded to mere passion; and before you go, I will give you, under my hand, authority for what you do; for you must neither doubt nor hesitate."

"I do not hesitate, father," said Ferdinand with a smile; "Heaven knows that my heart prompts me only too eagerly to follow such pleasant counsel. I will go on, then; but you must be ever ready to advise and assist me; for, remember, I am working in the dark, and may need aid and direction in a thousand difficult circumstances, which neither I nor you now foresee."

"Advice shall be ever at your command," answered Father George, "and aid, stronger and better than perhaps you expect; only pursue implicitly the course I point out, and I will be answerable for the end. Now let us talk of other things. How goes the party at the castle—well and cheerfully?"

"Nay," replied the young man, "never very cheerful, good

father. The count,* you know, is not of a merry disposition."

"No, indeed," said the priest, "he never was so, even from a youth; a dark, stern heart throws its shadow far around, as a bright and benevolent one casts light on everything. He is a very different man from his brother, the last count, who was cheerfulness itself, full of gay jest and merry happiness, looking lightly and mirthfully upon all indifferent things; yet not without deep reverence and feeling for the essential duties of a Catholic Christian and a man. Ah, those were merry days at the old castle, then. The board was always well filled in the great hall; good meat, good wine, gay guests, and pleasant talk—in which the noble lord himself still led others on to enjoy, and seemed to find a pleasure in their pleasure—those were things always to be found, where there is now nothing but gloom and state, and cold service. There were no ghosts then, Ferdinand; no spirits but cheerful ones haunted hall or bower." And the old man fell into a fit of thought, seeming to ponder pleasantly upon the times past, though they might contrast themselves in his mind with the darker aspect of the present.

Ferdinand also remained thoughtful for several minutes, but then rose, saying, "I must be wending my way homeward, father, though I doubt I shall hardly find it, as I have now no lamp, and those vaults are intricate."

"Stay a while, stay a while," answered Father George; "the storm will not last long, and I will go with you. No spirits will show themselves in my presence, I am sure."

"Oh, I fear them not now," replied Ferdinand; "such hopes as you have given me to-night, father, will be a spell to lay them."

The old man smiled, well knowing that, notwithstanding the boast, his young companion would not at all object to his company; but he merely replied, "I will take my lantern, youth; for without a light you might lose yourself in the caves, as some have done before you. Look out and see how the sky appears. The thunder has ceased, I think."

The young man opened the door, and took a step forth, and then returning, said, "It lightens still, but faintly; and it rains a little. It will soon be over, though, I think;" and seating himself again, he spent about half an hour more in conversation with the priest. At the end of that time, the rain having ceased, they set out together for the castle, while the faint flashes of the electric fluid, with which the air was still loaded, gleamed over the sky from time to time, and a distant roar to the westward told that the storm was visiting other lands. It was a toilsome journey up the steep ascent, rendered slippery by the wet, for

* I shall adopt the word "count," instead of "graff," as the English translation of the German title; and shall also follow throughout the same course with regard to other honorary designations, as more convenient.

a man of Father George's years, but he bore up stoutly, and at length they reached the entrance of the crypt below the chapel. Pushing the door open boldly, the old man went in, and advancing some twenty or thirty steps, held up the lantern and looked round. Nothing was to be seen, however, and no sound but the fall of their own footsteps reached the ear of either of the two wanderers, as they pursued their way through the chapel-vaults and the excavations in the rock against which the building was raised. In the midst of what was called the Serfs' Burying Place, however, close by the spot where the skeleton was chained to the column, Father George paused, and gazed for an instant at the sad sight which it presented: "Ah, poor fellow!" he said, "they bound him there, and strangled him against the pillar for murdering his master, the last count, when fighting far away; but to the last he declared that whatever hand had done it, it was not his act; and I believed him, for he loved the count well, and the count loved him. 'Tis twenty years ago, and yet see how the bones hold together. Come on, my son; I will see you to the hall-door, and then leave you."

Ferdinand, who was not at all partial to a prolonged stay in the vaults, readily followed; and when they reached the little door that led into the hall, the good priest remarked, with a quiet smile, "We have seen no ghosts, my son, nor heard them either."

"True, father, true," replied the young man; "but those who have heard and seen must believe. I trust that you may pass back as unmolested as we came."

"I fear not, Ferdinand," answered Father George: "and what is more, you must also shake off all apprehensions; for in order to win her you love, you may have often to tread these same paths."

"If there were a devil in every niche, father," replied Ferdinand, "I would face them all for her sake."

"Well, well, good night," said the priest, shaking his head: "love's the religion of a young man, and if it lead him not to wrong, it may lead him to things higher than itself. Keep the key as a treasure, good youth; for it may prove one to you in case of need."

Thus saying, the old man suffered him to light his lamp at the lantern, which was not done without difficulty, as the drops of rain had somewhat wetted the wick; and ere Ferdinand had reached the opposite end of the hall, after leaving the priest, his light was extinguished again, and he had to feel his way to his own chamber, along the dark corridors and staircases of the building. He was wet and tired, but he felt no inclination to sleep, even though darkness continued for more than one hour after he had returned to the castle. There was a brighter light in his heart than that of morning, and in it the new-born hopes sported like gay children at their play.

CHAPTER III.

THE morning rose bright and beautiful after the storm, shining down the valley, glittering on the stream, and illuminating the castle high on its rock; from the base of which, steep and rugged as it was, stretched forth about a mile of more gradual descent, broken and undulating, thickly covered with trees, and here and there presenting a large mass of fallen stone, looking like the wall of some outwork, decayed by time, and garmented with moss. The whole surface on the summit of the hill was crowned with walls and towers; and such was the commanding situation which they occupied, that, in days when the science of warfare, though often practised, was but little known, it might well seem a hopeless task to attempt to take that castle by any means but famine. On a lower point, or what may be called a step in the rock, appeared a very beautiful and graceful building; the lower part of which displayed strong masonry, and manifold round arches, filled up with stone; while in the upper, the lighter architecture of a later period was seen, in thin buttresses and tall pointed windows, pinnacles, and mouldings, and fret-work. Built against the steep side of the cliff, below the castle, there seemed, at first sight, no path to this chapel but from the fortress above, with which it was connected by a few steps flanked by a low square tower; but to the eye of a traveller, riding or walking along the ridge of hills on the opposite side of the valley, glimpses of a path displayed themselves, winding in and out amongst the wood; and somewhat more than half-way down the hill, appeared a small edifice, in the same style of architecture as the upper story of the castle-chapel.

On that opposite ridge of hills was another stronghold, or rather, what had been so, for, at the time I speak of, it was already in ruins; and down below, on either hand, swept an ocean of green boughs, covering the declivities of the hills, and leaving a narrow track of little more than half a mile in breadth, for verdant meadows, hamlets, and a small but beautiful stream. Following the course of the little river, the eye rested, at about two miles' distance, upon the towers and pinnacles of a large building, half concealed in wood; and from the walls thereof, at the hours appointed for the various services of the Roman Catholic Church, might be heard the great bell of the abbey swinging slow upon the breeze the call to prayer.

Beyond the abbey and the woods that surrounded it, a world of hill and valley was descried, with rocks tossed in wild confusion here and there, taking every different variety of form. Now like a giant sitting on the side of a hill, now like the ruined wall of some old fortress, now like a column raised to commemorate some great event, now like the crest of a warrior's

helmet plumed with feathery trees, they offered to imagination infinite materials for the sport of fancy. All the hollows, too, except those directly facing the east, were filled with mists and shadows; while the tops of the mountains, the higher crags, the old ruins, and the steeple of a distant church, rose as if from the bosom of a dim and gloomy ocean.

Such was the aspect of the scene about an hour after day-break, and all was yet in the stillness of the early morning; not a sound was heard save the whistle of one of the peasantry going to his work in the fields, or the lowing of the cattle driven down to the stream to drink,—when suddenly the whole valley rang with a wild and peculiar clang. The sound of horns winded loud and clear, the trampling of horses' feet in full career, the loud tongues of dogs, the shouts and calls of hunts-men, echoed along the steep opposite to Ehrenstein, sweeping on fiercely through the woods, apparently from the dilapidated walls of the old stronghold towards the abbey below. On, on went the sounds unceasingly, as if some beast had made its burst from the wood and was hotly pursued by the hounds; but nothing appeared beyond the green branches. Neither dogs, nor huntsmen, nor horses were visible to the watcher on the walls of the castle, though many a break in the forest, and an open piece of road, ought to have given him glimpses of the chase, if it took the course which the sounds seemed to indi-cate.

There were two peasants, however, wending their way from the hamlet near the abbey towards a vineyard which lay on the other side of the hills, and as their road lay through the wood, they soon heard the noise come rushing on towards them. Both stopped at once, and drew a little out of the direct path, the one saying, "The count is hunting early in the year;" the other exclaiming, "Come away, man—come away! This is not the count!"

The next instant the whole hunt swept by, and the two men drew back in terror; for, instead of the forest green or the gay philimot, the dresses of the hunters were all as black as night, and at their head rode a horseman, magnified by their fancy to gigantic stature, clothed from head to heel in arms of the same sombre hue. The men fell down upon their knees, and scarcely dared to raise their eyes; and when one of them did so, he saw the strange leader of that dark array shaking his gauntlet at him with a menacing gesture.

In a few seconds all were gone, and the two peasants stood trembling, while the sounds died away in the distance.

"We shall have war within the twelvemonth," said the one.

"Ay, that we shall," answered the other; "I never thought to see the Black Huntsmen with my own eyes. Let us go and tell the count; for he will need to prepare. The castle is getting

ruinous; and there is neither much wine nor much corn in the neighbourhood."

"No, no; to the abbey—to the abbey, man," rejoined his companion. "It's there we owe our duty; we are not the count's men."

"Ay, but the count may give us a crown for the news," answered the other; "from the monks we shall have nothing but a benedicite."

"Well, wait a little—wait a little," was the reply. "You know it is dangerous to follow him too close."

"Ay, that's true," replied the first speaker; "and he shook his fist at me as he passed, for just daring to look up at him. Let us sit down here for awhile."

The other agreed; and the two men, seating themselves, continued to converse for about a quarter of an hour: the one, to make himself agreeable, prophesying that his friend, to whom the Black Huntsman had given so menacing a sign of notice, would be forced to go to the wars, and never return alive; the other, though in no little dread, endeavouring to persuade himself and his comrade that no such result would or could ensue.

"I will never be killed in the wars," he said; "for I wont go. I would sooner shave my head, sell all I have got, and become a serving-brother in the abbey."

"Then they'll pillage the abbey, and you'll be killed," rejoined his companion, who was determined, it would seem, that the other should not take any false hope to his bosom. "Hark, here they are coming again!"

Both started up, and were about to plunge into the wood, when, spurring on at fiery speed, and followed by two or three soldiers half-armed, appeared a young cavalier, with his eyes so eagerly bent forward, that he did not seem to perceive the two peasants, till one of them exclaimed, "It's no use following, Master Ferdinand; he's gone far enough now."

"He!" exclaimed the young man; "who is he, boor—do you know him? Who is it dares to hunt in our lord's lands? If I caught him, he should pay dearly."

"Ah, Master Ferdinand of Altenburg, he is one who would make *you* pay more likely; but, luckily for you, you can neither cross nor catch him—it was the Black Huntsman and his train. We saw him with our own eyes. And you may go back, and tell the count to prepare for war. Twelve months will not pass from this day before there are armies warring here. Tell him that old Werner says so; and I have lived years enough to know what I am talking about."

"The Black Huntsman!" exclaimed Ferdinand, holding in his horse, which was struggling forward. "And did you see him, say you—both of you?"

"Ay, both of us," answered the old man. "And he shook his fist at Wettstein here, just because he looked at him a little too sharply."



The Black Huntsman.

LONDON: JOHN MORTIMER, ADELAIDE STREET 1845.

"The Black Huntsman!" cried Ferdinand again. "I never before knew any one who saw him. What was he like, Werner?"

"He seemed to me ten foot high," exclaimed Wettstein, joining in, "and his horse big enough to bear him."

"Nay, nay, not ten foot," cried Werner; "eight he might be, or eight and a half—and all in black from head to heel. I did not see a white spot about him or his horse either. Did you, Wettstein?"

"Not a freckle as big as a pea," replied his comrade.

"Here's a mighty great horse's footmark, to be sure," said one of the soldiers, who had dismounted, and was examining the ground. "I think, sir, you had better go back and tell our lord, for he'll be glad to know of this."

The young man mused, without reply, for a moment or two, and then turning his horse, rode back towards the castle, halting from time to time to listen for the sounds of the hunt. All had now ceased, however; the valley had returned to its stillness, and nothing but the breeze sighing through the trees was heard as Ferdinand and his followers rode up the opposite hill.

A number of men were collected under the arched gateway of the castle, and several horses stood ready saddled near; but before them all appeared a tall, dark-looking personage, somewhat past the middle age, but still in full vigour, with a stern and somewhat forbidding countenance. The expression was sharp, but not lofty, morose rather than firm; and as Ferdinand rode up, and sprang to the ground, he exclaimed, "Ha, who are they, boy? Or have you turned back, from laziness or fear, without having found them?"

Ferdinand's cheek grew red, and he replied, "If I had been fearful or lazy, my lord, I should have waited for orders ere I went to seek them; but when we reached the road leading to Lindenau, the sounds were scarcely to be heard, and we met Werner and Wettstein in the wood, who told us that it was the Black Huntsman."

"Ay, ay," exclaimed the count, moodily; "doubtless the Black Huntsman! There is never a cry of hounds across the land, but, if you believe the peasants, it is the Black Huntsman. They are in league with the robbers of my deer and boars. The swine-fed rascals have their share, no doubt."

"But, my lord count," replied one of the soldiers who had accompanied Ferdinand, "this time the men saw him; and he shook his fist at Wettstein for daring to look at him too close. Besides, old Werner is not a man to lie about it."

"Werner and Wettstein!" said the count. "Who are they? We have a hundred of such hogs in the valley."

"They are men of the abbey, my good lord," replied Ferdinand; "and at all events they were both in the same story, and

told it at once. One of our men, too—it was you, Karl, was it not?—saw hoof-marks much larger than the common size."

"Ay, that I did," replied the man, "as big as any two in the stable. My lord can see them too, if he doubts it."

"I will," replied the count, sternly; and without more ado he turned into the castle, leaving the rest to follow to the morning meal.

Contrary to a very common practice of the day, when most of those who were qualified to bear arms were considered fit to sit at the table of their lords, the Count of Ehrenstein usually admitted none but two or three of his chosen followers to take part in the meal at the same board with himself and his daughter. The large hall, of which we have already spoken, had been long disused; and a smaller one, fully large enough, indeed, for the diminished number of retainers which the castle now contained, was divided into two unequal parts by a step, which raised the table of the lord above that of his vassals. It was to this hall he now took his way, moving slowly onward with a heavy step and eyes fixed upon the ground, till, opening the door, he gazed round it for a moment, and his face lighted up with the first look of pleasure it had displayed that day, as his eyes rested on a group at the farther end of the chamber. From the midst of that group, with a light, bounding step, was even then coming forward to meet him, as beautiful a form as was ever beheld, even by a father's eyes; and what father in his heart has never said, when gazing on his child—

"Du nun als ein Engel schön?"

Young she was, very young, in the first early bloom of youth, and wonderfully fair, for no marble that was ever hewn by the most fastidious sculptor's hands was whiter, clearer, softer than her skin; and yet there was a glow of health therein, not seeming in the skin itself, but shining through it, like the rosy light of morning pouring into the pale sky. Her eyes could hardly be called blue, for there was a shade of some other colour in them; but the long black lashes, together with the strong contrast afforded by the fairness of her face, made them look dark, though soft, till one approached her very near. Her dark brown hair, too, full to profusion, looked almost black where it fell upon her neck, notwithstanding the bright golden gleams that shone upon the wavy clusters. Round, yet tapering, every limb was moulded in the most beautiful symmetry, which even the long line of floating garments from the hip to the heel shadowed without concealing; and as almost always happens, perfection of form produced grace of movement, though that grace is in some degree dependent also upon the spirit within, where it is natural and not acquired. Even in the light, quick, bounding step with which she sprang to meet her father, there

was a world of beauty, though it was simply the unstudied impulse of filial affection: and for an instant, as I have said, the very sight of her bright countenance dispelled the gloom upon her father's face, and brought a momentary gleam of sunshine over it; but the grave, hard look soon returned, and taking her hand in his, he led her on to the upper table, calling to him two of his old ritters or knights, and seated them beside himself and his child.

Ferdinand of Altenburg was about to take his place as usual at the other board, not judging that he stood at all high in the graces of his lord; but after a moment's consideration, the count beckoned him up, saying, "Sit there, Ferdinand," and then commenced the meal in silence. Adelaide of Ehrenstein looked down, but yet a momentary light shone in her eyes, and a well-pleased smile, before she could check it, played round her lip; and then, as if afraid that the pleasure she felt should be marked by too watchful eyes, the colour glowed warm in her cheek, and even tinged her fair brow. Oh, those traitorous blushes, how often they hang out the flag of surrender, when the garrison would fain hold firm! The young lover saw the look, and judged it rightly; but no one else seemed to remark it; and while he was thinking what could be the count's motive in thus honouring him, his lord raised his eyes heavily, saying, "And do you really believe this story of the Wild Huntsman, Ferdinand?"

"Nay, my lord, I know not what to think," replied the youth. "The men seemed so frightened themselves, and spoke so naturally, that I could not doubt that they believed it. Nevertheless, if I could have heard the sounds any more, I should have followed to see this Black Huntsman with my own eyes; but the noise was by that time done."

"Would you not have feared to meet him?" asked the count, with a smile.

"Not I, sir," answered Ferdinand. "If I find any one hunting on my lord's lands, I will stop him and ask his right, be he black or white. But we could never catch the noise again; and there was another reason, too, that made me think it best to return; the old man Werner bade me tell you there would be war here within a year."

"And so there will," replied the count, "if it be truly the Black Huntsman."

"I am glad to hear it," replied Ferdinand; "there will be some chance of honour and distinction then."

The count's brow grew dark. "Ay, foolish youth," he answered, "and what sums of gold will have to be spent, what fair fields ruined, what crops swept away!"

"And what bloodshed!" said Adelaide, in a low tone; "oh, my father, I hope it will not be!"

"Bloodshed, that's but a small matter," replied her father,

with a grim smile. "It does good to these hot youths to bleed them. Is it not so, Sickendorf?"

"Ay, my lord," answered the old knight to whom he spoke; "and as to the gold and the crops, that's no great matter either; money must be spent, soldiers must live; and it's a pleasant sight to see a troop of bold fellows in a vineyard, swilling the fat boor's grapes. I don't let them burn the houses, unless there's resistance; for there's no good in that, if the knaves give up their money and their food."

Adelaide was silent; but as she gazed down, with her beautiful eyes full of deep thought, many a dark image of spoliation and cruelty presented itself to fancy as approaching in the train of war. Her father was silent, too; for he knew that his somewhat unknightly love of gold was not likely to raise him in the opinion of his followers; but at length he said, "Well, then, we must prepare, at all events, Sickendorf, if this be the Black Huntsman."

"Ay, that we must, my good lord," replied the old man. "He never comes out without being sure of what he's about. I remember when I was in the Odenwalde, with the lord of Erlach, looking at the book in which is written down each time he has gone forth for these two hundred years——"

"And you couldn't read it, if you did look," said the other knight, who was at the same table.

"Ay, I know that," replied Sickendorf; "no one better; so I made the sacristan read to me, and it never failed once, when that black horseman went forth, or when the cry of his dogs was heard, that there was war within a twelvemonth. But it is right to be sure that this was he; for it would not do to sit here with the place cooped full of men, fretting ourselves for a year with the thought of a brave war coming, and then for none to come after all. We should be obliged to have a feud with some friend, just to give the men something to do."

"True, true," answered the count, with quick assent, "that would not do at all, Sickendorf. I will go, after meat, and inquire more into the affair."

"You had better see the two men, my lord count," said Ferdinand. "I will fetch them up from the abbey in an hour, and you can question them yourself."

"No, you will stay where you are, sir," replied his lord, sharply; "I can question them myself without your help. I will see these hoof-marks, too. But tell me more; from the sounds I heard, as I hurried from my bed, there must have been a whole host of followers with this Black Huntsman. What said the men?"

In return, Ferdinand gave as good an account as he could of all that had occurred, though he had little to add to what he had told before. He neither exaggerated nor coloured his narrative; but, with the vice of youth, he indulged in many a

figure to express his meaning, as was indeed somewhat customary with him; drawing freely upon imagination for the language, though not for the facts. This mode, however, of telling his tale, did not altogether please his lord, upon whose brow an impatient frown gathered fast. But Adelaide paid his flights of fancy with a smile, and her father's anger was averted by a man coming in hastily from the walls to announce that some one, who seemed a messenger, was riding up at full speed towards the castle.

"Let him be brought in," replied the count; and he added, with a laugh, "perhaps this may be news of the Black Huntsman."

Expectation is ever a silent mood; and the meal continued, even the wine circulated without anything more being said; till at length a man, dirty with hard riding through a country still wet with the storm of the preceding night, was brought in, with formal ceremony, by two of the count's attendants, and led to the table at which he sat. The stranger seemed a simple messenger, in the garb of peace, and in his hand he bore one of the large folded letters of the day, inscribed with the innumerable titles then and still given to every German nobleman of rank, and sealed with a broad seal of yellow wax.

"Who come you from?" demanded the count, before he opened the letter which the messenger presented.

"From the high and mighty prince, Count Frederick of Leiningen," replied the man, "who bade me bear this letter to the noble and excellent lord, the Count of Ehrenstein, his old and valued friend, and bring him back an answer speedily."

"Ah, where is the count?" exclaimed the lord of Ehrenstein; "when came he back? 'Tis many a year since we have met."

"He stopped last night, noble sir, at an abbey some ten miles beyond Zweibrucken, and he will reach that place this day," replied the messenger, answering only one of the count's questions. "I pray you read the letter, and let me have my answer."

The count cut the silk, and, unfolding the paper, read, while Sickendorf commented in a low tone, with words of admiration, but with something like a sneer upon his lip, at his lord's learning, which enabled him to gather easily the contents of what seemed a somewhat lengthy epistle.

"Ah, this is good news indeed!" exclaimed the count, at length; "first, that I should see again and embrace my old friend and comrade, Count Frederick;" and he bowed his head, not ungracefully, to the messenger. "Next, that your lord has, after so many years, collected together some of my poor brother's wealth, which he went to cast away with his life upon a foreign shore. It will come well, Sickendorf, if the Black Huntsman make his promise of war good.—You, sir, take some refreshment, while I go to write the safe-conduct which your

lord requires. Then you shall spur on, as hastily as may be; for, if not, I shall overtake you on the road. Tell the mighty count, that I will not answer his letter till I've held my old friend in my arms, and that he shall see me at once at Zweibrucken, ere two hours past noon." Thus saying, he rose and left the hall; and while Sickendorf and the other knight made the messenger sit down at the lower table, furnished him with food and wine, and questioned him eagerly as to Count Frederick's journey, and when he had returned from eastern lands, Ferdinand of Altenburg leaned across the table, and spoke a few low words to Adelaide of Ehrenstein, which made the colour come and go in her cheek, as if some strong emotions were busy in her heart. Whatever he said, indeed, was very brief, for he feared to draw the notice of those around upon them both; and in a moment after he had ceased, the count returned, with a paper in his hand. The messenger would not wait to finish his meal, but retired from the hall, remounted his horse, and spurred on his way back.

As soon as he was gone, the tables were cleared, and orders given for instant preparation, that the count might set out to meet his friend with all the state and display which befitted his station. Before he went, he whispered to Sickendorf to bring up, during his absence, all the vassals from the neighbouring estates, to swell the number of retainers in the castle, against the following day; to sweep the country round of its poultry, eggs, and fruit—a pleasant mark of paternal affection which the peasantry of that period not unfrequently received from their lords; and to prepare everything for one of those scenes of festivity which occasionally chequered the monotony of feudal life in peaceful times.

Ferdinand of Altenburg stood ready to accompany his lord, with his horse saddled, and his gayest garment displayed, never doubting for a moment that he was to form one of the train. No sooner, however, had the count done speaking to the old knight, than he turned towards the youth, saying, sharply, "Did I not tell you that you were not to go? You will stay and guard the castle while Sickendorf is absent, and go no farther from it, till I return, than the stream on one side or the hamlet on the other."

The tone was haughty and imperious; and Ferdinand felt his heart burn; but he merely bowed, and took a step back: the count fancying that he had mortified him by leaving him behind, and feeling that sort of bitter pleasure which harsh men find in giving pain, though, in truth, if he had sought to consult the youth's most anxious wishes, he would have acted just as he did act. What was to Ferdinand, Count Frederick of Leiningen? What cared he for the meeting of two haughty lords? In the castle of Ehrenstein remained Adelaide; and where she

was, even though he might not see her, there was festival for him.

Adelaide had left the hall while the preparations for her father's journey were being made, and was not present when he departed. Old Sickendorf bustled about for nearly half an hour after the count was gone, choosing out men, from those left in the castle, to accompany him upon what was neither more nor less than a marauding expedition; and he then set out with right good will to perform a part of his duty which he loved the best. Ferdinand of Altenburg watched from the battlements of one of the towers the train of his lord, as it crossed the valley and mounted the opposite hill; and then fixing his eyes on the spot where the road, emerging from the wood again, wound on through the distant country, continued to gaze till the last horseman disappeared on the road to Zweibrucken. He then paced up and down till Sickendorf and his people also were gone, and then paused, leaning thoughtfully against the wall, as if considering what was next to be done.

The world is full of thin partitions, moral and physical, so slight, so feeble in appearance, that one would think they would fall with a touch, but often more strong than doors of brass or iron; and like the airy limits of two hostile countries, they are full of dangers to those who pass them. There, in the same dwelling, with nought between him and her but a door that would at once yield to his hand, was she whom he loved. His heart beat to go and join her; hers he fondly hoped would flutter gladly to have him near; but yet he dared not go. Surrounded by her women, as he believed she was, he knew that the risk of such a step would be great to all his future hopes; and yet he asked himself, again and again, if he must lose so bright an opportunity. It might never return; all the manifold chances of human fate presented themselves to his mind; and he would have been less than a lover if he had not resolved to find some means of drawing sweet advantage from the golden present. How? was the only question; and after long thought, he descended slowly by the steps that led to the battlements beneath the lady's window, and there seating himself, with his eyes turned over the distant country, as if simply whiling away an idle hour, he sat and sung.

SONG.

Wander with me, loved one, loved one,
Wander with me, where none can see,
Through the wood,
By the flood,
Under the greenwood tree.

Wander with me, loved one, loved one,
Wander with me where none can hear,
Where none is nigh,
But the birds that fly,
And the timid and silent deer.

Wander with me, loved one, loved one,
Wander with me where none can mark,
Where the leaves green
Our love shall screen
In their bower 'twixt light and dark.

Wander with me, loved one, loved one,
And a tale to thee I'll tell,
Which, if thy heart
With mine takes part,
Shall please thine ear right well.

As he ended, the casement, which was partly open, was drawn fully back, and the head of a gay, light-hearted girl, one of Adelaide's attendants, was thrust forth with a laughing countenance, exclaiming, "Get ye gone, you vile singer! no one can rest in peace for your harsh voice. Methought it was a raven or a daw cawing on the battlements; and our lady cannot read her missal for hearing thee talk of thy 'loved one, loved one.'"

"Nay, let him alone," said Adelaide, advancing to the window; "I love music, Bertha: 'tis that thou canst not sing a note thyself that makes thee jealous. Sing on, if thou wilt, Ferdinand: I would listen to you with right good will, but that I promised Father George to come down to the shrine to-day; and I must read before I go."

She said no more, and did not even look at him while she spoke; but her gay girl Bertha's eyes twinkled, with an arch smile upon her lip, as if she guessed more than either the lady or her lover suspected. Ferdinand replied little, but slowly moved away; and, in about ten minutes after, he might be seen going forth from the castle-gates, and taking the road which led away in a different direction from the chapel in the wood.

Hope.

BY EDMUND OLLIER.

Hope is an angel born of deepest pain;
A sun-bright glory hovering over woe:
Even as that bird which few but seamen know,
Cradles its calm breast on the frantic main.—
Hope loves to come unto a care-sick brain
When least expected; as, with welcome glow,
On some cloud-laden eve, the moonbeams flow
With sudden light into the skiey plain.

Oh steadfast friend in all we undergo,
While through this wearying world we fight and strain!
All-gladdening goddess that, like Spring, doth strow
Life's path with flowers, and soft, refreshful rain;
Let Fate's sky blacker and still blacker grow,
If to stay by me Thou dost not disdain.*

* In the above an attempt has been made to give the "Sonnet" a greater air of uniformity, by continuing the rhymes of the major system in the minor.

"RUN FOR THE DOCTOR!"

BY GEORGE RAYMOND.

DR. LAST. "How! tell you my secret! A bookseller offered me a thousand pounds for it.

DR. SKELETON. "Brother Coffin, shall I trouble you for a pinch of your snuff?"

DR. LAST, *in his Chariot.*

WITHOUT occupying our moments on surmises respecting the therapeutic expedients of either Machaon or Iapis, or whether the patients they slaughtered in their beds might not have outnumbered their victims in the field (for in those days men confessed to the double trade of war and physic, and honestly confessed it, too)—or without stopping to inquire by how many more than three hundred volumes, Galen is said to have outwritten Hippocrates; or without caring to settle any fiery objection taken by Paracelsus to the expositions of Roger Bacon, we may be permitted the term "time out of mind," as applied to one of the most potential secrets in the alchemy of the physician's renown—one ingredient, without which, all his compounds of toil and experience will be mingled but to little purpose, but in the possession of which (like Prudence, in whose good company the whole family of the gods is to be found) he is fortified against the possibility of defeat—namely, the grand *mystiquerie* of manner!

GESTUS—that physiological plumage by which ignorance perches on the topmost round, and wanting which, wisdom itself is but naked as an ostrich—that quaint setting, by which we heed not whether the embedded substance be a diamond or a Bristol stone, has been the long-discovered talisman which has rarely failed the sincere approver of its power, and has singularly crowned the sons of Apollo with something more substantial than the leaves of Petrarch. To look wise, is far wiser than to be wise—a shadow which transcends the substance—and as to look wise, is but to look unlike anything which nature in her own wisdom has designed, a man must be indeed a fool who is without wisdom. Let the pharmaceutic journeyman be thus observant, and he may use the world as a shop of tools.

A marked characteristic—a kind of moral *alto relievo*—has been the medico-practitioner's stock in trade, from the days of Jack Adams and Valentine Greatraks,* to the present hour. It is far better to set up a manner than to set up a coach—nay, by starting the one in a market town, he may drive the other through every city in Europe. Though it be his profession to study the physical economy common to all men, yet in his own temperament some violent contradiction must be discovered. From the body of the community he must be sequestered, if with the bodies of individuals he would meddle. He must neither hunger nor thirst, nor be glad nor sorrowful with his neighbours. He must live an antithetical life—an eccentric from the orbit of motion. From the whole world he must differ, but with himself he must be scrupulously consistent; and having taken the monastic vow of some

* Valentine Greatraks lived in the reign of Charles II. He pretended to cure persons of distempers by mysteriously stroking their faces with his hands. How far does this differ from the modern science, called *Mesmerism?*

Trappist anomaly, he must never again presume to enter the convention of the world's habit.*

Nescience or obscurity are no let nor hindrance to his advancement —if he be a tailor, no matter, so long as he be a John Boccold, and by some sudden stroke paralyze the imaginations of the crowd. He is safe from detection in the very occultation of his art, and if hunted by the insolence of inquiry, like the cuttle-fish he turns the waters around him into ink, and escapes exposure in the muddiness of mystification. "The physician," says an observant writer, "has this great vantage-ground, the sun gives light to his successes and the earth covers all his miscarriages." He enjoys that enviable converse to the poet's words,

> "The evil which men do lives after them,
> The good is oft interred with their bones."

He is followed by the benisons of the stone-cutter, who prophetically prepares the marble, from the first hour the patient passes into the doctor's keeping, well knowing if he be at death's door, the practitioner will hospitably let him in, and the monumental tablet be wanting to a dead certainty. But if nature, in her very good nature, should suffer not the physician to do his worst, and gently steps in to remove for awhile the poor wretch's name from the gloomy register, the doctor pockets the renown, as a bonus to his fees; and though vanquished in his present attempt to kill, receives no less than the rewards of victory.

The Chinese, whom we have long affected to despise, manage these things, at least, better than we do. Their language is, "No cure, no pay," but then they keep their words. Unlike the doctors of smoky chimneys, in our own murky land, who though advertising the same terms, get, at least, the soot, if they fail, but poor Foh-Foh, the Chinaman, is rewarded with the bastinado, or pays the penalty of his tail. In like manner, with an admirable sense of justice and some notion of self-preservation, a certain princess—Austrigilda, consort to a king of Burgundy—on being sick, desired, if she were not cured, her physician should be strangled forthwith and inhumed with her own royal person. She died; and the queen's retribution was accomplished. Her doctor, like the fiery Tybalt, "was buried in a triumphant grave," and received that favour in death, which would have been high treason to have dreamt of while living.

But to pursue these triumphs a little further; how often is it that, whatever way the question may go with the client, it looks in the right direction for the doctor. We have somewhere heard of a physician, who having drugged a far humbler patient than a Burgundian princess, namely, a citizen's wife in Aldermanbury, who died, the doctor, to his astonishment, received no less a fee than one hundred guineas!—"Alas!" cried he, "what should I not have profited, had I but saved the lady!" —"Be not distressed," replied the husband, "I should not have given thee a farthing."

Cozenage is peculiar neither to country nor age—it is an animal, to use the language of naturalists, found in nearly all parts of the world; and as successful imposture must necessarily be the more creditable of the

* Sir John Elliot—a physician, who flourished in the middle of the last century, acquired great notoriety and practice by a *Death's Head!* painted on his chariot.

two, we take medicine, on the whole, to present the most striking specimens. The Pharmacopœia offers certainly the easiest terms of success, because the traffic depends as much on the faith of one party, as the skill of the other—it is partly revealed and partly in mystery, and therefore the professor has to win the credulity of mankind as well as their judgment; and if he must give the preference to one, he had far better stick to the former. Apply where he will, he is sure to find a certain quantity of *this* material to work upon; but if he wait for the fine-grain texture of solid judgment, he may perhaps be frequently out of work, while the commodity itself, when found, might turn the edge of his chisel. Besides, there is no doubt that a concurrence of credulity and cunning, like the mingling of an alkali with an acid, will produce a moral draught healthful to the body itself. For instance, Granger has the following story: "There was an old woman in the workhouse of Yeovil who had long been a cripple, and was induced to drink the famous Glastonbury waters, which she was assured would cure her lameness. The master of the workhouse procured her several bottles of water, which had such an effect that she soon laid aside her crutches, which, like trophies of victory, were suspended on the walls. The man, however, confessed he had juggled her, having imported the water from a neighbouring duck-pond."

But how shall we sufficiently sympathise with the touching narrative of "Hermippus *Redivivus*," who compassed the prolongation of life, by a potion sweeter than a philter, namely, inhaling the sighs of damsels as they slept; and of a certain physician too, who was so enamoured of the prescription (as no doubt our readers equally are) that he secured lodgings at a ladies school, as a parlour boarder, for the express purpose of taking his medicine regularly—an experiment which might have roused Dioscorides from his sepulchre, who is said to have tried the hazard of cures first upon himself, before offering them to the sick. "Hermippus *Redivivus*" was founded on the following inscription, said to be preserved by Reinesius, a German physician:

Æsculapio et Sanatati
L: Clodius Hermippus
Qui vixit annos CXV.
Puellarum anhelitu!

This verily was purchasing life on no hard or tyrannic terms. Who would not willingly have paid down the century, in one round sum, for the acquisition of the saccharine fifteen?

But let us turn our eyes for a moment to that fraternity denominated "the long robe." Your lawyer, for instance, who should jeopardize a cause committed to his skill, can in vain explain away the pitiful upshot, otherwise than by at once confessing that, like necessity, he had no law; and if his client be cast in damages, he will have a hard matter to persuade him he is the better for the trial. But if the sick man dies, the doctor has as many escapes as water from a sieve—nay, if he should really die, such are the good turns which fortune sometimes concedes to the agent of the grave, that he may produce the very evidence of his shame to his own glorification. We have heard of a notable in physic who was in the habit, once a month, of exposing to the multitude a diseased man, who probably in a few days died, but within a fortnight from the event, the physician exhibited as perfectly healthy a ruffian as any in the ten tithings, impudently avowing he

was the identical sufferer who had been miraculously cured; on which the athletic vagabond made ready oath before the assembly, and pocketed half a crown for his part of the ceremony!

The *Spectator* amuses us with a certain doctor in Mouse-alley, Wapping, who by "compliment extern," had so fascinated the wits of the good citizens, that he set up for curing cataracts on the sole credit of having lost an eye in the Emperor's service!—a humorous piece of inconsequence, which reminds us of the sign at the Bohemian inn, as recorded by the late Mr. James Smith, "Put your trust in God, for this is the Black Boar!" Had, however, these good natives of Wapping travelled somewhat further to the East, they might have heard of a certain Oriental law, salutary to all nations, that whenever a cure was made, the whole secret both of the disease and remedy was publicly proclaimed in the market-place.

About the year 1730, a cunning fellow from Lancashire, with just enough acquaintance with drugs to have been the death of about one-tenth of his fellow townsfolk, found his way to London. Being perfectly aware that he carried no letter of recommendation in his countenance, and that his dialect would do as little for his advancement in polite ailments, he hit upon the following expedient:—Having procured a kind of Turkish costume, and secured as great a rascal as himself for a confederate, he boldly advertised his pretensions as the celebrated doctor from Moldavia, and chief physician to the Sultan! Assuming total ignorance of the English language (the least part of his imposition) he was consulted through his confederate as interpreter, whose duty it was to mix the drugs during the patient's consultation with his master, and receive the fees. The fraud succeeded to a considerable extent—the doctor was visited by patients in their own carriages, while many with no other disease upon them than curiosity, put on an ailment for the occasion, and paid handsomely for a visit to the Turk. How long the imposture would have lasted there is no ascertaining; but the two rogues quarrelled, and there was an end of the business.

But well indeed might England be denominated "The Paradise of Quacks," when even philosophers became willing devotees in their conventicles. Who would believe that Hartley himself could be persuaded to eat 200 lbs of soap, which verily he did—a scouring, with a vengeance; or that Meyer would swallow 1200 lbs of crabs' eyes, yet this he did—and without seeing his folly.

But to return to the talismanic influences of GESTUS, so emphatically denominated an *imposing* manner. It behoves the physician to adopt some absolute oneness of external, by which he may be better acknowledged than by either his patronymic or his merits. It is related, that in 1749 an action of trover was brought against a certain accoucheur,—as great a rogue as Cock Lorell himself,—for two dead infants, of which a poor woman had just been delivered. The infants were curiously united, like the Siamese birth lately exhibited in London. A verdict was given for the plaintiff, and the children were, of course, *recovered*. This event, however, was the very talisman of the doctor's prosperity. Suddenly, he found himself in immense business by the notoriety he had acquired; taking advantage of which, he caused a representation of the baby-biune to be painted in the centre window glass of his parlour—which became henceforward the sign of his calling, and the zodiacal figure of his fortune.

Of this *manner*, however—this "goodly outside"—the choice may be left entirely to the adventurer himself. He is at liberty to choose it as a coquette her colours, but unlike a coquette, he must be constant to his choice. He may change the treatment of his patient's interior a hundred times, but the habit of his own exterior must be unalterable. Like one, who having broken his leg, on being put to bed, may declare whether he will lie on this side, on that, or on his back,—but having once made his election he must keep to his position, or he will never be a man again. So, let him alter but a letter, and he becomes at once a cancelled deed, and all that can be said of him is, that he has outlived his funeral. In the words of an old play—

> "Choose now your part, there is no after choice,
> By that you must abide through weal or woe;
> Therefore, bethink you well ere you decide
> Upon the venture that shall form your fortunes,
> Or leave you bankrupt quite."

For instance, should it be "the silent system" he would take up, let him hold to it, and maintain that Delphic mysteriousness of aspect, which, like Juliet's eye, may speak though it says nothing. The taciturn is a safe and easy assumption—a diploma gained without any arduous examination—but the observance, like the rest, must be a diuturnity; remembering the account of one, who on visiting Apelles in his studies, sat still for some time, without speaking a word, but at last having the rashness to utter something, the painter observed, "While you were silent you passed for a man of some account, as objects are magnified by mist; but now I have heard you speak, the cloud is altogether removed, and I see clearly you are little better than an idiot."

Should verbosity be the line of his assumption, he may be equally safe from detection, if he take good heed never to be intelligible. He will probably meet with an opponent who protects himself after the same manner,—and in the common confusion, each may lay claim to victory:

> "So when the chimney-sweep and barber fight,
> The barber beats the chimney-sweeper white;
> The chimney-sweeper heaves his ponderous sack,
> And big with vengeance beats the barber black.
> In comes the scavenger with brick-dust spread,
> And beats the sweeper and the barber red.
> Black, white, and red, in various shapes are tost,
> 'Till in the cloud the combatants are lost."

This *manner* may also be either gravity or humour; but whichever may be selected, the one must be firm and proof against the other; for these, like rat and ferret, are natural enemies. It was a doctrine of an ancient sage (Gorgias *Leontinus*), that humour was the hardest test to which gravity could be put, and that gravity was the severest trial that humour could undergo. A grave adventurer who could not bear raillery must inevitably be soon exposed, and a jester who could not sustain a serious attack would speedily be rewarded with kicks.

Of successful peculiarities, a recent writer has noticed, that the *Thee* and *Thou* of the famous Dr. Fothergill were worth, at least, two thousand pounds a-year to him, and which we are not inclined to disbelieve; but we beg leave to speak of this great physician in the

language of unfeigned respect, and with those sentiments which are due to virtue and valuable acquirements. The *Idler* tells us of a certain strange squire, who was in the habit of throwing open the window of his sleeping apartment every morning, thrusting his head into the open air, and roaring aloud a certain number of Greek verses, to the very pitch of his lungs. It was an amusement with the villagers, who were acquainted with his peculiarity, to assemble under his eaves at the appointed hour, and grin a chorus to his iambic lines. Had this said squire set up for a curer of diseases, he would in due time have been lord of a principality.

No man is a prophet in his own country; so that he who would be a prophet at all, if he will not travel into another, must at least put on the garb of a foreigner at home,—and this, perhaps, will be pretty nearly the same thing. An astrological aspect is most potential, "medicus sine cœli peritia nihil est"—and although no one in these days may profess positively to consult the stars, yet he must ever be in the clouds if he would rise. For let it be received of a truth, that the more the people understand the less they will believe; and the words of Lucretius will apply equally to our own generations as to the days of the poet:

> "Clarus ob obscuram linguam magis inter inanes.
> Omnia enim stolidi magis admirantur, amantque
> Inversis quæ sub verbis latitantia cernunt."

Swift gives us humorously a remarkable example. In relating the conversion of Edmund Curll to Judaism, he says, "They spoke to him in the Hebrew language, which he not understanding, it was observed had considerable weight with him." "Majorem fidem homines adhibent eis quæ non intelligunt." So great a charm have mysteriousness of manner and eccentricity of deportment, that we follow such a man with the same interest that we pursue a charade: we can think of nothing else so long as he remains a puzzle, but he is no sooner disclosed than our wonder is turned against our own blindness. "Every man," observes also the above author, "is more able to explain the subject of an art than its professors—a farmer will tell you in two words that he has broken his leg, but a surgeon after a lengthy discourse will leave you as ignorant as you were before."*

We are informed that no Roman till Pliny's time ever presumed to practise physic, that office being performed by foreigners. "If the nations," says Montaigne, "whence we obtain guaiacum, sarsaparilla, and China wood, have any physicians, how great a value would they set upon our cabbage and parsley, for who would not esteem a thing so far fetched!" A clear and reasonable proposition may convince some people, but it has no chance with the multitude against an unknown tongue; for when once a fact becomes a naked truth, they run away from it with that beseeming alarm, which should ever attend an object so exposed.

Experience has shown to us that the state of the mind has a powerful influence over the economy of the body.—Confidence in the physician must necessarily be no inconsiderable ingredient in the

* The above observation may remind the reader of the surgeon's visit to *Tom Jones*, who had been wounded by Ensign Northerton, at the inn on the Bristol road.

patient's medicine; but where reasonable confidence is found once, credulity is met with a hundred times, and it is upon this fattening oil-cake imposture delights to fasten. By imposture, we do not now mean an entire ignorance of the healing art, only that it is not quite necessary to labour like Haller or Linnæus, but more after the manner of Apollonius—a dash of philosophy and a strong mixture of hocus pocus. The patient who makes an offering of his credulity to the doctor, invests him with a magic far surpassing the diploma of any other corporation whatever.

When Scipio Africanus was anxious for victory, (which we may take for granted was about as often as he entered the field,) he made his soldiers believe he was inspired by the gods: and that physician might have as many patients as Scipio fighting men, if he would only throw a certain quantity of the Apollo mystification into his aspect; or if he cannot put on the lineaments of a god, to divest himself as much as possible of the traces of a human being.

Mr. Wadd tells us, in his pleasant "Mems, Maxims, and Memoirs," that the Siamese were in the habit of deciding important questions which came into court, by means of emetic pills! The stomach of the suitor —plaintiff or defendant—that retained them the longer time, gained the cause; whilst he who too suddenly cast them up again, was himself cast in damages, kicked out of court, and had to pay both costs and pills. We certainly have heard of many people who have had no stomach for law; and here, clearly, the strongest had the best chance in the struggle, whilst the loser may be said most emphatically to *be brought up* for judgment.

No physician ever approved of another's prescription any more than one woman assents to the beauty of another; and if, therefore, every practising doctor should profess to have a separate remedy for each known disease, the patient would have a woful chance indeed,—but the fact is (to be merciful) their nostrums, for the most part, are harmless enough; and he who effects the cure, does it by the spell he throws around the imagination of the patient, with the friendly connivance of that good old nurse, dame nature, who just happens to wake up at the identical moment she is needed.

We remember somewhere to have heard of a hard-toiling disciple of Apollo,—who had been vainly watering the growth of his prosperity, like a tender flower, for many a season,—having studied pyramids of books, and astonished the very schools of Padua with his erudition. He had taken his degrees, but had taken little else; and the only fees he had ever touched were those which he himself had parted with for his licence to starve. No patients anxiously articulated his name, and his knocker enjoyed that repose which was denied to his heart. Suddenly, however, a new light broke on his meditations; and like the lady miraculously restored to sight by the art of her lover, he exclaimed, "I see! I see!" The truth was, he suffered his beard to grow! In a month he had an influx of sick, "yon fever, gout, and all the rest;"—as his beard descended his customers increased; and by the time it had reached his bosom, he had as many patients at his gate as hairs upon his chin.

A lean practitioner of Leyden was nearly reduced by poverty to his grave; and being so near to it, he purchased his own coffin, which

accidental whimsey was the "prologue to the swelling act" of his fatness and restoration. Most of his worldly effects had been taken in execution, and the "beggarly account" would scarce pay the commission. But his creditors, with a kind of superstitious sense of humanity, left him his couch to lie on—his coffin—"his bed by night, his chest of drawers by day." The eccentricity of his pallet was the very cradle of his fortune—like a phœnix he sprang again from his own ashes—his very coffin was the saffron rising of his life. He was now a great physician, performing more wonders than the relics of St. Martin—and became at once the averter of death by the diploma he had picked from the grave.

But if the faculty (to use a permitted term) "practise" on the credulity as well as on the organic parts of mankind, we confess to have heard of some patients who have played the cheat in their own turn. A certain wealthy burgomaster was violently possessed with an affection for the pharmaceutic mysteries, and began very properly to dig up all the dead languages in pursuance of his study. He, however, made but slow progress; and like the poor girl, who after a long schooling was advanced in nothing but a misfortune, so had he but little else than his labour for his pains. But being a rich and powerful man, he had his true believers about him; and amongst them, a poor poet, who having in vain sought remuneration for his "panegyric," which would have done credit to the venal muse of Waller himself, he at last feigned himself sick of a palsy, and was carried under a piteous attack of this pseudonosos to the doors of the equally false physician. Supplying his client, forthwith, with drugs and elixirs, the burgomaster promised him relief within three days—nor was the promise made in vain. On the third day the poet jumped on his legs, and running as fast as they could carry him to his good patron, presented himself hearty and sound. The Batavian now loaded him with presents—paid liberally for the neglected panegyric, and the poet was not only cured of the palsy, but became sleek and idle as a courtier.

"Many years ago," says Dr. Millingen, in his interesting 'Curiosities of Medical Experience,' "the jaw-breaking words Tetrachymagogon and Fellino Guffino Cardimo Cardimac Frames, were chalked all over London, as two miracle-working doctors," and who, like the genius from Lancashire, were long enough in repute to swell their pockets.

Some eccentricity—some violent anomaly, therefore, is necessary for success amongst a class, in which the least ambitious must have a dash of empiricism: for there are, "in every village," says Burton, "so many mountebanks, empirics, quack-salvers, Paracelsians, wizards, alchymists, poor vicars, cast apothecaries, physicians' men, barbers and goodwives, professing great skill, that I make doubt how they shall be maintained, or who shall be their patients." The reader may be reminded, in conclusion, of a certain antique fable:—Whilst a quack was exposing his pills and nostrums in a market town, a great bear, with a ring through his snout, was led through the street, and presently drew all the attention and wonderment to himself—"Harkee! my friends," said Bruin to the crowd, "you appear mightily merry at my being led by the nose; now let us laugh at one another, for such is the manner in which this Jack Pudding has treated you ever since he has been a visitor amongst you."

THE MERRY WIVES OF STAMBOUL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE PROHIBITED COMEDY, "RICHELIEU IN LOVE."

"*Quand j'étois*—it is thus that the great traveller Von Humboldt commences nearly all his relations, especially those anent the Isthmus of Panama; and as *anch'io son viaggiatore*, I see not why I should not begin my story in the same manner.

"*Quand j'étois*, then, in Stamboul—vulgò, Constantinople—I collected a pretty sight of stories which are *not* to be found in the 'Arabian Nights,' at least in that volume of the four which is generally known in Europe by that title. Here is one of them—not a bad specimen of oriental humour—which you can read or not, according to the weather. And don't imagine that has nothing to do with the matter:—do you think Boccaccio calculated his stories for the meridian of London?"

In the reign of the Sultan Solyman the Great (to his memory be glory!) there lived in Grand Cairo a merchant, who, being blessed with more children than an ant, without a proportional increase of wealth, found himself wonderfully puzzled how to dispose of them all. One he made a boatman, another a woodcutter, a third a ropemaker; but it was remarkable that misfortunes seemed to hunt the whole family. The boatman was drowned; the ropemaker hanged himself in a cord of his own twisting; the woodcutter struck off his left hand, instead of a branch at which he aimed. Amazed at these various mischances, the merchant could only resolve not to devote any of his remaining sons to these disastrous occupations, without being able to select others not exposed to similar accidents. In this perplexity it chanced that one of the merchant's friends, intending to take a voyage to Stamboul with some merchandise, proposed that he should furnish one of his sons with some articles of light sale to accompany him. The old man assented to the proposal with great joy, which he kept carefully concealed, that his friend might not imagine he had any great claim on his gratitude; then selecting the youngest of his sons, partly because he was the least likely to do better, and partly because he was the son of a mother whose tongue was more virulent than the fiercest cur's, he prepared several bales of rich stuff of a novel pattern as his merchandise. Abdool himself, a young man more renowned for a good heart than a wise head, leaped with joy at the prospect of emancipation from the tedious restraints of the harem. Accordingly, having listened to the sage counsels which his father gave him against the dangers and deceptions of the world, much as a sieve receives water, he bade all a kind farewell, and set forth on his voyage, with all the impatience of a youth who has seen only the bright side of the future.

A pleasant voyage accomplished, Abdool found himself in the capital of the world, the gorgeous Stamboul, where happiness and splendour are reflected in a million different forms. Transported at finding himself his own master, and not slightly vain of a well-filled purse, and a very handsome, though somewhat simple visage, the young merchant, despising the remonstrances of his elder companion, hired a splendid stall in the bezestein, furnished it handsomely, and displayed his stuffs for sale. Nor had he long to wait for customers.

The public, charmed with the acquisition of so easy a dupe, thronged his shop morning, noon, and night. Some openly robbed him, and while he was occupied in pursuing them, others followed the example; some few condescended to employ a little artifice in their frauds; but whether by downright theft, or underhand deception, Abdool was plundered incessantly right and left, until finally his very despoilers gave him the surname of the Simple, and his fame, spreading over the whole city, invited the sharks and crocodiles in still greater numbers.

One morning, Abdool the Simple opened his last bale of merchandise, and, as he hung it abroad, beat his brains to discover how the former had disappeared, without leaving any of those golden fruits which his father had taught him to expect on the tree of industry. Scarcely had he completed his arrangements, when a cry of "Make room, make room, true believers!" rung through the bezestein, and a lady, riding on a mule, and surrounded by about forty blacks with naked sabres, entered the market. She was richly habited, closely veiled, and, by her numerous train, evidently of rank; which being observed by the young merchant, he was surprised to see her stop and dismount at his threshold, where of late he had beheld only knavish dealers, and rogues of a more declared sort. To show his sense of the honour thus unexpectedly conferred, Abdool the Simple instantly rolled out a piece of flowered silk to make a path for the lady in the dust. But she kicked it carelessly aside as she dismounted, and holding her veil firmly to her waist, requested the merchant, in a voice sweet as the bulbul's complaining of the rose's inconstancy, to show her some of his finest stuffs, such as those of which they make the caftan.

Abdool flew to obey the orders of that honied voice; his richest wares, those most remarkable for the beauty of workmanship or dye, and exquisitely scented, were displayed in profusion. But rich and beautiful as they might be, the lady seemed not satisfied: some were too bright, others too dull. Every disappointment seemed only to increase the zeal of Abdool; and at length the lady, tired of her own fastidiousness, selected as many as she thought proper, and inquired the price. Abdool the Simple, enchanted with the sweetness of her voice, replied, in some lines from Hafiz, that the sight of her lovely face would be a sufficient recompense for the loss of a throne.

"It is certainly, then, ample payment for these stuffs?" said the lady, with a slight laugh, "and I take you at your word. But there are too many persons about us at present—look to hear farther from me, and that ere long." She then beckoned to a slave, bade him take the stuffs on his head, turned to the merchant, nodded gravely, and set off, followed by her attendants.

Abdool was so intoxicated with the sweetness of her voice, that for some minutes he remained immoveable, bending forward in an attitude of profound acknowledgment. Abdool the Simple, indeed, looked pre-eminently so; and, as he recovered from his fit of enthusiasm, he began to consider that a glance even in a hoori's face was a very inadequate barter for six fine stuffs. And when, moreover, he recollected that even this happiness he had not obtained, and probably never would, he felt inclined to knock out the few brains he possessed against the wall; but considering more deeply, he resolved not to add so signally to his folly. Accordingly, he rolled up what remained to him of the merchandise, lighted a pipe, and in a short time filled his

shop with smoke, and emptied his heart of care, to the great merriment of his surrounding friends, who declared that Abdool the Simple was wasting all that he had obtained in trade—namely, smoke—at a sitting. The young merchant was not in the least troubled at the observations of his fellow-merchants, which he ascribed to envy; and continuing to await customers with perfect coolness during the whole day, he waited in vain.

On the following day, Abdool awaited with great impatience the return of the beautiful purchaser of stuffs, for he had not the least doubt she would keep her word. But evening came on, and Abdool was both surprised and displeased with her non-arrival; yet after indulging for some time in a reverie on the falsehood and deceit of women, he resolved to think no more about her. Next day, at noon, when he opened his wares, he had regained all his natural cheerfulness, and he expressed the serenity of his heart by singing almost incessantly the whole day. His old customers immediately flocked around him to purchase at their former easy rates; but Abdool, out of humour with treachery in general, drove them off like flies, and suffered no one to approach his stall, so that it was speedily deserted by all but himself. Abdool was astonished at this. He expected that when he had driven away the rogues, honest men would come in abundance; but he seemed to have driven away all the world.

In the course of another day, Abdool the Simple had as nearly forgotten the lady as she seemed to have forgotten him. One evening, however, when he had closed a shop which might as well never have been opened, and was about to sally forth to procure himself some melons for supper, he beheld two figures approaching towards him. One was a powerful Nubian, not quite black, but of a dusky leaden complexion, habited richly in scarlet and blue stuffs, with a yellow shawl on his turban. He carried a basket on one arm, and a sabre tucked under the other, and with him came a young female slave, in the Persian garb, and very closely veiled.

This pair approached to Abdool, and the black, halting opposite his stall, made three profound reverences, and inquired if he had the happiness of speaking to the most liberal of men, Abdool the Egyptian. On his reply in the affirmative, the Nubian whispered in his ear, that having heard the renown of his exceeding wealth and generosity, and having a most beautiful Persian slave to sell, he had taken the liberty to bring her for purchase to his magnificence.

Confounded by the splendid eulogiums passed on his riches and liberality, Abdool the Simple had not the courage to deny such flattering imputations. He thought, too, that by finding fault with the person of the slave, he could at once demonstrate the refinement of his own taste, and get rid of a bargain which he was not in a condition to accept. He therefore pompously invited them to enter, and escorted them into a saloon, spread with a rich carpet, and cushions of purple silk.

Devising the least offensive expressions of the dissatisfaction which he meant to express at the appearance of the slave, Abdool lighted a lamp, and informed the Nubian that he was willing to inspect his merchandise. The latter immediately commanded his slave to unveil; and bending submissively she threw aside her thick muffles, and with downcast eyes stood before the amazed Abdool—a miracle of beauty!

Abdool tasted—and he tasted again—and he thought it tasted very like wine, and of the richest sort; but was it for him to dispute the assurances of a man so much older and more experienced than himself, and the laughing pledge of the bright eyes of Zulima, as she drained her cup, and chucked the drops into her mouth, as if unwilling to lose the least portion.

The melancholy position in which he found himself, prevented Abdool from enjoying the pleasure which such charming society was likely to produce; if he avowed his delight, what excuse could he make to the merchant for not concluding the purchase? He sighed repeatedly, and sometimes looked absently into the gardens of a rich emir, his neighbour, which bloomed below. Zulima, mistaking the nature of his emotion, redoubled all her alluring artifices; she selected the finest viands for his plate, smiled, glanced, blushed—all in vain. The merchant himself obviously grew uneasy, though frequently provoked to hearty laughter at the extreme coldness and serenity of Abdool's assumed manner.

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Henceforth in dews I'll weep,
And all I ask of you, bulbul,
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So enchanted was Abdool the Simple, that, in sheer compassion, he feigned to fall asleep; and lay back on the divan, in reality lost in a delicious reverie. He heard the Nubian and his slave exchange some murmured observations, not unmingled with laughter; and, apparently at a signal from the former, Zulima crept softly towards him, and, after a moment's hesitation, kissed the sleeper softly and balmily as a rose-bud falling on his lips; but Abdool could no longer feign, and he started as if from sleep, intending to retaliate on the beauteous slave; but, slipping from his arms, and sinking prostrate at his feet, Zulima exclaimed—"Can I not put my lord to sleep?"

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"Take all I have! I have half a bale of the richest silks and cashmere shawls; and when the lady pays me who bought the other half yesterday, you shall have——"

"What is she to give you for them?" said the Nubian, attentively.

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"The prophet has given this man's brains to a butterfly!" said the merchant, in a tone of mingled rage and contempt, and tossing the unfinished viands from his platters, emptying the bottles on the floor, without reference to the injury thereby inflicted on the carpet, he folded the cloth, and pushed them all in a pet into his basket. The fair slave, meanwhile, huddled on her upper garments, and tremblingly obeying the behests of her master, followed him to the door. Mustapha tucked her arm in his own, but he paused for an instant on the threshold, to observe that no one noticed his appearance, which at that hour might have excited suspicion. Convinced then that he was about to lose sight of that divine beauty for ever, and completely vanquished by love and grief, Abdool threw himself at the slave-merchant's feet, and exclaimed—"Since I cannot purchase her, let me sell myself, and become your slave, merely for the happiness of serving the same master!"

"If I buy such a simpleton, I must have something in with you," said the merchant, disdainfully. "When the lady pays you for her stuffs, bring the money into the bargain, and I may perhaps accept you as a slave." And, laughing hoarsely, he stepped forth, dragging the fair slave with him, who seemed touched with this last strong mark of affection—for she looked back repeatedly as she crossed the bazaar with her master. The despairing Abdool gazed after them until they were fairly out of sight, and then, with a profound sigh, re-entered his dwelling. His pleasant saloon, however, which he immediately revisited, had, in some inexplicable manner, lost all its attractions; so true it is, that the qualities of all things are in the mind, and not in the objects we survey, and that solitude exists nowhere but in the heart of man.

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So transported was he with her perfection, both of form and countenance, that he threw himself, in an ecstasy of admiration, on his knees, and kissed the gilded point of her slippers, exclaiming, "If I had paradise, beautiful slave, I would sell it to buy you!"

"She is not dear, then, at three thousand gold pieces, and as many bales of silk?" said the Nubian, rubbing his hands.

These words suddenly restored Abdool to his senses; he arose with an obvious change of complexion. "Let us see her walk," he said, in a hesitating manner. "I hate women that walk like camels."

"Walk, Zulima!" said the Nubian.

"Alas! she moves like the breath of music on the flowers!" said poor Abdool, much perplexed, and still more enamoured. "But she may have something disagreeable in her way of eating; or her voice may be unpleasing. I have very delicate ears."

"Let my lord himself judge my voice!" returned the slave; and Abdool thought, as the clear rich tones fell on his sense, that it was not for the first time he had listened to them.

"She can sing men into paradise!" said the merchant, somewhat warmly, "and has more variety in her song than the bulbul! And for eating, if you will give us something to eat, you shall soon discern if that small red mouth munches like a ghoule."

"It is a pomegranate slightly cleft!" said Abdool, mournfully. "It is crimson at the edges—it gushes with sweetness—and you may see the white pips within!"

"Give us something to eat!" reiterated the Nubian, much excited by the suspicions entertained as to his beautiful slave's manner of masticating.

"First of slave merchants! I would only be convinced that she is not a peri, for she is more beautiful and fair than those which the prophet made of the rose-coloured light of paradise!" said Abdool. "Name your supper, and the ring of Solomon is on your finger to command me."

He spoke without reflecting that he had neither money to purchase eatables, nor a slave to cook them if he had. Remembering the fact, immediately after he had made this invitation, the face of the unfortunate youth imbibed the deep tints of shame, which the fair slave seemed to notice, for she smiled and glanced at the black.

"Nay, we will not have your large retinue, Abdool the Rich, brought in to stare and gape, and in case you do not purchase the goods, to give out that she is not worth the money—for your exquisite taste is known," replied the Nubian. "We bring our supper with us, which Zulima will spread, that you may observe how handy she will be in preparing your meals."

The merchant squatted down on the carpet, according to his country's fashion, on his heels, while Abdool seated himself pompously beside him, and Zulima, removing her upper garment, appeared in white muslin, richly bespangled with gold dust, with a caftan of yellow silk. She opened the basket and produced a clean cloth, which she spread on the carpet before them, and covered with delicate sweetmeats, fruit, wines, and some golden cups, with dates and filberts of the finest quality. Abdool's surprise during these preparations was great, but he dissembled it under an air of stately indifference, although his admiration every moment increased with observing the

grace and sprightliness of the young slave's movements. When she had concluded her arrangements she crossed her arms on her bosom, and stood in the attitude of a slave when he waits on his master.

"Zulima may retire, and when we have done, shall eat in her turn," said the merchant.

"Not so, for I am to see her eat—let her even sit beside me, that I may take what notice it shall please me of her manners," replied Abdool, graciously.

"A bargain is a bargain, but ours is not yet concluded," replied the Nubian, significantly. "Zulima may sit on the other side of the cloth, and while you watch how she eats, I will take care she does not eat too much, for women and children never know when they have enough, and her complexion is of consequence to me when I meet with a customer who, like your magnificence, prefers a blonde."

The fair slave obeyed her master; and the merchant, observing that the table was not very broad, seated himself in the middle, combed his beard, and took the opportunity to feel that his sabre was easy in the scabbard. He then began talking in an agreeable manner, for he was a professed wit, and but that it would let the reader too much into the secret, we would tell him that to this day a Mustapha (which was the Nubian's name) answers exactly in the East to that interesting species of anecdote which in the West is called a Joe Miller.

Abdool scarcely noticed what his witty guest said, although he took care to laugh continually; his soul and eyes were lost in contemplating the beauty before him, insomuch that he totally forgot his professed object, and never once noticed whether she ate like a peri or a ghoule. But every moment his trouble increased, for he perceived, from the fascinations which the fair slave lavished upon him, that she took a personal interest in bringing about the bargain between her owner and the handsome young Egyptian. To thaw the ice of a first conversation, to melt it into that charming flow and sparkle which form the delight of society, seemed a natural talent of her own. But the more he felt himself subdued, the more did Abdool feel the necessity of hiding his pleasure, lest he should leave himself no means of extrication from a bargain which he could not conclude.

The charming slave observed his uneasiness, and roguishly increased it by all the means in her power, for she seemed resolved, if possible, to be bought by Abdool. She complimented him on his personal charms, the vivacity of his wit, the gaiety and grace of his manner, though with little reason, for Abdool was lost in thought and perplexity. Meanwhile, the merchant assiduously pointed out all the beauties of his slave to eyes that needed, alas! but little directing to find them out.

"You observe her cheeks like the ripe plum, with the sun-bloom still upon it!—her eyes like those flowers of heaven, the stars!—her hair dark as the cypresses of Galata!—her bosom soft and undulating, as a white cloud floating past the sun!" he exclaimed. "Can she be dear at—said I three thousand gold pieces? She is cheap at ten!"

"But—if I am not mistaken," said Abdool, tremulously, "she drinks wine. Holy prophet! what is that she is taking to her lips, and of which she has poured us each a cup?"

"It is no more wine than the Mufti's beard!" said the Nubian, passionately. "Taste it yourself; it is only rose-water; or, if it be, the sin is mine."

Abdool tasted—and he tasted again—and he thought it tasted very like wine, and of the richest sort; but was it for him to dispute the assurances of a man so much older and more experienced than himself, and the laughing pledge of the bright eyes of Zulima, as she drained her cup, and chucked the drops into her mouth, as if unwilling to lose the least portion.

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But suddenly the surmises of the curious were excited on another occasion. Abdool had nearly forgotten all about the lady who had

apparently cheated him out of his stuffs, when one noonday a porter, carrying a heavy casket, made his appearance. "Be pleased to count the contents," he said, "and give me a receipt. It is from the lady who bought your stuffs; and she is so delighted with your civility in trusting her, that she has doubled the sum for which she purchased them." Abdool was so stupid with grief, that he contented himself with merely emptying the casket into his lap, and giving the porter a handful of pieces, he left him once more to his meditations. What was to him all this wealth? Who could doubt that so charming a slave must, ere now, be disposed of; and, if not, where was he to find the merchant to renew the treaty, for he knew that he was a stranger, and had in vain described him to some merchants to discover who he might be.

In the midst of this despairing reverie, a shadow suddenly darkened his downcast eye-lids, and the loud, lusty voice of the Nubian saluted him. "Wealth makes wants, but satisfies none. Has the richest of men repented that he did not rather gather the real fruits of beauty, than the painted glass of the genies of gold?"

Abdool started up in a flutter of delight. "I have repented of nothing," he said. "The lady has paid me for my stuffs, and I am now in a condition, as I imagine, to buy the hoori, your slave."

"Let us see," replied the merchant, deliberately; and with a calm and calculating look, he began counting the pieces, carefully separating the different kinds of coin from each other; while Abdool's heart bounded in his bosom, like a gazelle's, when it has reached some shelter from the hunter, but is still doubtful of its safety.

"Here are seven hundred pieces of gold, and half as many of silver," said the Nubian. "Do you dream to purchase that priceless slave with this beggarly sum, which is scarcely sufficient for an oily negress of Ethiopia?"

"Let me purchase then, at least, the right to be your slave, along with the adored Zulima!" returned Abdool.

"I keep my slaves in good order; they seldom see me without the chibouk," said the Nubian; and, as if elated with the recollection of the sufferings he had inflicted, he began singing a comic air. In vain did Abdool strive repeatedly to interrupt him; he sang imperturbably on, until at last, when the young man's agitation ceased to give him any pleasure, he informed him that he had sold the slave to a rich emir. Abdool immediately threw himself upon his face, and wept with such vigour that the merchant seemed somewhat moved. "If it will be any consolation for you to see her again, and you will give me this trifle you have received for my pains, I think I can contrive it," he said, at last.

Abdool looked up sorrowfully, but attentively, and instantly threw the money over to him in a turban.

"Can you play on any instrument?" continued the merchant, thoughtfully.

"On the theorbo," replied Abdool.

"Very well. I am a dealer also in the musical cattle supplied for the entertainment of seraglios; you shall accompany me to that of the nobleman of whom I speak; and if you play your part well, your head will be in very little danger, and I will find some excuse not to sell you, whether they approve your performance or not."

Danger and difficulties are the incentives of youth to enterprise, and Abdool the Simple was not in the least discouraged by the prospect of the thorns on the rose of pleasure. "You may sell me if you like, and I shall thank you heartily!" he replied, ingenuously.

"Here are some pieces to purchase the garb of a slave; be in readiness in two hours," replied Mustapha, demurely; and without waiting for any reply, he stalked away.

The two hours passed, and the Nubian faithfully returned, with a whip in his hand; and after duly surveying Abdool from head to foot, he commanded him to stand in an attitude of obedience before him. Abdool, who had never been a slave before, forgot to clasp his hands on his head, and, to the contrary, crossed them on his breast, and bent forward, as is usual among gentlemen. The Nubian instantly lashed him severely, and inquired if that was the way for a slave to stand before his master. Abdool recollected himself, and, although smarting severely, obeyed. Such is the mighty power of love!

Satisfied with his submission, the Nubian commanded his new slave to follow, and led the way to the sea-shore, where he embarked in a little boat, rowed by two mutes, which he himself steered. The waters were of a beautiful green, and so perfectly transparent, that you could see down them to a great depth, as into waves of liquid emerald. After a time, Abdool observed at a distance a palace of vast extent, ornamented with innumerable towers and minarets, with flights of steps descending to the water of the sea, and so richly carved and glittering in the sun, that it seemed as if the vast edifice were built of the purest silver, fretted with goldsmiths' work. This effect was increased by the vast number of tall dark cypresses, which towered, like black giants, among the innumerable gardens of the palace.

"To whom belongs this magnificent structure?—to some genie?" said Abdool, in great admiration.

"To a vizier, and favourite of the sultan; a man so exceedingly jealous and ferocious, that, notwithstanding the character in which you go, were he not absent, I should not dare to introduce you in his harem," replied the Nubian.

Abdool was but little alarmed at this statement, for his thoughts were absorbed in the prospect of seeing Zulima again. They landed at one of the stairs, and ascending it together, the Nubian halted in the midst of a large open dome, of white marble, supported on pillars of the same material, richly carved and silvered in the ornaments. On one side was the sea, on all the others flights of steps, which descended into lovely gardens and orchards, from which peeped the gilded domes and spires of innumerable keosks. The pavement was inlaid with blue and gold, and, at fitting intervals, were arranged sofas of silver damask, shaded by muslin curtains. In the centre of the saloon was a fountain of white marble, the music of whose falling waters joined in perpetual harmony with the songs of the birds and the whispering murmurs of the green foliage.

Abdool had scarcely satiated his gaze with the sight of all this splendour, when his ears were saluted with a soft flourish of dulcimers; and a great number of ladies appeared in various directions, ascending the steps towards the saloon. They were all very brilliantly and variously attired, in the costumes of remote nations of the east, as well as those more immediately under the Sublime sceptre. They

were all veiled; but as they came on laughing and chatting together, Abdool, alarmed at the sight of so many ladies, and so richly clad, would have retreated, but that the Nubian held him firmly by the arm. Abdool the Simple stared like one surrounded by enemies, who seeks some desperate means of escape. "Fool!" whispered the black, "stand firm, or you will cause both our ruins! And now tell me which is Zulima."

Looking up at the beloved name, Abdool, after an instant's scrutiny, perceived a figure which he did not for an instant doubt was that of the fair slave; and prostrating himself at her feet, as she advanced with a number of her companions, the Nubian introduced him as an Egyptian eunuch perfectly skilled in the theorbo, for whom he entreated their favour. The ladies laughed pleasantly, and Zulima exclaiming, "Let us unveil then, and take the air," threw off her veil, and the rest imitating her example, disclosed such a diversity of beauty, that Abdool believed he was transported among the hoories of paradise. From the white Greek to the night-coloured Indian, there were charms of every land and shade of tint; but the loveliest were undoubtedly the Persian Zulima, the Ionian Aphrodite, and the Indian girl, Nourmahal, so famous for her brilliant eyes.

"It is the same, Nourmahal, that would have bought me to sing him to sleep!" said Zulima, laughing satirically; but at the same moment she turned and whispered to Abdool, "I perceive your artifice, and applaud it, most faithful of lovers!"

Enraptured beyond measure at his reception, Abdool prostrated himself repeatedly; and the ladies, seating themselves on their sofas, Mustapha clapped his hands, and a number of little black mutes entered, bringing rose sherbet in snow, with perfumed sweetmeats, fruit, and other delicacies, especially peaches of Damascus. The delighted Abdool was invited to seat himself on a carpet of the finest Persian wool in the centre of the beautiful group, while the Nubian stood behind him. The most perfect good humour and pleasant raillery diversified the conversation, which was even heightened when the Indian girl desired Abdool to declare, in an extemporaneous song, which among them he considered the most lovely.

"Who can say, in a nosegay, which colour it is which charms him, which fragrance it is which intoxicates his sense with delight?" returned Abdool, very aptly. "In the rainbow there are innumerable colours; that only is loveliest which the eye esteems so—the eye, the window of the heart."

All the ladies admired this witty turn; and Aphrodite exclaimed—"They who call thee simple, give their own fault to thee!"

It was now proposed that they should have a dance, and Abdool was ordered to play to them on the theorbo. Intoxicated with joy, he seated himself on the rim of the fountain, while the ladies, joining hand in hand, formed in a circle—all their gorgeous habits, the white marble of the saloon, the fountain, the waters of the sea, and the distant hills of Asia turning fast to a rosy red in the setting sun. Zulima, Nourmahal, and Aphrodite took tambours in their hands, and merrily beat time to the music of Abdool, who played with much grace and expression. The beautiful visages were flushed with the exercise and pleasure, and that of the Indian girl became of the dusky crimson hue of torchlight in waves. But in the midst of all this jollity, a slave

suddenly appeared rushing up the steps, and calling as loudly as he could, for speed and exhaustion—"The vizier!—the vizier!"

At this cry, all stood aghast, and Abdool almost felt the stroke of a sabre on his neck; but Mustapha's presence of mind did not quite desert him. "Forget not, ladies, that I have incurred all the risk to oblige you!" he exclaimed. "The vizier will never believe my story; he knows the names and persons of all strangers; assist me to hide him, or we are both dead dogs!"

"Cover him in the carpet!" exclaimed Zulima; and at a signal from her white hand, four blacks rushed forward, seized Abdool, who made no resistance in his bewilderment, and among them they rolled him up in a mummy shape, and marched off with their burden at the moment when the clash of cymbals announced the arrival of the vizier.

Abdool was congratulating himself as he was carried away, though nearly smothered, when suddenly a dreadful voice called to the slaves to stop. Abdool's heart leaped as they obeyed, and still more when he heard the same voice command the blacks to return with their burden.

"What have we here?" continued the voice, which Abdool could not doubt was that of the vizier, as the blacks set him down in silent consternation.

But here, observed the story-teller, lest you should be too much alarmed, I must inform you that this panic was only part of a preconcerted plan. Although Abdool the Simple was very far from imagining himself guilty of so unspeakable a sacrilege, he was now in the seraglio of the magnificent Sultan Solyman, who was absent from his capital engaged in the extirpation of the misbelieving Gebers of Persia, with his famous vizier, Ibrahim. Zulima was one of the Sultan's favourites, and the Nubian was no less a person than the chief of the eunuchs, Mustapha, so renowned for his facetious sayings. It was one of Mustapha's theories, that the only way to keep women out of mischief was to amuse them; and, struck with Zulima's extraordinary account of the stuff-merchant—for it was she who had purchased the bale of him—and being a personage exceedingly fond of practical jokes, he had, with rare imprudence, fallen into her plans of diverting herself, and the other ladies of the harem, at the expense of the simple Abdool.

"What are you hurrying from my sight?" again demanded the voice, which was, in truth, that of Mustapha Aga counterfeiting another.

"Merely some flowers to deck the oda, may my lord be pleased!" replied the tremulous Zulima.

"Flowers!—flowers in a rug!" replied the vizier, angrily.

"They are to be put in the jars of dried leaves, so that, when the night-wind breathes over our couches, we may dream pleasantly," replied Zulima.

"There are often noxious insects in flowers; let us carefully examine them before they are put in the jars," said the vizier; and Ab[illegible]s; like a flag on a windy day. [illegible]ed his utter

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"Cut off his right hand, and throw him into the sea!" said the Cadi, justly enraged at this obstinacy. Abdool was immediately hurried out upon a stone balcony adjoining the Cadi's place of judgment, in the midst of which was a steel block, upon which lay a hatchet, a bowstring, and a knife to perform amputations. It was all covered with the gore of some recent sufferer, whose head lay in a basket; for the executioner, who was a negro, overcome by the heat of the day, had fallen fast asleep in the sun, after heaving the body into the sea, which rolled immediately below. The guards went to wake the negro to his task, execrating his laziness; Abdool glanced at the deep waters, then at the executioner, who, clad in a buffalo's skin, thickly clotted with blood, awoke grumblingly from his sweet sleep. The sight gave him courage, and while the guards were occupied in explaining their mission to the yawning negro, Abdool slung himself softly over a balustrade, slid down one of the pillars, and dived deeply and silently as a fish into the waves, taking care not to rise again until he was at too great a distance to be observed. The guards and the executioner suddenly looking round, perceived that the prisoner was gone, and had no doubt that he had effected his escape; but to conceal their carelessness, they agreed among themselves to declare that the sentence was executed, and fortunately there happened to be two or three dead bodies lying about, which the black had been too lazy to remove, from which they selected a suitable hand.

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garb would excite attention, he prudently waited till evening came on before he ventured to return to the city; and then arriving safely at his own house, he firmly resolved to have nothing more to do with viziers and their slaves—in which wise resolution he remained till he altered it.

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Accordingly, Mustapha returned to the Egyptian's stall; and having saluted Abdool, gave him a most extravagant description of the praises which the ladies bestowed on him. "So delighted are they, and in especial Zulima, with your whole behaviour, that they desire nothing so much as to see you again, and intend undoubtedly to confer on you some great reward!" He continued—"An excellent opportunity occurs, without the least danger, which is so often the wasp in the apple. To-night the vizier's wife has given orders for the marriage of one of her favourite attendants, a negress, to a negro of my acquaintance. If you will consent to disguise the bloom of your complexion with lamp-black, I will send you a proper habit, and you shall go as one of the attendants on the bridegroom."

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While Aphrodite pretended to search about for those instruments, the supposed vizier advanced, and gave the bundle rather a hard kick. "How is this, Zulima!" he exclaimed; "the flowers are as hard within as a rock."

"Let my lord forgive his slave!" returned Zulima, sinking on the ground at the vizier's feet. "Since I must needs tell the truth, I will. I have broken my theorbo in a fit of passion, because, being hung in a damp place, it was out of tune; and ashamed of my unreasonable violence, I desired Mustapha to send it to some musician of his acquaintance, who might put it again in order."

"Take it then, Mustapha, and let your friend repair the damage without loss of time, for I take much pleasure in hearing Zulima play; two of my gardeners shall help you." Abdool, who had listened to this dialogue in speechless terror, found himself lifted in the arms of two stout slaves, and carried along as a theorbo. But having no doubt that Mustapha would provide for his liberation, he stiffened himself as much as possible to represent the instrument. To add to his grievances, he heard loud peals of laughter follow his departure, and he imagined that although the ladies might pretend to be enjoying some witty observation of their master, they were in reality laughing at his extraordinary exit.

The gardeners carried their burden swiftly along, jostling with every thing they met, scarcely deigning to take the least precaution against contact, but as they wore the uniform of the bostangis of the seraglio, no one dared to complain, but each swallowed his own bitterness.

It seemed the unlucky theorbo was sent to a certain musician of the city to be repaired; an old, shrivelled man, like most of his tribe, very peevish, and absorbed in his pursuits. He was in his shop, busily engaged in tuning the strings of a cittern, bent nearly double over it, with his ear to the opening, and tinkling the wires with his long yellow nails. The bostangis, without the least respect to his anxiety, entered with their burden, and flung it carelessly down on the carpet. "Hark you, mummy!" said the foremost, striking the musician familiarly on the back with his lance, "the vizier's lady has broken her theorbo, and you are to mend it before sunset, or you will find your neck in a bow-string."

"May the vizier's lady be saved eternally!" said the musician, shaking with indignation;—"and the messengers damned for the same period!" he added, as the bostangis quitted his doors; and then bending his back again nearly double, he resumed his eternal tink-tink-tink.

All this time Abdool the Simple lay shaking with terror, the palpitations of his heart scarcely concealed by the thick carpet in which he was nearly choked, expecting every instant to be seized by the musician, and foreseeing the most disastrous exposure. Still he hoped in Mustapha, whose interest was equally opposed with his own to such a catastrophe, and he patiently waited and hoped on. His position became [illegible] moment more uneasy, not daring to move a muscle lest he [illegible] distant hint [illegible] and in this lamentable state, he cursed ten Zulima, Nourmahal, and temerity which had placed him in it. "What merrily beat time to the [illegible] tool, that the vizier's slave is more lovely than [illegible] and expression. The beamed to himself. "Caterpillar as thou art! [illegible] pleasure, and that of the [illegible] gnaw the rose, to cause the gardener to [illegible] of torchlight in waves. [illegible] did not Providence make thee an ass?"

In melancholy reflections of this nature, which are sure to come with their wisdom too late, as when people bring a torch to light a man out of a ditch, Abdool expected every moment that Ebn Hadjee, as the musician was called, would seize upon him. But Ebn, absorbed in tuning the cittern, scarcely recollected the vizier's order until he had completed the task to his satisfaction. But suddenly recollecting the peremptory nature of the command, he cursed his forgetfulness aloud, and began searching for some tool which he appeared to have lost. Abdool fervently hoped that the search might lead him into another chamber, and was not disappointed in this one expectation; for the musician not being able to find his tool, went into a closet to look for another. The theorbo immediately took advantage of this movement, gliding out of his carpet, and hiding himself among some straw in which the musician usually slept.

He had scarcely concealed himself ere Ebn returned with his tools, and thoughtfully unrolled the carpet,—a sudden cry announced his discovery of the loss. The cry instantly attracted the notice of some passers-by, who entered the shop, and eagerly inquired the reason of the disturbance. Ebn Hadjee answered in terms of incoherent despair, that he had received a fine theorbo from a vizier's lady to repair, and that some thieves had stolen it during a few moments when he was absent looking for his tools. Some laughed at this statement; but others, with better feeling, aided the unfortunate musician, inquiring if he was certain he had not mislaid it any where in his chambers. Unluckily for Abdool, among the kind persons who ran in was a dog, which came with the rest to ascertain the cause of the uproar, and quickly snuffed him out in his straw. Abdool was dragged headforemost from his concealment, and stood aghast before a crowd, who saluted him as a robber.

"Where is the theorbo, abhorred by all men?" shouted Ebn, shaking his fist in a palsy of rage—a question which the throng around reechoed in more tongues than were spoken at Babel. Abdool, bewildered and terrified, merely clasped his hands and called on Mahomet to help him, and declare his innocence by some miracle. But the circumstances in which he was found would have convinced the most impartial judge, and the crowd listened only to their own voices. Abdool the Simple was hurried off, without being heard a single word in justification, almost without attempting one, to the presence of the Cadi, saluted by the crowd with more execrations than would have been sufficient for them all together.

The Cadi was a venerable man with a long white beard, and great penetration of intellect; so that, after hearing the particulars of the case, conceiving it impossible that the prisoner could offer any justification, he turned to him and mildly inquired who were his accomplices, and what induced him to commit so great a crime. Abdool the Simple hung down his head and burst into tears. The judge, pitying his youth and affliction, renewed his question with greater mildness; but his compassion vanished when the young man protested his utter innocence, and that he had never stolen the value of a zequin in his life, nor anything, indeed, but some cakes from his mother. The Cadi calmly inquired how, then, and for what purpose, he was found concealed in the musician's bed. To this Abdool, unwilling to inculpate the fair slave, gave so prevaricating an answer, that the magistrate lost patience,

and the stern eyes he fixed on him so awed and confused the culprit, that he plunged deeper and deeper into contradictions, and finally put what seemed to be the crown on his absurdities, by declaring that he himself was the theorbo! at which announcement the audience burst into a peal of laughter, from which the judge himself with difficulty refrained. Resuming his gravity instantly, and stroking his beard, "Do you know, friend," said the Cadi, "the punishment for this robbery, which shall certainly be executed, unless you confess who are your accomplices?"

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The illusion was heightened, when, passing through a grove of flowering almond-trees, which descended into a valley, at the base of which leaped in cascades a broad and cooling stream, Abdool perceived, on the opposite side, a pavilion, which, from its splendour, was called the Golden Saloon. Although it was still daylight, a thousand wax tapers burned in as many alabaster lamps, scarcely diffusing a stronger radiance than that of the moon when visible at noonday. A thousand vases of the transparent porcelain of China, full of the richest flowers, were placed round the hall, and a sweet smell of ambergris scented the air to so great a distance, that the fishermen on the Asiatic shore distinguished it.

Entering this magnificent pavilion, Abdool perceived with surprise that the roof was supported by gilded palm-trees, around which lay, as if chiselled in stone, unnumbered blacks, all dressed in the purest white. But the moment he came in sight, a clash of military music startled them all, and leaping up, they joined hands, and danced a very grotesque movement around Abdool, frequently clasping him in their arms, and uttering their usual discordant cries expressive of joy. Abdool was much surprised, but he could not in politeness repulse this good fellowship; and his patience was rewarded, for the negroes concluded their dance, and conducted him, with marks of great distinction, to a musnud, which seemed prepared for him. Mustapha frequently admonished him to do as they desired him, and then, with an unintelligible wink at Abdool, informed him that he was going for the bride.

As soon as he was gone, the blacks produced some boiled rice from their turbans, and began eating; but although they very hospitably offered Abdool a share, he as courteously declined. In the midst of this interchange of civilities, the gardens seemed suddenly to swarm with the beauties whom Abdool had seen on a previous occasion. They came in a kind of procession, bringing along with them, under a canopy of pink silk, the negress who was to be married, and whom the fair Zulima herself led by the hand. She was of immense stature, with nostrils as wide as those of a horse, and altogether perfectly ugly. She wore a robe of fine striped calico, with a string of shells round her neck, and white beads round her ankles, which, as well as her arms and feet, were bare.

The innumerable smiles which greeted him from all these fair creatures bewildered Abdool, who felt like a butterfly in a fine garden, unable to fix his attention. But perceiving Zulima, at a signal from Mustapha, he advanced and prostrated himself at her feet.

"There were a thousand flowers in the garden!" he said, languishingly; "but the flower I loved was the loveliest of all."

"Your presence is that of the sun to the flowers, agreeable Abdool!" replied Zulima. "But now let us eat the wedding-feast." She then whispered in a low tone, "How shall I sufficiently thank thee, Abdool, falsely called the Simple? But be prudent, and as it is very possible the vizier may look in, be very cautious; for know that this marriage is merely an expedient contrived among us to see and thank you, and that these slaves imagine yourself to be the destined bridegroom!"

Abdool was thunderstruck at this intelligence; but without allowing him any time to recover from his amazement, Zulima directed the bride and bridegroom to be seated beside each other on a rich mat in the

centre of the apartment. She then clapped her hands, and slaves entered, each bearing a dish of the most refined delicacies. The repast was eaten in profound silence. Abdool was devoured with chagrin at finding himself treated by the negress in a manner which showed she was not in the secret, but really looked upon him as her destined bridegroom. She asked what part of Africa he came from, and tried him in various dialects which she had known in her youth, for she was now pretty old. Zulima and the other ladies laughed almost incessantly at the random replies which Abdool made, and his excessive confusion.

At last, observing that his ill humour increased so much as to threaten a discovery, Zulima called for rose-sherbet, and proposed that they should all contribute something towards a present for the bride. Accordingly, a basket went round, and was soon nearly filled with little presents, including some pretty jewels from Zulima; but as she put her contribution in the basket, with the usual "May it be lucky!" she suddenly started up, advanced a few paces, and prostrated herself at the feet of a tall figure which had glided unnoticed into the pavilion.

"Lord of hearts!" she exclaimed, "forgive thy slave's, if it presumes to discover you in this plain robe."

"Dahlia of beauty!" replied the figure, which was in reality that of a Kashgar slave, belonging to Mustapha, "I intended to have partaken of your diversions without the restraint which my presence imposes; but since you have discovered me, I will add to the felicity of these black lovers by marrying them myself, as I am also a mufti."

At these words, Abdool, who had prostrated himself with the other negroes on the discovery of the vizier, felt as if a crocodile were about to devour him. The vizier commanded Zulima to bring forward the bride and bridegroom. The fair slave advanced to Abdool, in a voice full of sorrow ordered him to rise, and looking at him in the most tender manner, seemed to beseech him not to cause her ruin. Abdool, overcome by the sight, gave signs of submission, and a bright joy instantly dyed Zulima's cheek as purple as a plum. With desperate resolution he dragged himself before the vizier, whither Mustapha had already brought the negress, and stretched out his hand as if to receive a serpent rather than a bride, which she eagerly seized, as if afraid that her victim might escape. Unfortunately, in his haste to equip him, Mustapha had forgotten to blacken Abdool's hands, which accordingly presented a singular contrast linked in the dark one of his bride. This phenomenon, which the pretended vizier could not in consistency avoid observing, immediately produced from him a remark, to the effect that we can never sufficiently wonder at the operations of nature, and that he would be glad to know the reason of this miracle.

"Light of desiring eyes!" replied the witty Nourmahal, "the slave of thy slave's mother, was a most beautiful negress of Dongola; but the rest of his parentage is more obscure."

Satisfied with this explanation, the vizier continued the solemn ceremony, and, after the usual promises, Abdool saluted that mighty negress as his bride, while the almond-fair Zulima looked on, affecting to drop the tear of sensibility.

During the performance of the sacred rites, it was with difficulty the ladies refrained from laughter, when they saw Abdool make as many wry faces as if he were taking a measure of bitter verjuice.

Mustapha Aga looked mournfully on, but still his eyes twinkled with irrepressible mirth.

"How happily will they live together, though unequally matched in blackness!" said the vizier. "But I do not mean to send them beggars into the world; bring the basket of contributions to me; and afterwards let them parade the palace, and all my officers will contribute also."

The vizier flung a purse into the basket, containing a hundred zequins; Mustapha received his instructions, and the black slaves instantly surrounding their fortunate brother, began dancing and striking tambours with a hideous noise. Observing Abdool's bewildered look, the chief of the eunuchs whispered to him that they were all lost if he hesitated, and Abdool submitted to everything. His hateful bride clasped him round the neck, and together they prostrated themselves three times before the vizier. "May you be happy, amiable Abdool!" said a hundred of the sweetest lips, which opening breathed the air full of the scent of roses. Amidst the clash of the cymbals and the beating of drums, the wedded pair then took their departure, escorted by Mustapha and the blacks; and as they left the golden pavilion, either the genies of air made a mocking sound resembling it, or a peal of laughter echoed for several minutes after them, which was again and again renewed.

Every one congratulated Abdool on his happiness, while he was nearly dead with vexation and grief. His sole idea was how to effect his escape, and at the same time to overwhelm his tormentors and his hideous bride with scorn. But Mustapha seemed not inclined to allow him any chance, nor was it likely that any insult to their countrywoman would be tolerated by the blacks. He was accordingly escorted amidst all this uproar and rejoicing to the apartment occupied by the black slaves; and there Mustapha, commending him to the care of the wedding-guests, returned to laugh with the ladies over the success of their plot.

The negresses now came out of their lodgings, as the custom was, in their best clothes, and the bride retired with them while Abdool remained with the men. He took his opportunity at once, and informing the company that after the fatigues of the day it would be necessary for him to bathe, desired them to divide the zequins among them, while he went into the inner chambers for the purpose. The negroes, who are naturally very obliging, immediately showed him into a bath, where they left him to refresh himself. Abdool immediately washed all the black off his face and neck, turned his turban inside out, and fearlessly quitted the bath, certain not to be recognised. He even passed through the chamber in which the negroes were sitting around a huge fire, for they never find the sun hot enough, without their suspecting in the least that they beheld the bridegroom.

It may be imagined whether Abdool hesitated long when he had once reached the open air. Leaving the palace behind him, gleaming like the halls of Eblis in the fiery light of the setting sun, he plunged into a deep wood of pomegranates, the dense perfume of which nearly choked him. Soon he distinguished a loud hallooing, by which he knew that his absence was noticed; and rushing desperately on, he at length emerged on a smooth shore shaded by lofty cypresses, on which rippled with a gentle murmur the purple waves of the sea.

Most fortunately, although against the orders of the sultan, some fishermen, hearing the muezzin, had ventured to land here, and were at their devotions some way down the shore, leaving their boat tied to the stem of one of the trees. Abdool immediately jumped into it, and rowed out to a considerable distance, ere the fishermen, perceiving their loss, came tearing their hair, and shouting to him to bring their boat back. But Abdool was relentless with his own fears, and soon rowed himself out of hearing.

Abdool now discerned in what direction to row, for the golden dome of the Grand Mosque,* appeared above all the towers and slender minarets of the seraglio, as if hung by Solomon in the air. He skimmed rapidly down the shores, and, landing at a burying-ground, left the boat, and hid himself until morning in a tomb. But hearing a continual creeping in the grave, as if a vampire were within, he spent a very uncomfortable night, and with daylight returned to his house, completely exhausted, spiritless, and cursing his own folly.

All that day he spent in sleep, and Mustapha, having heard of his singular escape, when he came to ascertain what had become of him, was concerned to find the shop closed. Doubting that the adventure had ended disastrously, he returned with the tidings to the ladies, who were infinitely chagrined, more especially as they were already plotting another practical joke. They, therefore, prevailed on Mustapha to return at sunset, and ascertain if Abdool had not made his reappearance.

Tapping fearfully at the closed door, Mustapha was much gratified at finding it opened by Abdool, and all his love for sport and mischief returned when he observed the rueful visage of the merchant. He burst into a fit of laughter, which was only increased by the persevering solemnity of Abdool's look.

"The fair slave," said he, at length, when his paroxysm had somewhat subsided, "sends her compliments to you, and is so much moved by your generous sacrifice to her safety last night, that—but here is a nosegay which speaks her opinions better than I can do."

He handed a bouquet of the most lovely flowers to Abdool, which in elegant language expressed love, jealousy, doubt, extreme desire to see him again, and gratitude. "In short," continued Mustapha, "the fair slave ascribes all your misfortunes to neglect of that remarkable saying of Hafiz, that two are good company, and a third is one too many; therefore, if you have sufficient courage, the lovely Zulima has offered me a diamond of enormous price, to assist you to pay her a visit while the vizier is engaged in the important concerns of state."

One would have thought that Abdool had acquired some experience; but what is experience to the foolish? Carp will not take the bait twice, but youth will as often as it is offered! He consented; but he was somewhat staggered when Mustapha informed him it would be necessary for him to go in a large wicker basket, as a young rokh, a bird of the largest species, famous for the beauty and magnificence of its plumage. "I will take care that it shall be lined, as if to prevent the curious from staring at you," said Mustapha; "and as I am known to be a dealer in the most curious merchandize, I shall easily get you conveyed into the women's apartments—that is, if you have the courage to go, which I doubt."

* St. Sophia.

The indiscreet Abdool fired up at the insinuation; he agreed to everything, and spent all the intervening time in bathing, perfuming, and arraying himself in the finest silks of those which he had remaining. At the appointed hour, Mustapha came with some bostangis, whom he caused to wait outside, and a basket, such as he had promised, into which got Abdool the Simple, and was immediately carried off by the bostangis to the seraglio, not in the least suspecting the kind of bird which they were carrying.

After a long transit, the bostangis halted, and set down their burden. Mustapha dismissed them, and Abdool sprang up red with fatigue and anxiety. For the moment his eyes, accustomed to the darkness of the basket, were dazzled by the splendour which he beheld. He was in a hall of white marble, of such vast extent that the pillars which supported it in the distance, were scarcely visible. The roof seemed to be the sky itself, as well from its loftiness, as the million little suns of glass, set in it; the walls were of great height, and completely covered with the loveliest flowers, and richly scented plants, until they ended in a cornice of white and blue marble. The floor was of white marble, dotted at proper intervals with nearly a hundred basins of black, purple, blue, and crimson marble, for the use of the ladies of the seraglio, when they pleased to take the bath. These basins were all shaded by artificial trees of gold and silver, hung with jewels for fruit, their glittering foliage forming a shade against the heat of the sun. Divans of cloth of gold were arranged in readiness for the ladies to recline upon after the bath, and drink their coffee, while some slaves polished their fine skins, and others, who are hired for that purpose in the east, to supply the place of magazines, diverted them with amusing tales. Twelve fountains, all of differently coloured marbles, contributed to the delight and coolness of the scene; and the central one, which threw its diamond showers in the form of a vast and perfect dome, was intended for the ladies to play in, when they were inclined to divert themselves with so harmless a recreation.

Abdool stared amazedly at this enchanting scene; and while Mustapha was enjoying his surprise, he yet was somehow disturbed to remark, that, with all his folly, Abdool was a particularly handsome youth. Jocose as he was by nature, Mustapha half repented of his project, but while he was musing, Zulima came rushing in. "Beloved Abdool!" she exclaimed, completely out of breath, "I have but a moment to warn you—get into your basket again! The women of India have reproached us fair ones, in the presence of the vizier, with the falsehood that we have coloured our skins with rose-water; we, on the contrary, have asserted that they owe the glossiness of their skins to oils; the vizier has therefore ordered all of us to bathe, that he may decide which are the calumniators."

"In Allah's name, get into the basket at once!" said Mustapha, counterfeiting the greatest terror; and pushing the lid of the basket down upon the unlucky prisoner, he added, "Excuse me, my dear friend, if I fasten the lid, so that you cannot open it, for else some of the women will be prying in, they are so curious, and you may depend they will show no mercy to each other's little foibles after this dreadful quarrel."

Stifled and breathless, Abdool made no resistance; and he distinguished almost immediately afterwards the voice of Nourmahal, singing, in an insulting manner, some verses in praise of her own com-

plexion, and in depreciation of those of others whom the sun had not deigned to darken. The rustling of silks, and laughing voices innumerable, denoted that the whole harem followed; but what was the terror of Abdool when heard the voice of the vizier, into whose seraglio he had thus daringly intruded, demanding, in angry tones, what that basket was.

"It contains a beautiful young rokh—a bird of the most rare plumage," replied Mustapha, in tremulous tones.

"A young rokh!" exclaimed Nourmahal, eagerly. "My dearest lord! I have long had the most extreme longing to have one roasted; let me have it roasted!" And Abdool heard her clasp her hands in supplication.

"Take it to the kitchen!" returned the indulgent vizier.

"My lord, it is valued by the owner at a hundred gold pieces!" said Mustapha.

"And when did you hear that I grudged my women any delicacy to which they have a mind?" replied the vizier, sternly. "To the kitchen with it!"

A number of slaves instantly raised the basket, and ran with it down many passages and flights of stairs, until they arrived at a halting place. The heat of the air, the hiss of sharpening knives, the clicking of spits, the bubbling of water, the hoarse cries, convinced the unhappy Abdool that he was in a kitchen.

"Baba!" said the voice of Mustapha, as the slaves set their burden down—"chief cook! the fair Nourmahal, on whose head the light of paradise shines, commands you instantly to cook her this rare bird."

"To hear is to obey!" replied the chief cook. "Is it alive or dead?"

"Alive! and therefore you must lose no time in killing it," replied Mustapha.

"Certainly," replied the chief cook, calmly. "What kind of sauce is to be served with it?—pistachios?"

"Cudgel sauce," replied the chief eunuch.

"Illustrious Mustapha! my experience does not furnish me with a knowledge of the sauce you mention," said the chief cook, much surprised.

"Serve it then with the first that comes to hand!" replied Mustapha, bursting into a clap of laughter as he left the apartment.

Abdool, trembling with rage and fear, now perceived for the first time that he was fooled; yet all else he could have borne but the conviction which came upon him that Zulima was in the plot. His only thought was now how to extricate himself from his ludicrous, and at the same time dangerous position; and he had hastily devised a plan, not deficient in ingenuity, ere Baba finished trussing some fowls on which he was engaged. He then called for his knife, cut the fastenings of the basket, and, expecting to behold some vast fowl of the ostrich kind, to the amazement and unspeakable terror of himself and all his assistants out jumped Abdool!

A general shriek was heard, knives dropped, spits stood still.

"Be not alarmed, my children!" said Abdool affably, observing the hair bristle on the heads of the cooks. "I am a genie, one of those who, rebelling against the signet of Solomon, am condemned every year, on the third day of the sixth moon, to assume the form of some animal, and incur all the dangers to which it is subject during three

days. Luckily for me I was caught three days ago, and have thus resumed my native form ere I was roasted."

Taking advantage of the speechless consternation of the cooks, and observing a door open into a herb-garden, he made a dart at it through them all. But he had no occasion to use violence; the cooks fell prostrate in every direction before the genie, who was sufficiently powerful to resist the ring of Solomon.

Flying he knew not whither, and entangled in the mazes of those vast gardens, Abdool at length came to a path which he hoped would conduct him to some exit. As he ran along it, with the rapidity of a heron flying from a hawk, he suddenly came upon two dervises who were driving an ass before them, as if they were going to the palace to beg charity. The confusion and agitation with which Abdool inquired if they would direct him how to leave those accursed premises, instantly attracted their attention.

"We were going to beg charity, but we will rather bestow it," returned one of the dervises, with a scrutinizing look. "We will guide you out, on condition that you tell us by what means and for what purpose you are in."

Touched by the kindness of these holy men, and at the same time burning with grief and indignation, Abdool solemnly promised that if they would accompany him to his home, he would satisfy their curiosity, and divide between them the little property he had remaining. The dervises readily consented, and led Abdool to a court where a multitude of janissaries were amusing themselves with throwing the jereed. But on perceiving the dervises they permitted them to pass without observation, and Abdool had the satisfaction in a few minutes to find himself in the city, whence he easily found his way to his own house.

He fulfilled his promised revelations amply, and the dervises listened with many expressions of wonder and incredulity, until the circumstantial narration of Abdool obliged them to believe him. The countenance of one of the dervises grew of red hot bronze; and yet at times he could not refrain from laughing at the singularity of the adventures which Abdool the Simple had undergone. At last, having satisfied himself by numerous questions of the truth of what he had heard, and moreover that the young man was ignorant into whose seraglio he had intruded, the chief dervis became very grave. Both gave Abdool much good advice, and after a time, alleging the necessity of attending prayers in the mosque, they went their ways.

Almost an hour had elapsed after their departure, and Abdool was about to compose his wearied limbs to rest, when he was alarmed by hearing a loud knock at the door. Opening it, he perceived with unspeakable consternation a great number of the bostangis or armed gardeners of the seraglio, commanded by one on horseback, in an extremely rich garb. Without uttering a word in explanation, the bostangis seized, bound him hand and foot, bandaged his eyes, and carried him among them a considerable distance, when they suddenly released him.

Abdool found himself alone in a splendid apartment, but he had scarcely stood for a moment, wondering where he was, when a door opened, and Mustapha Aga appeared, tremulously following the officer who had arrested Abdool.

"This is the wretch, excellent Mustapha, faithful guardian of the most slippery of things—women," said the officer; "the wretch whose boastings have reached the sublime ear, who gives out that he has been an honoured guest in the seraglio during our lord's absence, has seen all his beauties, and was even in the baths when they bathed!"

"The monster!" groaned Mustapha.

"The sultan may be every instant expected, and he will do justice," returned the officer. "Meanwhile he has commanded me that I accompany you and this traitor throughout the harem, and see if he really has the knowledge which he pretends in it."

"Mirror of thy master, sublime Ibrahim! let us see whether the villain has the impudence; but I imagine he is out of his mind!" said Mustapha.

Abdool stared in dumb amazement on this revelation, and knowing that he had been made the victim of a perfidious jest, still he reflected with horror on the dreadful punishment to which, in all likelihood, Zulima would be exposed. Mustapha was so agitated that he scarcely knew whether he went on his head or his feet; but he purposely led the way in the firstplace, to the women's apartments. Ibrahim, (for it was the great vizier himself,) he knew, dared not enter the sacred precincts; and under pretence of ascertaining whether the wretch pretended to have been within the oda, he led him in.

The ladies' apartment was one of the finest in the palace; and was composed altogether of white marble and gold; the windows overlooked the sea, and admitted the most refreshing breezes. Here, reclining in groups, which their beauty made more gorgeous than heaps of jewels, engaged in exhilarating gossip, were the fair tormentors of Abdool the Simple. The moment they perceived him, they flocked around him like doves to one scattering corn, expecting some new diversion of Mustapha's contrivance; but the tune changed wonderfully when the chief of the eunuchs lamentably expounded what had happened. All threw themselves at Abdool's feat, and with sobs and tears implored him to have mercy on them. Mustapha joined, in the most deplorable manner; but Abdool's heart remained steeled, while Zulima, Nourmahal, and Aphrodite knelt and embraced his knees with streaming eyes, and cheeks crimson with anxiety—large eyes glittering, and bosoms wildly palpitating; but when Zulima threw herself on his neck and exclaimed, "Drop a tear, at least, in the sea which shall soon swallow me, in memory of one who loved you," he was overcome.

"I know not who can have infused suspicion into the sultan, unless it was one of the treacherous dervises!" he said. "But be not afraid; I will deny all."

At this moment the clash of drums and cymbals was heard, and a slave rushed in to announce that the sultan had arrived, and was coming immediately to visit the apartments of his ladies, to receive their compliments on his return. Comforted by Abdool's promise, the odaliskas had scarcely time to smoothen their agitated features ere the great Solyman, in all his glory and majesty, attended by the mutes of the seraglio, with their bowstrings ready set, and the grand vizier, Ibrahim, carrying three sacks, entered.

"Let the slave who related that he had been three times made the guest of a certain vizier's seraglio, inform me if he recognises this place and these persons!" said the sultan, in a tremendous tone, and all

present fell prostrate, wishing it might be into some bottomless gulf.

Abdool raised himself, at length, shuddering, and, without daring to lift his eyes, declared that he had never made any such statement to any dervis.

"Look at me, fool, but good-natured! and deny it again!" returned the sultan; and glancing fearfully up, with a start of horror, Abdool recognised the dervis in the mighty sovereign himself! He could not, of course, utter another word; and the sultan commanded the mutes instantly to put Zulima, Nourmahal, and Aphrodite into the sacks, and throw them into the sea, while the bowstring was fitted round the neck of Mustapha. The sultan himself opened a window up to which the green waves of the sea flowed; and with shrieks of despair, the unhappy ladies were stripped of their ornaments, and thrust into the sacks, while the rest of the harem looked on with tears and sobs.

The dismal sight quite overcame all feeling of revenge in Abdool's heart. He prostrated himself at the sultan's feet, and, in a piteous voice, implored mercy.

"My only fault, light of the world!" groaned Mustapha, "was endeavouring to preserve your women from mischief of a worse sort, by giving them some to do that was bad enough!"

The story relates that the facetious Mustapha pronounced these words in such a dismal tone, that the sultan could not forbear laughing; but instantly resuming his severity, he turned to Abdool, and inquired if he were willing to perish in the place of the three ladies. was a dreadful moment; but Abdool the Simple very frankly consented.

"You shall do worse than die for them!" said the sultan, after a pause of the most intense astonishment—"you shall live with them! I give them to you all three for your wives, and appoint you to the care of my silk-worms, which is a post of great honour and profit, and requires no exertion of surpassing genius. As for you, Mustapha Aga, if in a month you do not find me one woman more beautiful than all these three put together, the bowstring shall be drawn, which, until then, you are to carry about with you on your neck."

THE WATERLOO BANQUET.

JUNE 18.

BY F. W. N. BAYLEY.

I.

Not as of old!—not as when first the wonder
Of the grand victory burst upon the world,
Quenching a war with its almighty thunder,
And waving the fair flag of peace unfurl'd;—
Not as when nation's eyes were flashing flame
To the proud victor in his house of might,
While England's glory blazoned all his name
In the deep brilliance of their fiery light!

II.

Not as when, erst the "Waterloo" was sounded,
A saviour word to kingdoms and to kings!
Bearing upon its echoes joy unbounded,
And Freedom's angel on its wandering wings!

Not as when cower'd the Napoleon name
Under the shadow of terrific doom!
Like some grand ship upon the sea of Fame,
A recreant quailer to its storm and gloom!—

III.

Not as when battle voices sounded louder
To the world's heart than ever yet before;
And still the name of Wellington won prouder
And warmer utterance on his native shore
Than ever bless'd its earlier day of power;
For now the imperial despot's crashing fall,
—Deep as the grave, and dark as doomsday hour—
Wrapp'd all his greatness in an exile's pall!

IV.

And as the wild star set in that far ocean
In the sad isle where all his spirit died,
And faded from the mad intense commotion
He loved to kindle, with a fiend-like pride,
His rival lustre shone with steadier light,
And with more truth and with more splendour even!
A holier, calmer glory, burning bright
With rays of PEACE, and starring all her heaven!

V.

Not as in that first freshness of rejoicing,
When the quick gush of praise was on the tongue,
And all a nation's gratitude was voicing
Its fervour forth alike from old and young—
When the loud cannon boom'd along the river,
And every house was as a blaze of light,
While the mad people's "Wellington for ever!"
Stunn'd the broad day, and startled the deep night!

VI.

No, not as then!—but thirty long years after,
When all the battle-field has lost its stain—
When the brown peasant's free hilarious laughter
Rings in the air that felt the leaden rain—
When the corn grows in that death-valley fairer
Than e'er it grew before it clasp'd the dead—
When wiser Europe's voice of war is rarer,
And her gold Commerce-lap is wider spread,

VII.

The aged Conqueror, with the sword long sheathing
In its eternal scabbard of renown,
With warrior-bays his silver hair enwreathing!
—The old man's time-crest and the soldier's crown!—
Calls, in his hall of glory, all around him,
The hoary veterans of his battle day,
And proudly bids the harper, Memory, sound him
Back the old glory of their war array.

VIII.

So when the gifts of kings are scatter'd round him,
And triumph-trophies blaze along the board,
Calm in his age, and true as once they found him,
The star-gemm'd warriors gather round their lord!
And still, as every summer sun shines o'er them,
And, Life warm-kindles to June's rosiest hue,
That board of Wellington is spread before them,
And they shall keep the FEAST OF WATERLOO!

THE SABRE DUEL.*

BY CAPTAIN MEDWIN.

From the great deference and respect shown for the *Beerhahn*, at the *Abschied's Commers*, I was led to consider him a trump, or, as the Germans—who still continue to play, as their great-grandfathers did, at ombre—say, a matadore. The daring of his demeanour—his dry wit and humour, attracted and made me desirous of diving deeper into his character, and knowing more of his life, and hearing a fuller detail of some of the adventures he had divulged the preceding evening. He had, at parting, invited me to breakfast at eleven, and true to my word, I sallied forth at the appointed hour, and having inquired, of the first student I met, Shreikenberger's address, I found myself, after zig-zagging through several lanes, dignified with the name of streets, at a dingy-looking private house, that corresponded with the indicated number and letter.

I mounted two flights of perpendicular stairs, and rung. The door was opened by a young *studio*, with eyes like an Albino's, white eye-lashes, and long flaxen hair trailing over the collar of his coat, covered with tags and embroidery, whom I had no difficulty in recognising for a *fox*—a designation common to the pages or chamberlains of German students.

A system prevails at the German *Hochschules* not dissimilar from that of our public schools. The *Fuchses*, in a great measure, resemble fags: theirs is no sinecure office. A *Fuch* is expected to pass most of his time at the Kneipe, in order that he may, by practice, in his own person, learn the *Beer cormmont*, or code—the laws, fines, &c., relating to beer-drinking. He must come well provided with tobacco, —for the purpose of *stop*ping the pipes of the bursches; is expected to treat and entertain guests that may be recommended to the corps—to have one of them at any time quartered on him—to give up his bed to any senior of his *Landsmaunschaft* who may happen to be without a bed himself, and sleep on his sofa—to provide, for those lords of the creation, breakfasts, suppers, occasionally champagne and claret—to post the videttes before *Pauking*—to provide a carriage when required —to be constant in his attendance at the *Fechtboden*—and to keep, to use a German expression, his *Maul*-mouth in his pocket. These are a few of the duties of a good *Fuchs*, who is at once servant and pay-master. Some of the *Alte Hauser* (the old stagers) make the *Fuchses* still more useful. They wear their clothes, exchange old torn linen for theirs—exchange is no robbery—and swap their shoes and boots that will not hold together for new ones, &c. I do not suspect Red-beard of these practices; but his *Leibfuch's* page, or chamberlain, seemed to have been well-trained. With a more deferential air no one could have been ushered into the presence of a lord and master. Hector, who was lying at full stretch in the way, politely got up to let me pass. He recognised and welcomed me, by thrusting his huge head between my legs, which, had I been off my guard, might have caused me to make a Chinese salutation. As to Shreikenberger, he seemed in no condition to return or make any salutation. He was lying at the further end of the room on a sort of French *Canapé*,

* See a previous paper, by Capt. Medwin, in vol. iv., page 317, of "Ainsworth's Magazine."

covered with red calico, somewhat the worse for wear, literally in his *Schlafrock* and slippers, with his face towards the back of the court, and was unaware of my entrance. He was suffering from a malady common to his brother students, to which they give the expressive name of *Catzen-jammer*. My dictionary says that *Jammer* means wailing, lamentation, misery. Of the first syllable of its compound *we* have made a verb, applying it, though in a different sense, to the effects of a similar disorder. Fortunate those who require this etymology. Of all drunkenness malt-drunkenness is the most horrible: sea-sickness is a trifle to it. It acts upon the *morale* worse than a sirocco at Venice; nay, it produces an utter prostration of mind and body. The head is bursting with a congestion of blood—the heart seems unable to perform its functions, and throbs with audible upbraidings—the limbs are weighed down as if they were enwrapt in a mantle of lead: there is no whole part about the body. This unhappy state to which the *Beerhahn* was reduced, enabled me to make a drawing, in my mind's eye, of his habitation.

The room was large and lofty, and appeared more so than it really was, from its plentiful lack of furniture; for three or four chairs in great decrepitude, a table, a broken mirror, and the said *Canapé*, comprised all its moveables. Books there were none, his stock, if he ever had any, having been long before disposed of to Aaron or Moses. But *en revanche*, as a set-off to this semblance of poverty, his *Pfeife system* was, indeed, a splendid one, and filled a considerable portion of one of the side-walls. Here were disposed, in goodly array, pipes of all sorts and denominations, Turkish cherry-sticks, with their gilt clay cups, lying in juxta-position with *meerschaums*, and bowls of porcelain. These latter were many of them admirably painted. Some contained views of the different universities; on others, armorial bearings were richly emblazoned. Nor were there wanting copies of celebrated paintings; and, lastly, miniatures of women famed for their beauty, among whom I perceived Rubens' Chapeau de Paille and Raphael's Fornarina. I was perfectly astonished, as I examined this picture-gallery, at his treasures; the more so, as I had heard that the single combats in which he had been engaged were denoted by their number. Over them, trailing down the fractured glass, were suspended ten or twelve bands, enwoven with all the hues of the rainbow, presents of his friends in various corporations, and between them hung, worked in gold, a *Cerevis Muzze*. A beer-cup, masks, foils, *florets*, parisers, *schlagers*, and sabres, stood side by side, pell-mell, in one corner of the room; and many engravings, and several drawings of remarkable duels, unframed and unglazed, together with fifty or sixty *Silouettes* of his acquaintances, were nailed, with some little pretension to symmetry, about the room.

Scarcely had I finished my mental inventory and survey, when Shreikenberger turned round, and, perceiving me, by a determined effort and struggle with the Beer-dæmon, succeeded in lifting his heavy head from the sofa, and, rising with a sonorous yawn, stretched out his hand to me. As to the *Fox*, who was in almost as *seedy* a condition as his patron, he was lying on the floor with his master's dog, both fast asleep. The voice of Shreikenberger soon roused him, however, from his trance. "Fox," said he, to the wool-headed, beardless youth, "this *Catzen-jammer* of mine is all owing to you, and the like o' ye. The Heidelberg *Sprichtwert* is true—you know it well; a

Fox is '*ein stûck fleisch, ohne sinn witz und verstand*'—(a lump of flesh, without sense, wit, or understanding.) Did not you give a proof of the want of all these, by tempting me with your vile supper, and that *gluh-wein* which turned the beer into poison? Well, what liquid have you procured for breakfast? Oh, I see—champagne—I hope it is—*Ersten qualitat*. Now you may go. But stay: I have promised this *Herr Englander* (he never inquired my name) to visit with him the field of Jena. You must go and hire an *Einspanner*, (a one-horse vehicle.) If you have got no money, it must be *aufgepumpt*, (i. e. you must raise the wind.) Buy also a plan of the battle; and you will have to drive us to the different positions. Do you hear? Come back in two hours. There!"

As he was leaving the room and casting a sheep's eye at his own champagne, at which he seemed to be disconcerted not to be asked to partake of, Redbeard said to me—"We say, in Halle, 'foxes are sly, but they don't think.' I fear I shall never make anything of that cub. He has, I perceive (looking at the table), provided a very scurvy breakfast."

Jena is notorious for the badness of its provisions and the greasiness of its *cuisine*. But German students live principally on suction, or, like Sancho Panza, regard much less the quality than the quantity of their food. A Frenchman, used to the *déjeûners à la fourchette* of the Café de Paris, Riche's, or Beauvillier's, would have scorned the repast to which Shreikenberger alluded, laid out, as it was, without a napkin or table-cloth—considered a vain *luxus* by the sons of the Muses. The *Frichstrick* consisted of Gottingen sausages, raw Dutch herrings soaked in pickle, Gruyere cheese, and radishes. Two long bottles with leaden tops, and champagne glasses beside them, might have seemed quite out of place, but, to my eye, were no unseasonable accompaniments to this savoury-looking meal, and to which, being no epicure, I did ample justice. Shreikenberger, after discussing a second fish, and washing it down with the sparkling Montebello, soon completely forgot his *Catzen-jammer*—his spirits rose with the effervescence of the wine, and his wit sparkled like it. I did my utmost to draw him out. I could not make him too egoistical. He related to me the events of his childhood—his boyhood—his career from the *Gymnasium* to the *Hochschule*—his wild and chivalrous adventures—and which, after our return from the field of Jena, I committed to paper, but found that, when divested of Shreikenberger's graphic descriptions, and reduced to a mere dry and circumstantial detail, there was a sameness and monotony in his corps-life of no general interest or continued attraction.

Fortunatus Shreikenberger—Infortunatus would have been a more appropriate prononyme—was the youngest son of a colonel in the Prussian army, who fell a martyr to a ball-wound received at the battle of Leipsic, and left two other children—a son, who afterwards entered the Danish service, and a daughter. His widow had been made sole guardian to his family, and loved them with a mistaken indulgence—a too fond affection, for, following the maxim of the law of England as to its kings, she thought they could do no wrong. After quitting the *Gymnasium*, where he learnt as little as is usually acquired at those establishments, Fortunatus was sent, with such a *Wechsel* (an allowance) as was more than sufficient for all his reasonable wants or wishes, to Halle.

Much has been said in disparagement of our universities, by those

who have never been at either of them; but if idleness, according to Burke, is the best prerogative of *man*, it is the worst attribute of *youth*. Their reasons for not doing anything are specious enough. Some will not learn, from principle and a love of independence, or because it is not necessary for them to learn anything;—others cannot learn, from want of talent, or lack of application. Another set of *students* have no time to learn, having more pressing and important occupations, such as—we are now in Germany recollect—fencing, drinking, fighting, driving, &c. &c. &c., not forgetting *Catzen-jammer*. Nor are wanting those who have good *intentions*, who defer studying only *for a time*, and, after the enjoyment of life, and the present moment—but their hour never comes—quiet their consciences with a mental reservation—the salvo of *oxing* or *buffaling*—soon working like bullocks or buffaloes.

Under which of these categories our hero came, will be best judged by a short summary of his career. There was no *faculty* that he had not embraced—and abandoned. He had studied—*a non studendo*—*i. e.* paid for lectures in medicine, surgery, chemistry, law, philosophy, and even theology; but no regular *courses* had he ever followed, nor provided himself with a single certificate of attendance. Nor was there one university where he had not matriculated, and at each had left a name behind him, still remembered, and that has never been eclipsed. To begin, then, with Halle. There he was *consilirt*—had a *consilium abundi*—or, as we say at Oxford, was rusticated for two years. He cut and run from his creditors at Leipsic, where he plunged too deeply into the mysteries of faro. His third scrape was occasioned by a pistol duel at Berlin, that obtained for him four months' fortress in Madgeburg—his sentence was four years. He had the misfortune at Gottingen of hitting upon a *Klingenschen* (a shy cock) in the person of a Count, who denounced him to the police, and occasioned him a long and rigorous in*carcer*ation—*Cartzer*, the student's prison is called. Thus for twelve *semesters*, with the eccentricity of a comet, and much of its destructive character, had he veered about from university to university, still undecided in the choice of a profession; and after getting his corps to be responsible for his debts at Heidelberg—which his mother had so lately paid, that he dared not venture to apply to her again—he had taken refuge for the second time at Jena, next to Erlangen the cheapest of all the high schools in Germany. There he brought with him so high a character as a duellist, that he was admitted into the *Franks* as an *Ehren-Mitglieder* (an honorary member)—in itself not only a great distinction, but particularly convenient at that moment to Shreikenberger, from the consumptive and emaciated state of his finances. In this capacity he was literally *franked* of all expenses—could, at the *Kneipe*, whether in town or country, drink *ad libitum*—was found in ale, "*à la discretion*," as the French restaurateurs say—had no disbursements to make for *Ausrits* (outridings) or *Commersen*—had plenty of *foxes;* and the club, weak in comparison to many others, thought itself sufficiently remunerated by the *Paukhahn's* seconding its members in their duels, and on great occasions, when there was a "*dignus vindice nodus*," by his taking up his invincible *floret* (small sword)—it is the customary weapon at Jena—in their defence. All this would, to a German, present but an everyday picture of their students' lives and manners. Nor should I

have enlarged upon it, but with the view of preparing the reader for a scene which, however imperfectly treated, cannot, even in my hands, fail to be dramatic.

At the distance of three short miles from Jena is a valley called the *Rauchthal*—a narrow pass well known in history, for it was here that the French fell on the rear of the Prussians. Long before that memorable action the *Rauchthal* was renowned as the *Paukplatz* of the Jenese students, and many and many a one has been here killed, or so disabled, as to drag on, during the remnant of his days, a miserable and flickering existence.

This very remarkable glen we had visited in the course of our drive, and the *Paukhahn* was very facetious in depicting the effect produced on parties engaged in these barbarous conflicts, by the frequent and unexpected appearance of the redoubtable *Pedel*, or other authorities of the university.

Little did I think that he was engaged, the very next day, to meet in this *Rauchthal*, an antagonist with whom he had had a quarrel of some standing, and who had deferred it, as is usual in such cases, till the end of the *semester*. The dispute had originated in a discussion on the disposition of the forces and tactics of the two armies ; Shreikenberger, a strenuous advocate and zealous defender of his country's military renown, contending that the Prussians lost the battle by reason of their inferiority in numerical strength, and his opponent attributing it to other causes. Both, in the heat of argument and wine, made use of words derogatory to each other's honour. Reconciliation was neither attempted nor thought of, and the formidable sabre was fixed upon to decide the contest — but Shreikenberger, whom long habitude had inured to scenes of this nature, after the manner of a professed duellist, treated this Pauk with his wonted indifference, and walked with me over the ground in the humour I have described. Nor in these qualities was he undermatched by his challenger. This Holsteiner had fought, though not so many duels as Shreikenberger, yet a vast number, and with all sorts of weapons, without having great skill in any. His savagery and intemperance were always plunging him into quarrels, and by his great muscular power, indomitable courage, and the impetuosity of his onslaught, his *à tempo* cuts, he had succeeded in making *abgefuhrt* (*carried* off) several of his antagonists. A story is told of this man, that shows the marvellous *sang froid* and recklessness of his character. He went out at Strasburg, *à la barrière*, being a very indifferent shot, fired as soon as he had taken up his twenty-five paces —missed—clapped his pistol under his arm, walked up to his antagonist, put out his tongue at him, and said, "Blaze away!" Whether thunderstruck at the daredevilry of his opponent, or unwilling to take the life of one whom he considered mad, the Frenchman, for such he was, discharged his pistol in the air. Upon which the Holsteiner said, applying to him a contemptuous epithet, common in France, "I knew you were too great a coward to shoot me."

But to return to the *Rauchthal*. The place is lovely and lonely. At the entrance of the dingle, some noble oaks stretch forth their wide-spreading arms, beneath whose embowering roof appears a fine and level piece of turf, where on *fête* days the youth of Jena and the neighbouring villages assemble and dance. At the edge of this verdant lawn, that had a few days before presented a scene of merriment—now a *champ*

clos for life or death—brawls over its pebbly bed a clear and rapid brook, where many a wounded man has washed his wounds and slaked his burning thirst. On both sides of this romantic dell, fantastic rocks rise almost perpendicularly, and shut it in, serving as posts for the videttes to guard against surprize.

The news of this duel having got abroad, many members of the two *Verbendungs*, to which the parties belonged, and some friends and acquaintance of other clubs, flocked as usual to the *Paukplatz*, together with the surgeon, witnesses, umpire, and seconds. The *Hieb comment*, or code of laws relating to duelling, is one of the first studies, and a thorough knowledge of it considered one of the most essential acquirements of a *Corps Bursch*. The corps-duels are limited generally to twenty-four rounds—six *blutize* (wounds)—or consist of one gang, that lasts for a quarter of an hour. In these the combatants are protected from the stomach downwards by an impregnable leathern coat of mail; the sword-arm, as far as the elbow, similarly bandaged, by what are called *Achsel-knöten*. The *Pauk* cap is thicker and has a stronger and stiffer poke than the ordinary one, and the neck is enveloped in a many-folded cravat, so that the only parts assailable are the face, head, breast, and shoulders, and thus the loss of an eye or nose, or trepanning, are among the gravest accidents that can occur. But a duel with sabres or schlagers (the *schlager* is a still more deadly weapon, for the thinness and sharpness of the blade renders it more difficult to parry the blows) being fought without bandages, is always attended with serious danger. The choice of seconds is a matter of great importance, for it is their duty to spring in and terminate the round when their friend has been hit—his cap struck off—sabre bent or broken, or to check *holzing*, or cudgelling, as it is called—a repetition of blows. These are mere matters of business. I will proceed, then, to say, that the Holsteiner was first on the ground; Shreikenberger did not keep him long waiting. They soon stripped themselves to their shirts, and with no other guard or defence but a silk handkerchief round the right hand, and the handle of the sabre twisted about with another, stepped into the *mensur*, or, as the pugilists say, "came to the scratch."

The seconds, sword in hand, posted themselves crosswise, so that, with their two principals, they formed a square—the umpire, or *unparterische*, standing a little out of it—the doctor sitting on the ground, and getting ready his instruments. Everything thus arranged in due form, the second of the Holsteiner, for he was the challenger, gave the word—*Auf der mensur*. The answer was, The ground is taken up. Bind your weapon. *Gebunden ist*, was the reply. Whereupon the first second gave the signal by the word, *Lös*, for the onset. . . . . They did set to in earnest: their blades whistled as they cleft the air. Blows were aimed and parried; one or two given and received, but they fell flat. The seconds interposed. The next rounds came off with similar results. The combatants became more cool and careful. Blood, but from mere scratches, was drawn. The succeeding *gang* was destined to terminate the conflict; for the Holsteiner was struck sharply in the neck, staggered back some paces, and fell, and Shreikenberger sunk doubled up on the ground, having received at the same moment a griding stroke, that laid open his abdomen a foot in length, dangerously injuring several blood-vessels and intestines. The

Pauk doctor, who had himself been a student at Jena, an old practitioner, ran from one to the other, irresolute whose wounds first to dress. Both seemed equally to demand his aid—both were fast bleeding life away, and lying senseless in the arms of their friends. At length, however, as well as the urgency for dispatch admitted, the wounds were sewn and bound up, and a *studio* dispatched post haste to Jena, to bring further surgical assistance. The Holsteiner first came to himself, and when he saw the desperate situation of Shreikenberger, resolved on immediate flight. His second bore him to one of the carriages waiting at the entrance of the pass, and got him clear away before the arrival of the *Pedel*. But his wound opened by the shaking of the vehicle. It was out of the question to think of travelling further than the nearest village. There they left him, and I shall merely add that, under skilful attendance, he was soon declared out of danger. Not thus with the unfortunate Shreikenberger. The surgeons at their consultation declared that nothing but great care, quiet, and strict attention, could give him a chance of his life. Watchers were, as usual, appointed by the corps to tend him; but so many, often to the number of ten or twelve at the same time, night and day, took upon them this office, that, instead of being of use to the patient, they only broke his rest, and, consequently, added to his fever. Meanwhile, at the inn at Kötschan, where he lay, there was a going and coming—a continual arrival and departure of carriages and horsemen from Jena—a *Commersiren* and a *Suitisiren*, and eating, and drinking, and singing, not as if a dying man was concerned, but a marriage or christening taking place. Many of the *Commenden* came without money, but were not the less hungry and thirsty on that account. All was put down to Shreikenberger's reckoning. The wounded man was a sufficient surety to the host, more especially as he was likely never to depart alive, or, at least, was in no condition to run away from his creditor.

Notwithstanding, however, all this noise and confusion, the strength of Shreikenberger's constitution was such that hopes began to be entertained of his recovery. At this period a letter with a black seal was forwarded to Kötschan from Jena, and without reflection on the part of his watchers, shown to him to whom it was directed. Shreikenberger earnestly desired to have and read it, and as he was going on satisfactorily, his friends imprudently yielded to his request. The patient broke the ominous seal, read the contents of the letter, and in frantic emotion tore the bandages off his wound, and sank senseless on the couch. Horror seized his watchers—they endeavoured to staunch the fresh bleeding, and dispatched an instant messenger to Jena. The surgeon came—redressed his wound; but in vain—at the expiration of two days he was no more. The letter was the occasion of that frantic act, and the immediate cause of his death, though his recovery was otherwise but problematical. That fatal letter came from his mother, and announced to him the loss of her son, who had been killed in a pistol duel by a brother officer at Copenhagen. It contained the most pressing entreaties on her part, that he, on whom now the inheritance had devolved—he who was become the sole prop of her declining years—would, by his duty to his lost father—out of gratitude, if not affection, to herself—in mercy for her bereavement of her child—and in pity for his broken-hearted sister, abstain from duelling. All too late came the injunction. Wounded as he thought himself to the

death, or despairing of his ultimate restoration to health—driven to madness by the thought of his mother's anguish—the loss of his brother, whom he dearly loved—tortured by the compunctions of conscience—a prey to sufferings too great for endurance, the ill-fated Shreikenberger, in the agony of his soul, laid violent hands on himself, and died a self-murderer.

After some weeks, made her appearance at the Pastors in Kötschau, a lady in deep mourning, and weighed down by sorrow even more than years. She begged of him to show her the spot where the unhappy student had been wounded, the bed where he had lain, and the place where his remains had been interred. She paid the host all his demands, and made him, over and above his bill, a handsome remuneration for his trouble and attentions—left the good curé alms for the relief of the poor and needy in the village, and a sum for raising a stone to the memory of one cut off before his time by an evil destiny. This stone stands as a warning record in the *gottesacker*, the churchyard, in Kötschau; and it is generally supposed that the lady in black was the mother of the youth.

ON CLARKSON STANFIELD'S PICTURE OF "THE DAY AFTER THE WRECK."

BY THOMAS ROSCOE.

But see, where, like a spectral thing,
Amid some fair and festal throng.
When love and joy just plume the wing,
And heart to heart gives back the song—
Starts into light the vision strong,
Girt with a thousand 'wildering fears,
That o'er the forms of beauty, fling
Their shroud of fate and passion's tears.

So cold—so dread, type of thy race,—
Of wrecks—eternal—past—to come,
Tak'st thou thy sad fame's destin'd place,
The spectre-guest from ocean's tomb,
Say, on the eve of peril, loom
Those dim-seen, visionary sail,
The boldest still, in terror chase,
While every seaman's cheek grows pale?

Fate's emblem! ah, what memories press
Round thy majestic, shatter'd might!
In pomp and grandeur trimly drest,
Or tempest-struck in horror's night!
Nought round thee but funereal light,
The dying breath of glory's fire,
As nature's riven ties—to rest,
On the wild ocean-bed expire.

Say, patriot spirits of the past,
On high adventure's towering hope—
Who spread your broad sails to the blast,
Nought less than unknown worlds, your scope,
Did e'er your dauntless manhood droop,
As that dark ship opprest the air,
As on fame's waves, you gladly cast
Your bread of life,—to greatly dare?

Oh, not to such—to souls of light,
On truth and science, mission sent,
New realms to bind in holier might,
Than power and avarice' dark intent,
That pictured fate, its terrors blent
In hues to startle—to dismay,
That blast the pirate-miser's sight,
Or round the murtherous slave-thief, play!

Nor when on honour's bright wings borne,
For country—friends, we brave the deep,
When parents, lovers, exiles mourn,
Or orphans their young sorrows steep
In the lone sea-waves' dreamless sleep,
Com'st thou, in airy terrors clad,
For theirs, a farther, happier bourne:
Thy spectre forms but fright the bad.

Stern ruin of the ruthless seas,
Whose grandeur flashes, and is gone,
True as thy proud sails to the breeze,
Bore on,—thy wild wreck speaks a tone
Of grandeur 'mid those waters lone,
That doth the musing spirit thrill,
Did such thy painter's fancy seize,
To bid him awe us—startle—chill?

SKETCHES OF DIALOGUE AT DENBIGH.

BY UNCLE SAM.

THE reading, if not the locomotion, of that ubiquitous gentleman, "Everybody," has made a pedestrian trip in Wales, shadowed forth with cascades and water-ripples, rocky mountains, scantily-clad heaths, and the "*Dym Sassenach*" of the peasantry, quite familiar. But the same kind of study or peregrination has not made "Everybody" acquainted with the curious dialogues sometimes to be heard in the public room of a country public inn. Indeed, there are many travellers who scorn to have any curiosity on the subject. Tourists generally allow themselves to be thrown into a room apart from the villagers or townspeople, and at their inn they hear nothing, see nothing but the houses on the opposite side of the street, with the tradesfolk waiting for customers, and the small discords and dull joking from the idlers in the market-place. A few sketches of dialogue at the ancient, but small town of Denbigh, in North Wales, will, therefore, have the advantage of novelty.

It was the day after an election at Denbigh, and a Saturday, and the castle clock would have stricken five, if there had been a clock to the old castle, but, in default, the Castle Tavern clock *did* strike five, as I entered to take mine ease in mine inn after a walk of a score of miles.

Tired, hot, dusty, hungry, and thirsty, yet all these feelings appear allayed when you cross the threshhold of a house in which the common comforts and necessaries of life will be supplied at the tinkling of a small bell. Cheer up, then, heartily. There's water in the bed-chamber, a lazy-looking "boots" at the door, watching the dog-fight, a cool room with the window open, cold lamb and salad in the larder, and some Denbigh old ale in the cellar. A little water and the "boots" make the dust vanish like smoke! How easy is it, then?

"Waiter, some dinner, and a glass of the oldest old ale."

"Terectly, sir."

"Don't disturb the gentlemen there, and don't put down the window. Don't let the great coats remain on the sofa, and don't remove the book. Ah! capital book this!—'Pigott's Directory.'"

"Yes, sir, they reads nothing else in this room."

"Sensible people! There's nothing else to read."

"Oh yes, sir, here's another!"

"'History of Denbigh Castle.' Excellent! Take away Pigott's light reading for travellers, and let me have the historical history. But, above all be quick with the dinner and the oldest old ale."

* * * * * *

The joys of dinner are evanescent and not worth thinking of, much less repeating. Take thine ease on the sofa, friend Self, and read in the book the bloody deeds of Denbigh Castle.

There were only two other travellers in the room at this time, one of whom continually complained that he had a large family, and could not afford "as one might say" to drink wine, and yet contrived to gulp down a pretty considerable quantity, urging his less eager companion to do so likewise; the conversation between the two "bagmen" being a conglomeration of the latest state of all the drapers

trades in the principality, and their fluctuating tendencies between cash payments and the Gazette. The man of the large family soon, however, announced that "the best friends must part," as he swallowed the last half glass of the expensive beverage, and ordered out his gig, "leaving it," as he philosophically observed, "to Time to determine at what inn he should again have the pleasure to take wine" with his dinner companion.

Here comes a duplicate arrival—two collegians with fishing-rods and two baskets, one enclosing some spare linen, and the other sparingly supplied with fish, stiff from the day's sport.

"Waiter ahoy! bear a hand. Dinner for two, and cook these fish. Bring everything you have, and send out for more. Hungry as a hunter! Egad, I'm as hungry as the Devil and Doctor Faustus! Let's have some ale at once. As parson Adams used to look out for a house, convenient to the road-side, in which to enjoy his ease, his inn, and his jug of foaming ale: we'll imitate the clerical example, and discuss the tipple of Denbigh."

"Ah, this is the best sport of the day! D—— all fluxions, conic sections, and the mixed and pure mathematics; the first six, and the eleventh and twelfth books of Euclid, algebraic formulæ, the differential calculus and fishing-rods. Denbigh ale for ever!"

"Talking of things, or anything, for ever, what a number of cussed bills there are on the wall opposite, with 'Rumblegrib for ever!' and 'Muddleford and Principle!' These Denbigh people have been doing an election, you may depend upon it, which accounts for those fellows being so drunk, and asking us if we had seen anything at the end of our fishing-rods."

The collegians soon fell to work with huge appetites.

After taking a short ramble, I, on my return to the traveller's room, found a fresh group occupying the centre table, the college students having vacated it. There was a portly-nosed attorney drinking a magnum-bonum glass of spirits, and his son John partaking freely of unripe gooseberries and bottles of ginger beer. There was the landlord of the house, a "well-spoken" man (that is, he spoke freely, and with good emphasis, like an auctioneer), in a great state of occasional anxiety respecting a cow, which he believed to be at the point of death—a natural death—and there was a smiling, smirking, silly looking Welsh farmer, yclept Morgan Jones, who, every time he put his glass to his mouth, drank to the health of "Mr. Pland," the landlord. As soon as I was seated with these worthies, the landlord, with the air of a person who thinks he has just told a capital tale, and is delighted at the prospect of a good listener whilst he repeats it, turned himself in his easy chair, and commenced, or re-commenced, as follows:—

"I was saying, sir, that I was this afternoon at as melancholy a sight as ever I saw in the principality—the funeral of a drover. He was a rich man, and has left his family well off; but his death was so sudden, that, from the mother to the youngest child, the affliction is dreadful. And the cause of his death is so provoking—a trumpery bet, sir, made in this room. This Hugh Evans, the drover, never got drunk more than once a-year on an average, and this time last year was the last time but one before his death. On that occasion, sir, he drove his herd over the mountain heath, eight miles from here, after nightfall, and as he turned the corner of a rocky projection, near one

of the lakes, he saw—or thought he saw—the supernatural appearance of three of his dearest friends whom he had left in Denbigh. The first apparition was covered with blood, the second flourished a halter and a large razor, and the third carried a small hamper of marrowbones and a box of soapsuds. He fainted away, and was found the next morning lying in the road, with the herd of cattle around him; and he swore that, from that time, he would never drive his cattle over the mountain heath, and by the lakes and rocky projection."

"Goot healt, Mr. Pland," interposed the farmer.

"Hold your noise, Morgan."

"Goot healt."

"After that fearful night, this time last year," continued the landlord, "Hugh Evans never took a glass too much—small praise to him, for he could stand a few quarts as well as here and there one—until a week ago, when he was unhappily overpowered by taking early in the morning too much soda-water to cool himself, and then too much brandy to warm him, after getting wet through; and he was in this room, sir, talking, as you may say, cheerfully to all his friends, and standing a few glasses round to those very men whom, twelve months ago, he thought were covered with blood, and carrying halters, razors, and marrowbones, at the corner of the rocky projection near one of the lakes. Well, sir, one of his friends, a butcher, and, remarkable enough, the very man he thought, twelve months ago, had carried the small hamper of marrowbones, proposed a bet of a turkey, with chitlings, with ale at discretion, and tumblers of brandy for four, that this Hugh Evans, the drover, would not dare to drive his cattle over the heath. The bet was taken. Hugh Evans departed on a new horse which he had purchased, and when he came to the rocky projection near one of the lakes, the horse shied at a pile of turf, threw his rider with his head against the rocky projection, and afterwards kicked him so furiously that he died."

"Singular!"

"It was the funeral of this man, sir, that I attended this afternoon. Whatever may have been his faults, I knew of none. He was a generous soul—always more ready to give than take, and never disputed his reckoning; he was gone to his long home, and the lamentations of his family made the funeral a grievous spectacle. When, as the custom is in this part of the country, they took the lid off the coffin previous to placing it in the grave, and the widow and children crowded round, and dropped their burning hot tears on his dead cold face, I was as agitated as they, and could only gain relief, as they did, by tears."

"It must have been sorrowful, indeed."

"Carrotty Tavit say the cow ees cole, although she ees covered with sacks."

"Send out some carpets, then. If this were slaughtering night, all would be right. I would then get Owen Owens, the butcher, to hand me the warm skins as he peeled them off the quivering mutton, and the warmth from the dead sheep would warm my poor cow better than all the blankets in Denbigh."

"Goot healt, Mr. Pland."

"Hold your noise, Morgan."

"Goot healt."

A young man here came rushing into the room, followed by the landlady, and, in a theatrical manner, exclaimed—

"Foulkes is dead!"

There was an instantaneous exclamation from all present, but myself, of "Dear, dear!" and "*Tear!*"—the messenger, who appeared in an inebriated amazement consequent to the election, and the loss of a dear friend, standing in an attitude, door-in-hand, and looking at each individual separately. It appeared to me the most comical announcement of a death I had witnessed, and it is just possible the post-haste messenger might have guessed my reflection on this subject, as he presently quitted the door, and rolling towards the table, addressed me individually—

"I say, sir, my friend Foulkes is dead!"

"Is he, sir? And so is my friend Smith," replied I.

"An' the cow ees tying," said Morgan.

"And it'll soon be time for me to die, too," said the landlady; "for my bones is all cold with having such a large family."

The physiological connexion between a large family and cold bones it is not my business to examine; but I am inclined to consider the idea originated either with the landlady, or with M. de Lafontaine, the mesmerizer.

The death of the unfortunate Foulkes was caused, I understood, by an unlucky kick from an independent elector.

"You've had a severe time, during the election," I observed.

"Yes, sir, the *pinks* bottled three and twenty of us. They pinked them nicely. My father, poor fellow, was one;—an old man, sir, and they ought to have known better than to shove an old man up a ladder; and Morgan Jones here was another."

"Goot healt, Mr. Pland."

"Hold your noise, Morgan."

"Goot healt."

"The pinks called it *habeas corpus*," insinuated the attorney's ginger-beer son, John.

"An illegal act," said his father; "and I wish our side would allow me to trounce them for it. I think I should be very successful in practice before a Commons' committee. To be sure it was comical enough to see the poor fellows looking out of the window of the cock-loft, in which they were penned up, half drunk, and not daring to cry out; for they were all put in by their best customers. Snow, Esquire, bagged nine of them with his own hand. A comical dog is Snow, Esquire. Every half-hour he went to the cock-loft, and cried out, at the top of his voice, "The independent electors who cannot vote are requested to drink up their heeltaps, and give three cheers for Rumblegrib!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Snow, Esquire, is a regular trump," said the landlord, "although his politics are on the shady side of d——able. But talk of the devil, says the old proverb, and sure enough you see him."

"See him," observed I, in continuation of the landlord's metaphysical proverb—"see his highness i' th' mind's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling?"

"No, sir," responded the landlord, "I see him passing the door, and here he is, with Hugh Hughes the shoemaker, and Evan Evans the draper, two of the townspeople he bottled up yesterday."

Enter Snow Esquire, with his two bottled supporters.

"Rumblegrib for ever! and what will you drink all round? I've ten

shillings that never were spent yet. Gentlemen, freeholders of the county, the election for this loyal and independent borough having terminated in favour of the constitution by the return of my friend Rumblegrib, I come to solicit your votes for the county. What do you say? I've a mind to be a candidate myself. Shall I have your votes?

Thus spoke Snow, Esquire, who at the first glance was a fine looking *animal* certainly. He was a well built man; but a large head of hair, a large fist, and a devil-may-care air, were the ornaments to a head and face with sleepy eyes, the phrenological and physiognomical appearance of which bespoke a low order of intellect, combined with all the animal virtues and vices. One of his companions—the bottled shoemaker—was comically drunk, and the other, the draper, was a little farther gone, so that *his* character was *non est inventus*, or buried in oblivion. "Gentlemen," said Snow, Esquire, in continuation, "my sentiments are universal and particular, I'm a jolly good-for-nothing fellow, and I like everybody like myself. I give more than I take. Everyone's at liberty to call for what he likes, for I have a few shillings that never were spent yet, and the man that won't drink with me I look upon as an enemy. Winny, my dear, bring in a large quantity of everything."

"And a bottle of ginger beer," whined in the attorney's hopeful sprig, John.

"A glass of gin for self," quoth the uncommon-nosed attorney, "and a bottle of pop for John. John's an exemplary boy; he prefers ginger to gin."

"John's a nincompoop," declared Snow, Esquire. "Winny, my dear, bring me a glass of soda water, and make it strong."

"Class of sota water will freeze in your pelly, Mr. Snow," simpered Morgan Jones.

"You're right, old horsepond Jones, and that's why I tell Winny to make it strong. If you can't pour the brandy into the soda water, Winny, my dear, get your sweetheart to help you, and I'll show him how. By the immortal Crœsus I'm in luck's way! Here's another sovereign that never was spent yet, although it's getting a hard frost with my pocket. Almost down to zero, by Jingo! Never mind, to-night ends the election spree. So drink of good October, and to-morrow we'll be sober!"

"Goot healt, Mr. Pland an' Mr. Snow."

"Hold ycur noise, Morgan."

"Good healt."

Snow, Esquire, who, at the outset had stood to address the worthy electors, had by this time floundered into a chair, and as soon as a pause occurred in the conversation, by Morgan Jones being requested to hold his noise, Snow, Esquire, eager for political agitation, ejaculated—

"Rumblegrib for ever! Gentlemen, electors for the county——."

"Muddleford for ever!" interrupted the comical shoemaker; "Muddleford and Principle!"

"Principle, you created vagabond—what has principle to do with an election? Or rather, what principle is there in it but spreeing?"

"Sir, I hope you will change your principles. In this very glass, sir, which I drink to you as a customer and a gentleman, I hope——."

"Gentleman, you slow badger—I'm no gentleman! Yes, I am; we're all gentlemen—gentlemen, freeholders of the county; if you return me to parliament, I will uphold the constitution in church and state. Gentlemen, I make no promises, but what will you take to drink?"

"You are a gentleman," said the shoemaker, in a decided manner, handling his glass and addressing himself to Snow, Esquire.

"Shiver my upper story, but you are an ass!" responded the gentleman.

"I will drink with you, sir," said the cordwainer, meekly; "but there is no occasion to call names. If I am an ass, I — I ——"

"Your are—you are!"

"I'm not."

"How sir? D'ye think you know better than I do, who have been at college, and learned the seventeen regular sciences, with various others, too numerous to mention?"

"No, sir; but I must say that ——"

"Confound your impudence; dy'e mean to contradict me—eh, you infuriated brute?"

"Don't call such names, or I shall *retortilate* upon you, sir."

"You'll do what, you cobbled piece of neat's leather, eh?"

"I'll *retailiate* upon you, if you go on so."

"Why, you villanous brute, you can't spell the word!"

"Words have nothing to do with principle, Mr. Snow. You call me an ass, and a cobbled villanous brute. What principle is there in that? I ask you, sir, how can you, as a customer and a gentleman, defend such conduct to a person who feels, and who acts as — as ——"

"Why, how you go on? Don't you see it's all a joke? D'ye think I'd call any one but a dear friend or a fellow-townsman such names? No, sir, I'd see any one d——d first. But it's no matter; take your own opinion. There's more real friendship in my calling you an infuriated brute and an ass, than in my saying, *dear sir*, and be hanged to you!"

"Sir, you're a gentleman. I've always said so of you: I make a principle of it. 'Rony,' says I to my wife, 'Snow, Esquire, is a gentleman, every inch of him. Ne'er a baron of the castle ever wore such a pair of Wellington boots, or paid for them as punctually as Snow, Esquire.' You *are* a gentleman, sir, and no mistake."

"You talk of principle: answer this. The duty of leather was taken off, but how much did you take off the price of boots in consequence? Nothing. Then if you didn't take off no more, would the baker, if corn were cheap."

"I hope you will change your principles, sir."

"Never, old Stitch-and-chalk-one! Here's a shiner that never was spent yet. Drink up your heeltaps, and lay it out. Winny, my dear, resist temptation, like your namesake, St. Winifred, and give my particular friend the bootmaker some polishing compound without squeezing his hand. Rumblegrib for ever!"

A patient observer of this rather eccentric gentleman, "Snow, Esquire," for half an hour, I at last became quite tired of him and his string of repetitions, or round towel speaking, and beat a retreat. We see a similar effect sometimes at a theatre. Be the comic actor ever so comic, yet if the gods will have his most laughable and comic song

repeated a third time, half a dozen gentlemen in the pit, who have previously been highly amused, immediately arise and proceed to the door.

Whilst waiting for a candle at the bar, for the chambermaid could not well be called into the smoking room, out came Morgan Jones to fetch the landlord news of his horned cow. Alas! the poor animal was deceased, without providing the slaughterer with a fee.

"Now, Mr. Jones," said the landlady.

"Yes, Mrs. Pland."

"I can always manage you, Mr. Jones; so go to your home, Mr. Jones."

"Yes, Mrs. Pland; but a want to trink Mr. Pland's goot healt, now the cow ees tead."

"It's better to go home, Mr. Jones, for Mrs. Jones to have some of your company, than to sit here so long, Mr. Jones, while Mrs. Jones is sitting by herself, poor thing, Mr. Jones!"

"Goot night, goot night, Mrs. Pland," replied Morgan, and bent his steps to the door, muttering something in that fine language the Welsh, which to my Saxon ears sounded very like—"*Dym schulia in pooblic hoos, e nuf ov dhatt hatt ome, Mrs. Pland—dym schulia, dym, dym!*"

HYMNS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY EDWARD KENEALY, AUTHOR OF "BRALLAGHAN," ETC.

PART II.

Pange Lingua.

Pange lingua gloriosi
Corporis mysterium,
Sanguinisque pretiori
Quem in mundi pretium,
Fructus ventris generosi,
Rex effudit gentium.

Sing, O my tongue, in strains of rapture praise
To erring earth, our Lord's mysterious ways;
How for our sins in human form he stood
And offer'd up for man his precious blood;
How, with immortal love, at length inspired,
The King of Hosts upon the cross expired.

Nobis datus, nobis natus,
Ex intactâ virgine;
Et in mundo conversatus
Sparso verbi semine,
Sui moras incolatus
Miro clausit ordine.

Sent from the skies to save the sons of earth,
A virgin's womb conceived, and gave him birth,
The world beheld its Mother and its Lord,
In lowly guise, diffuse the heavenly word;
This done, he closed his missions from above,
With one more wondrous proof of power and love.

In supremæ nocte cænæ,
Recumbens cum fratribus,
Observata lege plenè
Cibis in legalibus,
Cibum turbæ duodenæ
Se dat suis manibus.

'Twas on that last eventful solemn night,
Pass'd with observance of each olden rite,
The twelve disciples round their Lord reclined;
He in the midst—the Saviour of mankind—
Bestow'd with smiles unto that chosen band,
His flesh and blood with his own hallow'd hand.

Verbum caro, panem verum,
Verbo carnem efficit:
Fitque sanguis Christi, merum,
Et si sensus deficit,
Ad firmandum cor sincerum,
Sola fides sufficit.

The Word made flesh, took up and brake the bread;
"Eat ye of this, *it is my flesh*," he said.
Into twelve cups he pour'd the rosy wine,
"Drink ye of this—'tis blood, and *it is mine:*
In outward form though bread and wine appear,
Doubt not the truth—be silent, and revere."

Tantum ergo sacramentum
Veneremur cernui,
Et antiquum documentum,
Novo cedat ritui:
Præstet fides supplementum,
Sensuum defectui.

To this most wondrous sacrament we bow
With humbled hearts, and many a grateful vow;
To this, all ancient forms and rites give way,
As stars when shines the golden light of day;
What, though 'tis bread and wine that meets our eyes?
Our faith in Christ the mystery supplies.

Genitori, Genitoque
Laus et Jubilatio!
Salus, honor, virtus quoque,
Sit et benedictio;
Procedenti ab utroque
Compar sit laudatio.

O God the Father! O Eternal Son!
O Holy Spirit! Wondrous Three in One!
Enthroned in thunder, clemently look down
On prostrate man, nor blast him with Thy frown;
Turn not away thine ears, while here we raise
Our voices in thy worship, love, and praise.

Ecce Panis.

Ecce panis angelorum
Factus cibus viatorum
Vere panis filiorum
Non mittendus canibus,
In figuris præsignatur,
Cum Isaac immolatur:
Agnus Paschæ deputatur.
Datur manna patribus.
Bone Pastor, panis vere,
Jesu nostri miserere;
Tu nos pasce, nos tuere:
Tu nos bona fac videre,
In terra viventium.
Tu qui cuncta scis, et vales
Qui nos pascis hic mortales,
Tuos ibi commensales,
Cohæredes et sodales,
Fac sanctorum civium.

Behold the bread of angels
Is made man's sweet repast,
A heavenly food upon his road,
To dogs not to be cast.
Fore-shadow'd in the figures
Of Isaac and the ram,
And in the desert manna,
And in the Paschal lamb.
Good shepherd! who art truly
The bread divine of life,
Feed and defend thy children
From sickness, sin, and strife;
While on this earth we wander,
Do thou, all Good and Wise,
The beauty of a holy life
Display unto our eyes;
And place us at Thy table
With those whom Thou hast blest;
And give us, with Thine angels,
Eternal light and rest.

O Salutaris.

O Salutaris Hostia!
Quæ cœli pandis ostium:
Bella premunt hostilia:
Da robur, fer auxilium.
Uni trinoque Domino,
Sit sempiterna gloria;
Qui vitam sine termino,
Nobis donet in patriâ.

O Salutary Host! who didst unclose
The Gate of Heaven unto our falling race,
Behold our bosoms stung with piercing woes—
Behold, and pitying, lend thy healing grace!
To Thee, Thy Father, and the Holy Ghost,
Glory eternal, honour, duty, love!
Oh! may we yet, amid the starry host,
Sing forth Thy praises in Thy home above!

Panis Angelicus.

Panis angelicus fit panis hominum:
Dat panis cœlicus figuris terminum:
O res mirabilis! manducat Dominum
Pauper, servus et humilis.
Te, trina Deitas unaque, poscimus,
Sic nos tu visita, sicut te colimus:
Per tuas semitas duc nos quo tendimus
Ad lucem quam inhabitas.

The food of angels becomes food for man;
The types commanded by the laws of old
Have lived, and pass'd away. With Christ began
The mighty miracle our eyes behold.
O strange effect of love, when God descends
To give to sinful man his flesh, his blood!
Eternal Triune, O fulfil their ends!
Give us immortal light with Thee, our God.

Ave Verum.

Ave verum corpus natum
De Maria Virgine!
Vere passum immolatum
In cruce pro homine;
Cujus latus perforatum

Hail! thou true body born
From Mary's virgin womb!
During the dreadful doom
Of cross, and spear, and thorn;
Whose godlike side, when torn,

Unda fluxit cum sanguine.
Esto nobis prægustatum
In mortis examine.
O dulcis, O pie
O Jesu fili Mariæ
Miserere nostri.

Pour'd forth a mystic flood
Of water blent with blood:
For man Thou didst endure this death.
Oh! give him in his parting breath,
Grace to sustain his pangs like Thee,
And pardon for eternity.

Audi Benigne.

Audi benigne Conditor
Nostras preces cum fletibus,
In hoc sacro jejunio
Fusas quadragenario.
Scrutator alme cordium,
Infirma tu scis virium,
Ad te reversis exhibe
Remissionis gratiam.
Multum quidem peccavimus,
Sed parce confitentibus;
Ad nominis laudem tui
Confer medelam languidis.
Concede nostrum conteri
Corpus per abstinentiam;
Culpæ ut relinquant pabulum
Jejuna corda criminum.
Præsta beata Trinitas,
Concede simplex Unitas;
Ut fructuosa sint tuis
Jejuniorum munera.

Benignant Lord, thy children's prayers
Up to thy throne with tears are sent;
What groans are ours—what anxious cares
In these the forty days of Lent.
Searcher of hearts, thou know'st how weak
And prone to err the human race;
From Thee, the fount of love, they seek
The cleansing gifts of heavenly grace;
Our crimes, though many, great, and vile,
Seek pardon when with sighs confess'd.
Oh! let, like some celestial smile,
Thy mercy fall, and make us blest!
Grant that, for abstinence and fast
Observed these forty days of woe,
Our weeping souls aside may cast
The robe of sin, and shine like snow;—
Grant, O most sacred One and Three,
That those who curb their proud desires—
Who watch, and fast, and pray, may see
The Heaven to which each soul aspires!

Vexilla Regis.

Vexilla regis prodeunt!
Fulget crucis mysterium,
Qui vitâ mortem pertulit
Et morte vitam protulit.

Lo! where our regal banners shine
Effulgent with the cross divine,
Emblem of him who died to free
Mankind from endless misery.

Quæ vulnerata lanceæ
Mucrone diro, criminum,
Ut nos lavaret sordibus,
Manavit unda et sanguine.

Pierced with the lance, his holy side
Pour'd water forth, with red blood dyed;
Our souls wash'd in the sacred stream
Pure, as the purest sunshine, seem.

Impleta sunt quæ concinit
David fideli carmine,
Dicendo nationibus:
Regnavit a ligno Deus.

All is fulfill'd, so long foretold
By David's sacred song of old;
The King of Heaven and Earth we find
From a tree ruling all mankind.

Arbor decora et fulgida
Ornata regis purpurâ,
Electa digno stipite
Tam sancta membra tangere.

O beauteous tree, empurpled o'er
With Christ's immortal saving gore,
Well may we view, with reverend awe,
The noblest trunk the world e'er saw!

Beata cujus brachiis
Pretium pependit sæculi,
Statera facta corporis
Tulitque prædam tartari.

Blest are thy branches—blest to bear
That weight, in worth beyond compare—
The great Messiah's; he who saved
From hell man's race, to sin enslaved.

O Crux! ave spes unica
Hoc passionis tempore,
Piis adauge gratiam
Reisque dele crimina.

O Holy Cross! we hail thee now,
With many a sigh and heartfelt vow;
We see thee, and the cheering sight
Sheds o'er our souls serene delight!

Te, fons salutis Trinitas,
Collaudet omnis Spiritus:
Quibus crucis victoriam
Largiris adde premium.

O blessed Trinity! to Thee
Let every Christian bend the knee,
And strive the golden crown to win,
Reserved for those who conquer sin!

HER MAJESTY'S BAL POUDRÉ.

A ROYAL wish is the true electric telegraph. All others are vile, mechanical contrivances—weak, coarse, and clumsy indeed, compared with the divine affinities of the heart and eye. At best they only convey, with meaningless accuracy, the intelligence communicated to their care: that done, their office is at an end. But a Queen's will not only conveys itself—it works out its own accomplishment. Be it the merest whim, the veriest "caprice" that ever agitated the feminine mind, its power is the same. It goes forth like the fiery cross among the clans, and in due time returns laden with a tribute of duty.

If all royal wishes had been as grand, as graceful, and as beautiful as that which originated the Bal Poudré at Buckingham Palace last month, the pen of history might have been dipped in rose water. To call back a by-gone age; to revive a defunct century; to bring to life the past of a hundred years ago, and parade it for the frolic of an hour in all its stateliness of manners, its barbarous ornament, its massive foppery of costume; to present it to us as the eye saw it in life, when the eye alone, and not the heart, beheld its imposing and graceful exterior, without its under-current of coarse vice; this was a thought worthy of a monarch, to whom, as a woman, as well as a sovereign, so much is given of the social power of example. It was a thought most happily and gloriously worked out to its accomplishment.

Where the choice was from the costumes of so many gay and gaudy ages, it was indeed a bold idea in her Majesty to select the comparatively heavy and unpicturesque period of George the Second. This was more particularly the case with regard to the era of 1745, when the death of the fascinating and accomplished Caroline, and the advent of her unworthy successor, had driven the female nobility from the court, except on state occasions—when all that is graceful in courtly life had given place to vulgar licence and coarse indulgence—when the costume of the males had degenerated from the solemn and imposing grandeur of the age of Marlborough, to a clumsy formality of style, and a barbaric profusion of ornament; and the dress of the ladies had grown, from German example, to be so utterly unnatural, that beauty and youth had no chance of rivalry with age and art, and all their hideous agencies of powder, patches, and paint. Some said it was a good-humoured caprice of her Majesty, who wished to see how far courtly manners were identified with courtly costume; and whether those who reigned in triumph in the present day would equally have borne the palm, had they been subjected to the greater trials of beauty of a century ago. If it was a "caprice," it certainly was a happy one, for it produced a complete triumph of manliness and beauty. But another explanation of the royal motives places them in a far higher rank. It is said that her Majesty fixed on the particular age of George the Second, because she knew that the particular costume would render necessary the extensive employment of English manufactures. Whether this was the motive or not, it is certain it was the effect; and for this exercise of her royal power, we humbly tender her Majesty thanks, in the name of the people. Prerogative for ever!

Gay and trivial as the occasion might be, this costumed ball was,

nevertheless, pregnant with historical meaning. From 1745 to 1845, what a stride our history has taken! And how the choice of such an epoch as that of the advance of the Young Pretender to the heart of the kingdom, for this graceful masquerading—how it stamps and marks the wonderful change that has taken place! A British Sovereign of the House of Brunswick can now trifle with the terrible past, and, for the gratification of a wish, can revive all its most deep-rooted recollections—can bring together the descendants of those who then met in conflict, either in the senate or the field—can oppose the scarlet coat of the dragoon to the tartan of the Highlander—not for the awful purposes of war, but to increase the picturesqueness of a ball-room effect. Ancestral rivalries, and oft-recorded feuds between families of different faith or opposite interests, were here brought face to face, and with an aspect of life which only served still more to point their utter vanity and worthlessness. Nobles, whose great-grandfathers had fought or intrigued against each other, were shifted back into the past; and the courtesies of modern life, pointing with keen ridicule to the grave absurdity of the scene, served still further to render such rivalries impossible hereafter.

It is scarcely possible to say anything new of the ball itself. Yet an event which agitated, for so long a time, the whole aristocracy—which grouped together all the beauty of the most beautiful court in the world—which gathered, in grotesque contrast, almost all the most remarkable men of the day in a garb so little consonant with their ordinary daily habits—may well afford the opportunity of a few passing remarks, dictated by a spirit different from that which animated the daily and hebdomadal ecstasies of our courtly contemporaries.

The royal fiat went forth, and instantly there was an universal sensation in society. Who were to be the fortunate two thousand to whom the invitations were to extend? Was rank or was fashion to be the passport to the royal presence on this auspicious occasion? All were on the *qui vive*, some to make interest to go, others to announce the happy certainty that they were to be among the favoured few. A greater number still, who ascertained from the first that there was no hope of their being asked, set their faces against the whole thing—grumbled at it as a monstrous absurdity, which would only elicit the most grotesque incongruities, and end in discomfiture. Of these, a certain ex-chancellor was the ringleader. Those who counted on the certainty of a card, at once set to work to choose their costume. Happy were they who saw that their face and figure would suit the dress, and whose complexions were "reckoned to look well" in powder and paint. Inexpressible, on the other hand, was the chagrin of the black-haired beauties and the blondes. They, at least, must be offered up as sacrifices to the whim of royalty, and forced to yield the palm to rivals far their inferiors in natural beauty. Milliners rose at once to the rank of despotic powers, and tailors grew to be authorities in costume. History was for a full month the fashion; so that her Majesty's fancy has done at least one good service; for it has made her nobles more intimately acquainted with the names, the services, and the manners and customs of their grandfathers. Hogarth especially was in request. The Marriage A-la-Mode was studied intensely by the ladies, the courtiers, the lawyers, and the doctors; while the solitary officer, in the March to Finchley, might have been



A BAL POUDRÉ.

LONDON: JOHN MORTIMER, ADELAIDE STREET. 1846.

Mars himself, so watchfully was he worshipped. Ancestral picture-galleries were visited by spendthrift heirs, who, if they did not knock down their progenitors, "all stiff and awkward as the originals, and like nothing in nature besides," at least went there with not much more reverent motive. Many a great uncle Richard—"a hero," as Charles Surface has it, "not cut out of his feathers, as modern-clipt captains are, but enveloped in wig and regimentals, as a general should be"—was lifted from his panelling for the nonce, and made a study for the masquerading costume of perhaps a degenerate descendant. Nor, if the costumes of the ladies were a test, had the great aunt Deborahs been forgotten. Ruffles, sacques, bodices, bouffettes, Pompadour hats—all the important trifles of the toilette, in short, of a century back—became as familiar in the mouths of our modern belles, and they grew as learned in their uses, as their great-grandmothers. Grave senators and dashing young guardsmen alike might be seen practising the pompous swagger of the courtier of the age they were to represent, while their wives, daughters, or sisters, were equally earnest in studying to make graceful their carriage under the odious hoop, or catching the bold laugh, and how to flirt the fan.

At length, the portentous and eventful evening came, when all the fluttering vanities that had been pent up so long must mount on the wing of success or fall to the dust. It was so arranged that all the guests, at whatever door they were admitted, must pass up the grand staircase. They, therefore, met in the great hall; and here the first recognition took place: here, the most intimate friends found it difficult or impossible to recognise each other under their extraordinary transformation: here, disfigured beauties first felt the severity of mutual criticism: here, the senator or the warrior lost all his importance under the overpowering influence of ridicule. It is no exaggeration to say that more than half the guests were so utterly disguised in their antiquated costume, the expression of their faces was so different, and their general bearing so altered, that it was almost impossible to identify them. This first meeting in the great hall was a great test of character. Some merry spirits entered so fully into the humour of the thing as to increase the enjoyment in proportion to the absurdity, while others exhibited a gaucherie and stiff uneasiness which would have disgraced a Parisian workman. Some, as they entered, would salute their friends with an affectation of grave courtesy, in happy imitation of the manners of the times: others walked in with an uncomfortable air of solemnity. A very pretty effect was occasionally produced in this way as a little group of the masqueraders met, laughing, quizzing each other, practising the courtly airs of their grandsires, the embroidered or military coats of the gentlemen mingling with the brocade and silks of the ladies, sometimes gorgeous and gay, sometimes Dorcas-like and simple, with the pretty little hat mounted on the top of the powdered hair.

But if each felt an interest in his own little circle of acquaintance, there were some among the invited guests as to whom all felt a curiosity, to see how they would acquit themselves in their unwonted costume. Men distinguished as warriors, as statesmen, as lawyers, were to be present, and when one of these was announced, those who were waiting to pass on into the reception room would linger to catch a

glimpse of him in his metamorphosis. Scarcely less interesting than these great men—than those who hold by virtue of their intellectual superiority the power in the present day—were nobles who came to the *fête* in the costume of their own ancestors living at the period—the descendants of those who held power and were distinguished in the past. It is true that the age of George the Second was not strikingly remarkable for first-rate men, but those who were before the public at that time were sufficiently remarkable for some personal or social peculiarities, to render them objects of recollection when thus represented by their living descendants. Thus, the powerful Duke of Newcastle found an able and interesting representative in the Earl of Lincoln—the Earl of Shelburne lived again in the Marquis of Lansdowne—the Duke of Bedford, in Lord John Russell—the Earl of Chesterfield, in the gay nobleman who now holds the title. The list, in fact, is endless of those who, as they passed forward to the reception room, called up recollections of that age of political and social intrigue, of which the letters of Walpole and some of his cotemporaries give us such vivid and entertaining pictures.

Little time, however, there was to contemplate these representatives of the dead—the attention was more often riveted on the living, on those whose deeds in the field or whose triumphs in the senate have stamped their names in the memory of their countrymen, and perchance secured them a record in history. Perhaps the reader may think a passing record of how these remarkable men acquitted themselves in their strange and uncongenial attire, of more interest than the dresses and movements of the hundreds of titled personages who filled up the gay and brilliant scene.

The Duke! All would like to know how the Duke looked—even those who felt that so illustrious and so aged a man ought not to have been called on to disguise himself in order to take part even in royal masquerading. The Duke is full of courtesy. A lady's wish is more powerful with him than his own word of command was to his army; but the desire of a royal lady was to be accomplished in spite of all or any obstacles, and therefore, at the sovereign's command, the Duke came to the ball. We confess to our disappointment at his costume. Report says it was intended as the imitation of that of the too well known Duke of Cumberland. It was the field-marshal's dress of the period; but the military costume of that day was not suited for thin or small sized men. The Duke, therefore, did not look well in his dress. The coat hung down from his shoulders loosely, as if from a peg; the nether garments seemed swathed about his legs like bandages, and the boots looked too heavy for him. Add to this, his Grace's usual stoop, and it will be seen that the martial character was not likely to be well supported in this instance. It is the simplicity of the Duke's ordinary dress—his plain blue frock and white trowsers—that takes off the effect of a feebleness of gait which this extraordinary costume only seemed to increase.

Some of the military dresses were, however, very well sustained. Lord Londonderry has just the face and figure to set off the heavy broad-cast military dress of the period. He looked a veritable Major Sturgeon. Lord Cardigan also looked as if he had been born to jack-boots, a broad-sword, and a queue. He stamped and swaggered through his part in very mock-ferocious style. His enormous mous-

tache were stained black for the occasion, and his hair of course was white with powder. Those to whom his lordship's features are familiar, who remember his broad hard countenance and large glaring eyes, will form some idea of the startling effect of such an apparition. We pass over a multitude of young officers who looked the dragoon to admiration, in order to come to a few of the statesmen. First among them, let us take Sir Robert Peel. The good sense of the right hon. baronet led him to choose the plainest court dress of the period. He does not boast—perhaps he disdains—ancestral recollections; but he can appeal to that mental superiority which allies him, by ties more potent and lasting than those of blood, with the great men of all time. Nor in his case was high ancestry wanting in order to the assumption of that nobility of carriage which the costume of our forefathers required so much more than ours. Sir Robert Peel looked the courtier and the aristocrat in his very trying and unusual dress. His full open countenance looked well in the ample flowing wig, and the breadth of the coat and nether garments gave an appearance of strength to his figure which it wants in our own cotemporary costume. Sir James Graham's tall commanding figure was also well adapted to the court dress of the period, and he has just the sort of face, not overburthened with expression, that looked well in the powdered wig. A sort of meaningless smile, and a hanging of the nether lip, added an effeminacy strangely contrasting with his stature, and fully realized the malicious epithet attributed to Sir James Mackintosh, when he called the present Home Secretary "the manly puppy." Of Lord John Russell we had formed rather unfavourable anticipations. We expected that his small head and person would have been lost in the capacious wig and extravagant dress. His actual appearance agreeably disappointed these expectations. A manly bearing will show itself in any dress, however unbecoming. So it was with the little leader of the opposition in the House of Commons. Instead of his shrinking within the dress, his figure seemed to expand and lessen the comparative size of the coat. His well marked features came out well under the wig. Much larger men seemed dwarfs by his side. His two parliamentary friends, Lord Palmerston and Lord Lansdowne were both eclipsed by him. The first noble lord forcibly reminded us of a half-starved apothecary, while the latter did not seem much indebted to his noble blood and long ancestral honours for any accession of dignity. Mr. Goulburn, in a black silk gown and long curls, with white neckbands, looked like a stage notary—at the opera, for instance. Among the lawyers, Lord Lyndhurst was more conspicuous for his fine face and head than for any peculiarity in his costume. With the exception of some additional gold lace, the Chancellor's gown of the time of George the Second was precisely the same as that which the noble and learned lord wears on ordinary occasions, and which he wore now. The other judges who were there, also retained their ordinary judges' robes, with very slight alterations. Lord Denman's fine features did not strike one so remarkably as they do in a close fitting wig. We must not forget Lord Stanley. His severe, but intellectual countenance, was remarkably adapted to the court costume. The general looseness, not to say slovenliness, of his ordinary attire, renders his appearance usually less imposing than it ought to be; but all this was corrected in the court costume, which

therefore improved his appearance in a remarkable way. Among the foreign ambassadors, we must not forget the Count de St. Aulaire and the Baron Bulow. The Count wore the costume of a celebrated ancestor of his, who, after fighting like a hero for his country, turned poet at last, and has immortalized himself in an amorous impromptu. The Baron was one of the best dressed men in the room, and his peculiar countenance and bearing well suited the costume. We were nearly forgetting one who does not like to be passed over—Lord Ellenborough. One might have expected this noble lord to have made quite a respectable figure in his new costume. Tall and well made, and with strongly-marked features, he ought to have looked one of the most courtier-like among the courtly. But some evil genius, perhaps some malicious fair one, seemed to have selected for him a costume which deprived him of all his natural advantages, and only made him supremely ridiculous. Any one who has seen Liston as Lord Grizzle, may form a general idea of the effect. From the top of his wig, down to the square toes of his high-lows, he presented a succession of angularities—like a Chinese puzzle. Two historians stood side by side among the group; one, an historian by profession, and whose reputation is universal—the other, an historian amateur, whose books will scarcely survive himself. Lord Mahon and Mr. Hallam happened to arrive almost at the same time; and an observer must have been struck with the contrast they presented. Lord Mahon's face—small, thin, unintellectual; Mr. Hallam's, large, strongly marked, the full eye denoting great mental power. The dress became them both, though Mr. Hallam, from his physical conformation, had the advantage over his noble rival. We will wind up this strange, incongruous list with one who has often been the subject of the comic malice of the artists of the day—Lord Morpeth. The costume brought out his lordship's peculiarities to perfection. We almost despair of illustrating anything so remarkably unique.

The costumes of the ladies do not naturally call for so much remark; yet they were beautiful. And so—in spite of paint, patches, and powder—were their wearers. We could write a chapter in praise of the emancipation of beauty from those monstrous disfigurements, and then another in praise of that beauty which was still so resplendent in spite of them. Bright eyes looked brighter, fair skins looked fairer, the stately looked more dame-like, the petite looked more delightfully interesting, more like the Phillises of the court pastorals of the age. The ease with which they entered into the full spirit of the jest, threw themselves into the very modes and manners of a past age, was the theme of universal remark. Out of such a galaxy of beauty,—and we defy any court, or any society in the world, to produce anything to match the display on this occasion,—it is impossible to particularize more than a few of the most distinguished ladies. The reader will not be surprised that the beauty of the Duchess of Sutherland triumphed over the disadvantages of a costume more fitted to help and hide deformities than to enhance natural charms. The Duchess de Nemours, in her doubtful and dangerous character of De Pompadour, looked the loveliest of the lovely. Lady Canning and Lady Portman were remarkable for the ease with which, both in person and manner, they adapted themselves

to the dress. Lady Peel's stately figure and fine countenance were enhanced by it, while nothing could exceed the splendour of the attire of the Marchioness of Douro; her exquisite beauty rendered still more interesting by the faint trait of melancholy that ever and anon stole over her countenance.

Now that the occasion has passed away, and the public have been so surcharged with information by those veracious chroniclers the court newspapers, we do not purpose to expend much space on the ball itself. In truth, the chief interest lay in the costumes, and in the amusement felt by the guests in their endeavours at mutual recognition. The fun was in a great measure over, and the solemnity began, when the state-rooms were entered, and the grave masquerading commenced.

The reception of the guests by her Majesty was, however, a splendid sight. It was a pleasing thought, no doubt, for the Queen, that all this splendour was the realization of a passing wish. As the guests passed along, scarcely one but received some slight acknowledgment of recognition from her Majesty and her Royal Consort. Considering that the dress of the period of George the Second, with its breadth and massiveness, and above all, with the enormous hoop, was more adapted for females above the middle size, we were surprised that her Majesty became it so well. The raised shoes helped to add to the stature, and her Majesty's hoop was not of the ungraceful order. But the native dignity of the Queen added in imagination to her stature; and it may without flattery be said, that there were few, very few, amongst that gay and brilliant throng, who could sustain comparison with the Queen for nobleness and grace.

Of the ball itself, the highest praise that can be given is that it was all in the most perfect keeping; from the magnificent Polonaise, sweeping in gaiety and grandeur along the magnificent saloons, to the concluding dance—the good old English country dance of Sir Roger de Coverley—all was in perfect harmony with the period it was the Queen's pleasure to recall to life. It was more difficult to believe that the personages moving before you were only masquerading for the hour, than to indulge the imagination with the hope that they were real. The humour of the conception seemed to have entered into all the partakers, and had their ancestors looked down on them they must have been deceived also. The minuets were gone through with a stately courtesy that seemed native to the dancers, and the country dance elicited a vigorous gaiety sach as the mawkish quadrille has long since banished from our ball-rooms. Altogether, the scene was one not soon to be forgotten. The blaze of diamonds, the brilliancy of eyes still brighter than those diamonds, the rich brocade and stately head-dresses, the bright gilded dresses of the courtiers, the military costumes of the soldiers, intermingled with the gay and gaudy fashion of the French, and the picturesque tartans of the Highlanders, these formed a picture of ever-moving variety and living splendour such as can be seen in no other human combination; for the atmosphere of a court alone can call such splendour into life, or diffuse over its display such a poetical harmony of effect, such refinement of conception, and such delicacy of execution; and how seldom is it that royalty will condescend to this graceful masquerading!

THE LOVER'S LEAP.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN, AUTHOR OF "THE TRAPPER'S BRIDE."

CHAPTER I.—THE PRAIRIE.

"THE old landlord of America"—as a quaint and humorous divine denominates the Prince of Darkness—in selecting this peculiar region for the exercise of his sovereignty, proved himself, at all events, possessed of a very considerable amount of taste. It is the cradle of magnificence and grandeur; in some places, to change the figure, the stupendous ruined temple, as it were, of some unknown and gigantic race of beings. Its illimitable and endless plains; its rivers running a course of thousands and thousands of miles, now slow, sullen, and dreamy—witness the Mississippi, now a raging and boiling torrent, that, like the Amazons, is scarce to be stemmed in its upward course; its vast and gloomy forests; its gigantic hills stretching in one continuous vein from north to south; its horrid gaps, dark and deep; its mines within the bowels of the yawning earth, are the salient and grand features in its varied landscape. But narrowing the limits of our survey, and confining ourselves to what may be taken in by one glance of the eye, the wayfarer who seeks the picturesque upon its continent, will find in few parts of the world scenery so sweetly poetical.

On the upper waters of the great Missouri river, in those parts where the whoop of the Sioux, the Riccaree, and the Mandan, with the howl of the white wolf, alone make themselves heard, and at no very considerable distance from the famed Pipe-stone quarry of the Indians, the lone traveller happens on a region, which, in the extraordinary scenic effects it presents, is unsurpassed, even upon this continent of wonders. Some portion of its varied sublimity and sweetness we must endeavour to portray, in order fully to elucidate the events of the remarkable Indian legend, which, gathered from hear-say in Texas, it is now our province to relate.

On an evening in autumn some six years ago, the red sun still paling the high-risen moon, and shedding its dying glories over universal nature, suffusing one-half of the sky in blood-red tints, prepared to sink to rest; the heavens were clear and lovely; a few fleecy clouds, black in their position between the spectator and the dying luminary, seemed about to follow it in its descent. The dim crepuscular glimmer which lasts so brief a space in the western world, lighted up one spot, to which we must for awhile grant our undivided attention. It was a vast grassy plain, a gently undulating prairie, at some distance from the western bank of the great Missouri, stretching away on all sides in apparently boundless and unbroken vastness—monotonous, mighty, sublime. Like all that lacks limit, its effect on the mind is of those things truly indescribable. Its utter sameness was, however, occasionally destroyed by a belt of small trees, fringing the bank of certain creeks and rivulets, that, after flowing tortuous and slowly along cool and shady courses, found an exit in the great river, the volume of which they served to swell. To the east, on the very verge of the horizon, a slight elevation—a gradual rise, ending in a series of lofty mounds and hills, marked the bed of the Missouri, distant thirty miles.

The centre of the scene was formed by a murmuring streamlet, which, slightly expanding in one particular spot, formed a diminutive lake, in which grew certain almost branchless trees, that forcibly called to mind the eastern palm, stunted in its taper height. A waving grass grew down to the water's edge, in which a solitary white heron, standing on one leg, tall and erect, seemed the guardian spirit of the spot, while some half-dozen deer were leisurely slaking their thirst in the still waters of this secluded pond. A stately buck, several fat and sleek does, with a little fawn, formed an interesting group. At the southern extremity of the lake, the stream was narrow, and skirted by lofty and stout trees, which, while they in places left a greensward between their gnarled roots and the edge of the creek, in all instances met overhead, their arching boughs forming a canopy of verdure. Wandering grape, and other vines, in the full weight of autumnal richness, crept up the tree trunks, and, following the direction of the branches, met in the midst, twining, wreathing, and amorously interlacing; thus making a delicious natural arbour, in which the heavy bunches of the wild grape were conspicuous ornaments. It was truly an enchanting scene of sylvan loveliness—quiet, lonely, like the vast plain around, it seemed one of the bowers of a new Eden, and wanted but some fair Eve to be complete in its every feature.

The crack of a rifle suddenly broke upon the hallowed stillness of the spot, as if some evil spirit, jealous of its retired gracefulness, had wrought sudden desolation. The heron, spreading its winnowing wings, flew lazily from his secret place, lopping and croaking in token of his displeasure; the deer pricked their ears, jumped high, and then scampered across the prairie, being in an instant lost to sight. Not all, however; for one, the fattest of the flock, lay for ever still, slain by the merciless bullet which flew from the engine of destruction that had alarmed the rest. An Indian, mounted on a small, but beautifully-formed white horse, of quick, short stride, yet singularly powerful action, its nostrils breathing hot vapour, its black tail adorned with feathers, a lariette streaming from its neck, came coursing along the prairie. At the savage's back was a long lance that shook high in the air, a bow and quiver were beside it, while in his hand was poised a light rifle of elegant workmanship, profusely ornamented. Naked from the waist upwards, a girdle of leather, studded with porcupine quills and feathers, richly fringed leggings and mocassins, covered the lower part of his form, while his black tresses, decked with three eagles' plumes, waved, streamer-like, in the breeze, as he galloped madly up to the lake, and threw himself, apparently utterly exhausted, beside the deer. His wearied steed rushed to the water, and there drank with an eagerness which betokened long thirst.

The Indian was young and handsome, tall and muscular withal, but appeared to have journeyed far that day. After a brief pause, he rose and proceeded to flay the deer—a delicate operation, which was performed with all due care and nicety. He then advanced within the shelter of the natural arbour before described, and there hung up the meat. This done, he turned towards his horse, and uttering a hissing sound, the faithful animal came running towards him, and quietly suffered himself to be divested of its bridle and sheepskin saddle, as well as to be fastened by a long lariette to a tree, which gave it an ample range of food. The Indian then again betook himself to the green

shelter of the vine-clad trees, and, lighting a fire, cooked certain slices of venison on the point of a sharpened stick. A hearty meal, washed down by a draught from the cool stream, having been followed by a pipe of kinnee-kinnee, the young warrior extinguished the tell-tale flames, and wrapping himself in the sheepskin that had served for a saddle, was soon in a deep sleep. Darkness canopied the heavens, half illumined by the now triumphant moon, aided by the twinkle of myriad stars that spangled the ethereal vault.

With the dawn of day the Indian rose, moved his steed to a fresh patch of grass, watered him, and then proceeded to cook his breakfast in a methodic and leisurely manner. This duty performed, he made no preparation for proceeding on his journey, but drawing forth his pipe, began again smoking. Hours passed, and the young warrior moved not, save to replenish his fire. At length, however, the sun rose high in the heavens, and appeared near its zenith, the Riccaree—for such he was—then once more ate a hearty meal, which dispatched, he rose, and giving one long wistful look across the prairie, proceeded to saddle his horse. As he leaped upon the back of his neighing steed it was noon, and at that very instant a tall and gaunt savage, streaming at every pore, from his fearful exertion, wounded and bleeding, rushed through the thicket, leaped the dying embers, and stood by the younger warrior.

"Wah!" exclaimed Eagle-plume, the Riccaree appellative. "Quick-eye is hungry: let him eat."

Quickeye snatched a huge lump of venison just as his horse, which he had abandoned on the other side of the thicket, came plunging into the lake, where it slaked its burning thirst. Quickeye greedily followed its example, and then mounting, signified that he was ready to proceed. Eagleplume knew well that his follower—whom he had agreed to meet on this very spot some three weeks back—was pursued by the Sioux, both from his appearance and from his eagerness to be gone; he, therefore, made no inquiries, but leading the way, skirted the stream some short distance, and then, his eye fixed upon a particular mound, blue in the distance, struck right across the prairie. The grass was high, in some places towering above their heads as they rose in the saddle; pea-vines, and other creeping plants, too, impeding their progress, though the young warrior, mounted on his fresh and prancing steed, could have proceeded much more rapidly, but for his wounded comrade. Still, on they went, and had advanced above two miles ere Eagleplume suffered his companion to narrate his adventures, in part from the fact of his assiduity in devouring the piece of venison which he had hastily snatched. Once or twice the wind, which blew keenly and directly in their rear, had brought the distant sound of pursuit upon its wings; but for some few minutes this had wholly ceased. Eagleplume, however, kept his ears in continual play, and just as he was about to question the weary brave, a report like that of a thousand muskets, fired by a battalion at irregular intervals, reached him.

The two Indians paused.

The first half mile of their journey, after leaving the lake, had been through a "slash" of dry cane-brake, the reed being completely withered by the summer heat. It was thence the noise proceeded. The Sioux, it was evident, had fired the prairie in the hope of destroying the fugitives, and thus obtaining their scalps. A huge and dense

volume of mingled black and white smoke rose in high cliffs against the heavens—a very thunder-cloud, curling, wreathing, rolling on—nay, galloping over the ground with fearful rapidity. The flames, too, were plainly to be seen—swelling waves of liquid fire—bursting out at every instant in some fresh spot, and spreading, with a velocity truly appalling, both onward to the right and to the left. Report followed report, as the reeds crackled and caught the fire, while the sullen, wild, awful roar—the thunder-rumbling—of the vast rolling conflagration at times deadened every other sound. A lurid glow—a glare, as from the mouth of some tremendous volcano, caught the whole expanse of the heavens. On swept the blazing and devouring element, its vanguard of smoke and flying cinders already almost choking the paralysed fugitives.

Neither spoke, but fetching both a long breath, away they rushed, tearing over the plain for dear life. Swift swept the fiery storm, belching forth its horrid blaze, rolling with its lightning glare, booming over the deep clad prairies, vomiting, as it were, columns of black vapour. Clouds upon clouds of smoke darkened the heavens; louder and louder grew the furious bellowing of this devastating fire-tempest—the awful roar of some mighty cataract of flame—and on sped the affrighted Indians. The very horses seemed to know their danger, straining as they did every nerve, and needing no whip or word of encouragement. Still the sweeping wind brought the fire-glow to their streaming haunches—the burning grass, wafted by the hurricane, fell thick around—the conflagration was gaining upon them. Eagleplume, with his fresh steed, could easily, however, have made head; but not so with his companion, who, worn and fatigued, as was his horse, drove on doggedly, but at a pace by no means commensurate with the danger. The younger warrior sat his steed with stern eye, compressed lip, and a cheek glowing with exertion; but his hand restrained the animal's speed. He would not leave his wounded friend to the pitiless mercy of the furious flames.

Suddenly Quickeye's horse stumbled and fell, just as the conflagration was within two hundred yards of the fugitives. Eagleplume grasping the lariette, which secured his steed, leaped to the ground. The sight was awful. Close at hand were the rushing flames; above, a black, or, rather, grey, canopy of driving smoke, with a burning shower of grass, wellnigh choking the Riccaree as he faced it. The fire had almost divided a patch of stunted grass burning feebly in the midst. Here was a means of gaining a position in the rear of the burning monster; but the quick eye of the Indian caught a dim and hasty glance of certain shadowy figures, huge in the long vista of smoke, which he well knew were the murderous Sioux thirsting for his blood.

Seizing his now almost helpless companion in his arms, Eagleplume placed him before him on his horse, which, snorting and neighing beneath the double weight, plunged on. The other animal was quickly caught by the devastating element, and incapable of rising, was scorched to death. Quickeye neither groaned, nor uttered any sound, though his sufferings were truly awful. His bleeding wounds, irritated by the driving smoke and cinders, caused him to endure torments to be conceived but not described, while his weakness was greater every moment. Eagleplume, to lighten his steed, cast away lance, bow, and, what he prized still more, a small barrel of powder, that had

formed the object of his expedition, taking care, however, to draw the plug. A report, awful in its roar—a column of smoke more dense—a flame more lurid than ever, followed.

Away, away went the gallant little steed, with exertions which were tremendous, and that, had not the wind lulled, would have been speedily terminated. A slight falling off in the breeze, however, shortly ensued; but with this falling off, the horse's power also proportionably decreased. There were yet many miles of country to be traversed, and night was coming on. Eagleplume drove on, with the fire not a hundred feet in his rear, casting every moment a glance behind. Before, the scene had been grand; the sun went down, and it was magnificent—sublime! The western sky wore a colour like ochre, and what, during the day, had been but a dull flame, was now a long line of blazing grass, that illumined heaven and earth with a more dazzling radiance than that of the sun itself. Before, pitchy night reigned—behind, a lurid day. An awful canopy of clouds rolled on high, while, with evening, the deafening roar of the living tornado increased in loudness. The breeze, too, again rose—the young man felt the scorching flames thick upon his back—his horse stumbled at every step—the wind increased to a gale—the hideous conflagration rushed madly upon him; he felt himself within the power of the fire—the smoke half choked him—his face and hands were singed—his horse plunged and reared, casting the helpless body of Quickeye from his back, and then, as if endued with new energy, rushed madly on. Eagleplume groaned: it seemed that his hour was come. The blaze compassed him about; he felt sick, faint, dying, just as, leaping furiously, his steed brought him to a spot where the young warrior felt that the ground rose. With a wild cry of delight he urged his faithful beast a few yards further, and then fell senseless upon the bare summit of a bluff that offered not a blade of grass to the devouring maw of the fire.

LONDON AT NIGHT,

SEEN FROM THE SUMMIT OF ST. PAUL'S.*

BEHOLD! Where art thou? But a moment past,
Thy feet, earth-dweller, the earth-mansion trod,
Now thou art pausing in the infinite vast,
And nearer to the sky and to thy God.
Look UP! and for one gazing instant hold
Spirit communion with the heavenly light—
Look DOWN! and, lo! a city's flooding gold
Burns its broad sheen up through the folds of night!

Never before on such did sight fall down
(For light and glory human eyes gaze higher!)
The illumin'd City of the far renown,
Spreading its grandeur like a sheet of fire!
Monster, with burning eyes, that through the dark
Star up their way, and pierce thy soul within,
Hark not! thou art beyond its loudest bark,
And space between thee drowns the furious din!

* Of course it is not permitted to the community at large to find, *at night*, the opportunity of inspecting "*marvellous London*" from the real St. Paul's; but this favour was accorded, in a spirit of art-patronage, to Messrs. Danson and Telbin, two gifted artists, who were thus enabled to carry out the worthy project of Mr. Bradwell, in that wonderful picture of "*London at Night*," now to be seen at the Colosseum, and the beautiful illusions of which, it is only fair to say, furnished the inspiration of this poem.—F. W. N. B.

So, thou hast stood on mountains, and thy cheek
Hath press'd against the summit crown'd with snow,
But thou didst never clasp the cloud-wed peak
To gaze on such a marvellous "below!"
The moon might fold her silver mantle round
The forms of rocks, of rivers, and of trees,
Or forests darkening many a gloomy ground,
Or hamlets sleep-lull'd by the valley's breeze.

Perchance, on cities that in slumber deep,
And silence, seem'd like cities of the dead,
But never, never from thy terrible steep
On the world's capital, like ocean spread,
As boundless and majestic as the sea,
With heaving breast and rolling waves of light,
Beating its big heart to life's revelry,
Unscreen'd by all the curtains of the night!

Where art thou? On a dome beneath whose arch
Sleep the fine echoes of all-reverend prayer,
With men who through the realms of mind would march,
To kindle glory and to perish there.
And couldst thou whisper through that dome, the sound
Of dulcet softness, swelling to a roar,
Would send deep-booming thunders volleying round,
Until they died upon the sculptured floor!

The throne on which thou standest is the crest
Of warriors' tombs—heroes and statesmen lie
With genius,—the world's brightest friend and best,
Robed in the old immortal majesty;—
Even he, whose voice of victory swept the deeps
Till it became a part of England's doom,
Beneath thee in his grave of glory sleeps—
Under thy footstool now is Nelson's tomb!

Ay, thou art proudly pedestal'd to-night,
Above the monuments of mightier men;
Thy column soars up to the dizziest height—
Thou standest on the monument of Wren!
This is the *one* ST. PAUL'S! When nations came,
Gazed on its grandeur with an awe untold,
And asked us for some pillar of *his* fame,
Old England's lordly answer was, "Behold!"*

This is a wondrous moment! From God's tower,
Above his temple and beside his cloud,
To look down on that world of spreading power,
Wrapp'd in the dark of its nocturnal shroud,
Save for the fulgent moon, so lustrous bright
Down the white stream and on the glitt'ring spire,
And all those gushes of earth's lambent light,
Which mortal science hath evoked from fire!

There lies the imperial city of the world,
Where commerce revels in the lap of ease,
Her banner still on every sea unfurl'd,
And she the bank of nation's argosies;
There creeps the Mammon to his golden bed;
Shines by the day, and slumbers by the night
The Titan king, with giant limbs outspread,
In the great consciousness of unmatch'd might!

The lion city! couching half at rest
From the day turmoil, and the roaring strife,
A little sleep upon its eyelids prest,
But still with all its being full of life,

* "*Si monumentum requiris circumspice!*"

Repose, not slumber, dwelling on its brow,
Night, but not midnight, gathering round its limbs,
And flames within it kindling even now,
Burning with lustre that no darkness dims.

Oh! but it wears the night as 'twere a crown,
With stars for diamonds, and the dazzling moon
With all its halo radiance streaming down.
The one eternal jewel!—Heaven's fair boon
Of splendour for that regal coronet,
Which all the while shall regally be worn,
Until its life in that gold sand shall set,
Which the sun poureth through the glass of morn!

By night how far the wondrous city sweeps,
Three counties catch its shadow, and the fourth
Hath scarce a rood that from the wide clutch creeps,
Which grasps it east and west and south and north!
Across the Thames it strides to Kentish shores,
Up Surrey's hills th' encroaching suburb brings,
O'er Essex fields its building madness roars,
While Middlesex lies folded by its wings!

How play the lights o'er all this broad expanse,
The lamps of earth beneath the lamp of heaven,
Tinging the startled vision with romance,
As though illusion were to grandeur given.
Some wild mysterious magic seems to glow,
As their commingling influence haunts the view,
Even where realities most broadly show,
And most the mind confesses all is true!

Look down into the city's nearmost heart,
Where traffic's feverish pulses burn and beat,
And fires that seem to blend, yet blaze apart,
Force recognition of the accustom'd street;
The deep flame-yellow through the illumined glass,
Glares from the tradesman's window—a bright proof
Of his late industry—to all who pass
Beneath the moonbeams silvering wall and roof.

Watch the red beacon at the leech's door,
The prism hues of many a symbol spread,
Or the dim twinkling from some attic floor
All palely lighting poverty to bed!
Look where the markets' concentrated blaze
Proclaims the custom-focus of the crowd,
In flame-hot contrast to the softening rays
Shed from a shrine that learning has endow'd.

Turn to the merchant-river! Bridges there
Span the gleam waters all the lovely night,
Throwing their bright lamps upward to the air,
And downward on the ripples, catching light.
The silver-bosom'd stream flows calmly glad,
To the soft love of the caressing moon,
Too happy for its murmur to be sad,
Too stirr'd with smiles to wake a mournful tune.

The fleecy clouds, like sheep-flocks, over head,
Moving to pasture, peep into its tide,
And while reflected in the wavy bed,
You see them, with their swan-like motion, glide.
The steam-boats woo their watery resting place,
And shadowy forms flit o'er the river fast,
While London's proud bridge rears a stately grace
Near its black forest of eternal mast.

Grand temples rise to God with solemn awe,
And gild their spires beneath his moonlight sky,
And courts and banquet-halls and homes of law,
Marts, changes, prisons, fix the wandering eye,
With isolated prominence at first,
Then with connected strength, uplifting rays,
Like beacons through the city, till a burst
Of one wide splendour fills the general gaze.

Then the dark dimly half-illumined spots,
The dense black haunts of poverty or crime,
Among whose shadows fool Intemperance sots,
A mad way to the grave, and kills its prime;
Or where vast darkness loometh over sin
Its sombre giantude the while it works.
All these gloom-pictures are contrasted in,
—Storm in the sunshine that around it lurks!—

Far as the gazing sight the city fills
The glorious distance with its calm smooth tone,
While the lights tremble round the waving hills
That skirt the fair horizon's lustrous zone,
Dotted with changing shades and wavering gleams,
Chasing their way through lovely wreaths of mist,
To fall and drown within some hidden streams,
Or soar and fade upon the clouds they kiss'd.

See, too, the smoke in many a winding wreath,
Curl upward from the pillars of the land,
Those looming chimneys that have still beneath
The old black storehouse by its river strand.
In these speaks London's voice—in these again
The wondrous tale of commerce still is told.
So the grim city calls—and not in vain—
The gazer's soul back to its "heart of gold."

Now, on the 'trancing marvel close thine eye,
Cherish the grand bewilderment no more;
One moment, and thou art not with the sky,
The old earth bears thy footstep, as before!
But when they greet thee in the radiant day,
And to the sunshine praise vast London's might,
Tell how you saw the imperial Dives lay,
Bathed in the splendour of this glorious night!

THE COUNTRY EDITOR.

A SKETCH.

BY SHIRLEY BROOKS, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "OUR NEW GOVERNESS," ETC.

SHOULD any of our readers be asked—and in these days it is as well to be able to do anything one is asked—to name the most energetic man in any given county in England, the mode of providing an answer is extremely easy. Take the parti-coloured list of provincial newspapers, (blue with conservatism, red with liberalism, and black where politics have "no colour,") and finding out the county named, reply, "There, the Editor of *that*"—the local "Chronicle," "Herald," or "Mercury," as the place and case may be.

The Editor of the terrible London newspaper is a mystery, a *nominis umbra*. He stands, like Zanoni's Dweller upon the Threshold, between man and wisdom, but his name is not upon the door; or, if he

have a name at all, it is Legion; for, profiting by the ignorance of the world at large as to his identity, many Editors present themselves simultaneously wherever there is an extraordinary council, concert, or culprit. No less than eight pseudo-Editors of the leading journal of Europe claimed entrance at the opening of the late Anti-Corn-Law Bazaar, reminding its conductors, as a poetical steward informed us, of the octagon avatar of Kehama, when he came to fight Yamen.

But in the provinces such things cannot occur. There, the Editor of the newspaper is a "great fact," not only recognised by the local constitution, but no unimportant part of it. With the exception of Mr. Pott, in "Pickwick," and his sturdy rival at Eatanswill, (laughable caricatures, and intended to be such,) we think that no specimen of the class has been presented to the world. As we have the happiness of numbering among our friends many of these gentlemen, we shall soon be set right, if the following sketch be ill drawn.

The Editor of the provincial newspaper (we speak, of course, of the respectable journals, which form an overwhelming majority,) is usually a highly educated man, who possesses the two press-essentials—a keen intellect and a ready pen. But these are not nearly sufficient to enable him to "hold his own." The retired chamber-scribe, who seldom comes in contact with the world, must have both, yet he would be strangely bewildered were he asked to undertake the editorship of a local paper. To these the Editor must add great energy and indomitable "pluck;" and yet another addition must be made—that of the *tact* without which all the rest will be wasted. If our readers think we are placing the standard somewhat high, we can assure him that there are scores who more than come up to it.

Look at the Country Editor's mere literary work, which forms but a small part of his duties. Every day of his life he reads every line of every London daily paper. But *that* you have seen men do, day after day, at the club, and the "place in Albemarle-street." True—but they take a morning to do it. Can they do it in a couple of hours, pen and scissors alternately in hand, snipping at every scrap of information likely to interest a country reader—compressing a lengthened story into a twentieth part of its length—and explaining, by the addition of notes, what is too curt or too pert for any but the sharpened apprehension of a cockney—placing conflicting statements in contrast, and extracting therefrom a "pill" for the political opponent, according to the party our friend advocates? That's what a Country Editor calls reading the London papers; a different process from drawling over the various criticisms on "the great *maestro*" and the little "realist."

That is done, and the printers are at work. The post! One, two, three, four—nine letters in all. Only nine! We're lucky to-day. The first is from our regular "London Correspondent:" he's angry about some typographical blunders, which made his last article nonsense. Why don't he write plainer, then? But what is his batch of news? The Queen—the Opera—the Duke's Banquet—Sham Fight at Portsmouth—Prince George. That seems all right. So that goes to the printer's, too. And now for our local letters. The "Curate of Pewington" on Arianism. His letter contains eleven sides, and a volume of his sermons is referred to for extract. He must be answered privately. And in five minutes he *is* answered privately. "A Farming Subscriber," abusing the ministry. No—that's no farmer's writing:—an Editor's not to be caught! Some idle lawyer's clerk.

We'll answer him in the "Notices to Correspondents," and tell him he's a humbug. "A Tyro," sends a mathematical problem for "some ingenious correspondent to solve," We'll give him one in return, touching the thickness of his own head. Here's a stiff hand! Action for libel threatened "unless we insert an apology and pay the costs—viz., five shillings for this letter." Where's the file? What *did* we say? That "Mr. Samuel Clod's objection to the patent plough was a piece of ignorant bigotry." Why, like *Sullen* in the "Beaux' Stratagem," the man don't appreciate common civility. This week we'll give him a harder rap. "The Marquis of ***** would like to see us." And we should like to see the Marquis; so we'll ring, order the horse, and ride over.—And our friend does ride over to the nobleman's seat, and obtains some confidential information about a probable vacancy in the representation; and then he rides round to know why the lawyer in the next town has not sent him a long advertisement of some estates he is going to sell. And then he calls upon three or four gentlemen interested in promoting or opposing the new railway line, and they compliment him on the able article of Saturday last, and hope he'll continue to "work those fellows." And then he rides home; but finding the cloth is not actually laid, he writes an article upon the best mode of providing for the destitute Irish, and washes his hands for dinner.

And at dinner he sits thoughtful, moody; tired with what he has done, and bored by the thought of what he has yet to do. Does he? Is he? His pretty wife opposite, after appealing to him with bright tears in her brighter eyes, not to make her ill with laughing at his imitation of old Grogblossom, the churchwarden, speaking in vestry against Puseyism, insists upon telling him a score of stories which she has heard in *her* round of calls. He hears them all with the liveliest interest; pronounces, in his good-humoured, off-hand way upon the parties named; finishes his port, or, more probably, his punch; and tells her, that if she really means to see Charles Kean, who is "starring it" in the town, the sooner her bonnet is on, the better. The theatre, and perhaps a little supper party, and—it's one o'clock, everybody is gone, and *won't* he go to bed? His pretty wife may go; he'll be after her as soon as he has written three or four letters for the early morning post.

But it is at election time that the Country Editor comes out in full force. Then he is indeed somebody. Not that he can work harder than at other times; for never are the "crowded hours" better exemplified than in the constant life of an Editor. But who writes the candidate's bold yet guarded address to the electors—the dashing document that says so much and means so little? Who backs it up by highly-spiced articles in the paper, calling upon the constituency to judge between the manly appeal before them, and the hesitating, Jesuitical composition with which the other side insults their understanding? Who frames the spirited placards, signed, "An Elector to his Brethren," "A Hater of Humbug," "A Rate-payer," and the like, which, in all the colours of the rainbow, enliven the walls of the town? Who gives the candidate hints for his speech, and takes care that his proposer shall not make more blunders than can be helped, and that his seconder shall seem to speak to the point? Who dispatches a flaming account of the election to the London organs of the same political party? Who suggests the new toasts for the chairing

dinner, and frames half the speeches, and reports them all? Who, if his man wins, sounds the note of exultation; and, who, if beaten, threatens, nay concocts, the petition against the return? These and a hundred other things, without which the "county could not be kept together," are done by the editor of the county paper.

Generally speaking, he is a thoroughly happy man; for though his energies are almost over-taxed, their result is appreciated. He is looked up to as not merely an *arbiter elegantiarum*, but as a tribunal to which most questions may be safely referred. The neighbouring aristocracy are but too glad to be upon the best of terms with him; for he is not only a fast friend and a formidable enemy, but a man of address, information, spirit and principle—in short, a gentleman. And that he *is* so esteemed may be gathered from a little speech, addressed by a well-meaning though somewhat didactic person, to a fair and valued friend of ours, whose husband had lately become editor of the—never mind what—Journal and Messenger:—"My love, you are now an Editor's wife; but remember, it is to him, and not to yourself, that you owe the attention you will receive. *Don't let your head be turned by your position.*"

WHITEHALL.*

After discussions in literary coteries of that *vexata quæstio*, the authorship of "Whitefriars," we have frequently heard it wondered why so brilliant a success was not followed up with the rapidity to be expected, in this age of steam writing, as well as of steam everything else—more especially as the chief fault which we critics were (for a wonder) unanimous in finding in "Whitefriars," was, its too great profusion of invention, its prodigality of power, which seemed as if wantonly multiplying difficulties, merely for the pleasure of overcoming them—as a strong swimmer rejoices in buffeting against the current of the waves, and the young wrestle and conflict with one another, excited only by the pleasure which the strenuous development of physical energy affords to them. One of these topics of literary chit-chat, the votaries of the Chinese nymph are now deprived of: we have before us a new work from that hand which seemed to become a master's without serving an apprenticeship, in the noble historical romance of "Whitehall." We use the word advisedly—noble. As to the real parentage of these works, we confess ourselves as unable as our compeers to throw light on the subject; or if, from such inklings as have reached us, we might be able to form conjectures nearer the mark than those of our contemporaries, we imagine that the author would owe us few thanks for elucidating the matter, while to the public in general may be applied the witty reproof of the Hebrew boy to the Athenian, who asked him what he carried so carefully concealed—"If my mother had wished it to be known, she would not have covered it."

We do not know that we can give a more favourable opinion of "Whitehall" than to say—which we conscientiously can—that the readers of "Whitefriars" will not be disappointed in it, high as their expectations will be raised. The stream which burst forth with such

* Whitehall, an Historical Romance of the Days of Charles the First. By the Author of "Whitefriars."

freshness and vigour in the arid sands of modern fiction has lost nothing of its force—or violence, if the word pleases better—and has certainly gained in the splendour and variety of the jets which it forms. There is beauty mingling amidst all the tumult, and uproar, and whirl of that tremendous catastrophe which is the historical basis of this grand tale—it is a cataract on which a rainbow plays. In vain, it seems, did we learned critics demonstrate to this torrent writer that he ought to meander softly, and put us to sleep according to authentic canons. Those excellent counsels, frequently enforced with the acerbity with which, like copper-plate engravers, we make our impressions, seem to have been all thrown away. The author of "Whitefriars" is of that rare class who make canons, but who do not receive them. Whoever steps into his magic chariot must rush along with him, and see strange sights, and hear strange sounds, and marvel, and sometimes condemn; but he will never yawn, and, in our opinion, heterodox as it may be, that canon of criticism is the most valid which says—

"Tout genre est bon, hors le genre ennuyeux."

To some readers, indeed, who are in love, or have been so long accustomed to it that they imagine they are in love, with the purling stream order of fiction, this perpetual activity, these continual, rushing accessions to the main-stream of the narrative, may be rather confounding, as it is to the inhabitant of a lowland country when he first traverses a mountainous tract still in the disorder and grandeur of primeval creation. For our parts, we enjoy this exuberance of life, this generous wealth of intellect; and it is only the singular velocity of narrative, which leaves nothing untouched, and touches all things with light, that enables us to get through the immense business of these volumes. There is no confusion, no heaping of ideas in the memory after the perusal—each part stands out in the recollection as clear and full as if it had been the whole—and yet there is more matter in the romance than would serve our literary Vauxhall sandwich-cutters with stuff for half a dozen.

Looking back, and remembering with what vitality and individuality the innumerable personages of the romance remain in our perception, we can scarcely divine by what cunning trick of art it is effected. We live through six years the most important in English history; we contemplate the society of the period under almost all its aspects; we attend the courts of kings; we debate with statesmen, plot with conspirators, trace through all their progress, even from a bubbling spring to a tremendous cataract, the times of the unfortunate Charles the First. How all this is effected in so short a compass, we scarcely know; whether it is by a happy power of touching the chords of association which the writer possesses, and by which we become, as it were, our own romancers, and fill up those vast sketches with the colours supplied by memory; or whether, in reality, the pictures are made out to us as perfectly as we conceive them, we will not pause to analyse; but the effect is in a high degree vivid, striking, and rapid. We have never any time to get tired of our company; numerous as the characters are, every one presents himself so distinctly, so full of object, purpose, and business, that after we have seen with what intent he is introduced, we cannot imagine how we could have done without him, though at times we might wonder, when he presented himself, what the author could find for him to do. In the perfectly

preserved consistency and idiosyncracy of these innumerable personages, the author exerts a power which we scarcely exaggerate in bestowing upon it the epithet of Shaksperian.

As in "Whitefriars," but essentially different in all the main characteristics, the hero is the connecting link of the events and personages of the romance, as, indeed, is the case in all the writings of almost all great romancers, from Apuleius down to Scott. In fact, it is through his eyes that we witness the vast drama; with him, or by him, we are present at festivals and direful tragedies; by his means we behold the dying glories of the exiled court of Charles the First at Oxford; compose brilliant masques to gratify a coquettish queen; dine with the citizens; chat with handsome Mistress Chaloner; mingle in the wit, beauty, and splendour of Northumberland House, presided over by the beautiful Carlisle; listen to Waller's impromptus, (and the author imitates his style so perfectly, that we actually looked in Waller's poems for the one imputed to him, and found it not;) share in the horror and din of battles; tread with caution through deserted palaces; penetrate recesses where we own we dared not go alone; stand beside Charles on the deck of the vessel which bore him to desolate Hurst; witness the intrigues which caused or accompanied the great catastrophe; acquiesce in bold theories which explain some of the mysteries of history; consult with regicides, plot with royalists; we are in all men's business and bosoms; we go to conventicles and watch the moods and listen to the ravings of fanaticism. Nothing is too high or too low for us; even the dark workings of the brain of madness we penetrate; and sometimes, amidst the uproar, we light on scenes of a beauty and tranquillity as exquisite as the blue sunshine gleaming out through a tempest-racked sky.

While thus strongly excited, it is also a satisfaction to feel that our sympathies are not wasted; this historical romance keeps its word; it is historical on all essential points; the language, above all, is perfectly that of the seventeenth century, probably arising from the author's evident familiarity with the writers of that great age—those "wells of English undefiled." Phrases at which we felt frequently inclined to cavil, we have found, in several cases, to be preserved among historical memoranda, in time to save our critical acumen from the scoffs of those wiseacres who do not know how difficult it is, when we have such an artist on the stage, to tell when the real animal squeaks, and when he himself imitates its tones. If we were censoriously disposed, we might, indeed, object, that, in some instances, this confidence in nature has made the author neglect some accessories which art might have furnished. But we will not insist too much on our opinion, for it is a fact, whether discreditable or not to the art critical, that "Whitefriars" became popular for those very qualities which some of us unsparingly denounced. In passing, however, we would observe, that powerful, tragical almost to horror, as is the effect produced by the singular knot with which the writer has contrived to unite the fortunes of his hero with those of the king and his mighty antagonist, in a work which takes so strong a hold of the imagination, the author has perhaps a little exceeded the privileges of the romancer in mingling historical personages in so sad and terrible a legend as that of "Stonehenge," although it probably does not exceed the verities of the age, and is supported by a tradition which, however, like most

of its tribe, rests on slight authority. But again, we are perhaps confounding the provinces of the historian and the romancer, and unjustly demand that a work which looks so like truth should be true.

It is scarcely possible to imagine two characters more opposed in all other points, as well as in the circumstances which drove them into collision, than those of King Charles the First, and the king-destroyer Cromwell. Yet here they are both, each with his separate order of ideas—each with his past, his prejudices, his half-a-century of different existences; not the Cavalier and Roundhead of common writers, but the impersonations of the warring principles of the age—which in reality they were. The author has the instincts of dramatic genius; he is all men, and he is none. It is impossible to divine which side he favours, or if he favours either; he has no partialities; all his characters utter their own feelings, their own passions, prejudices, recollections; his business is apparently only to set down all that he has seen and heard. For we could almost find it in us to believe, according to the statement in the humorous preface, that the real author was a contemporary of the events he describes. If the *modern one* interferes at all in the business of the scene, it is merely to act as a kind of Greek chorus—an interpreter of the sentiments of the spectators, (or readers,) rather than any of its own. We declare that we do not know on which side of the great question, debated in the seventeenth century at the sword's point, we are to class the writer of "Whitehall." He lends his eloquence equally to word the devotion of the royalist and the enthusiasm of the republican, kingly pride and rebellious contempt. In fact, we hardly know on which side we ourselves are enlisted, so alternately, and almost equally, are we impassioned, in the hopes and fears of both; so fervidly do we find them expressed, so fairly set forth in argument, and adorned with such equal felicity, and a novelty of illustration which seems to spring from an inexhaustible source.

The character of Cromwell, so often disfigured by the coarse colouring of vulgar writers, who, without the least understanding in the mysterious nature of that amazing man, have worked a few salient points into ridiculous and unnatural protuberances, is presented to us in the "Whitehall," with all the solemnity and splendour of the touch of Rembrandt. It is as if we assisted at a sort of mental theatricals; the scenes pass as vividly before us as if we beheld them on the stage. The author of "Whitefriars," indeed, possesses a power of sustaining dialogue not surpassed by his great predecessor, Scott—the Shakspeare of romance. Were we not unwilling to turn the attention of this writer from a career in which we believe he is destined to achieve many splendid triumphs, we would recommend the stage to him, as a still more fitting arena for the display of those highly dramatic qualities which he possesses—the passion, vehemence, and full-waved impetuosity with which he dashes through his subject. The dramatic aptitude of his genius may be inferred from the fact, which we have ourselves witnessed, that, in transferring "Whitefriars" to the stage, the dramatist frequently made scarcely any omission or alteration in the dialogue.

The fearless manner with which the author introduces kings, statesmen, divines, wits—in fact, all classes of men and orders of intellect, from the sublime Milton to the almost idiotic Jack Sterne,—is only

justified by the fact, that the critic detects no incongruity in the language or ideas imputed to all or any, well known in historical records, or but partially glanced at, as many of them remain to us. What the author truly calls the "quaint illustrative style" of Selden is admirably hit off; and for a specimen in the art of dialogue, we would particularize the scene at the committee of safety, where Pym, Selden, Vane, St. John, Saye and Sele, engage in a conversation, every word of which reveals something peculiar in the idiosyncracy of each individual, a marvellously perfect acquaintance with their springs of action, their past lives, their order of ideas.

There are traces in "Whitehall," very seldom observable in the author's first work, of a vein of humour, not exactly so broad and full of *bon-hommie*, as Scott's, but very quaint and original. Gleams of gaiety there are in "Whitefriars," but of a sort which seldom provokes laughter; there is something ironical and melancholy in it. Few readers will, we imagine, peruse the account of the good old citizen-leader, Bulstocke's, achievements in cooking and fighting at Newbury, without hilarity. But the forte of the author of "Whitefriars" is literally *strength:* he is greatest in scenes of struggle, terror, or anguish; —witness, the description of the battle of Naseby, and that agonizing scene of the torturing of a supposed witch, by the monster Hopkins, the witch-finder. Yet there are scenes of great pathos—pathos without the least tinge of affectation, which comes from the heart—for it goes to it. In this kind, if we had space, we would quote the last scene, in which Ramona, the wife of Stonehenge, appears. The women of this author (since he denies us a name by which to wield him) are veritable women, painted with that lovely delicacy of touch which only men of fine sensibilities can give, whose hearts are a-kin in tenderness and all-lovingness to the nature of woman's. They are not mere watery abstractions, those unintelligible phantoms of the hack novelist, which leave us, at the end of a course of novel-reading, quite unable to determine whether the Emily, Blanche, or Wilhelmina, belong to this, that, or the other. It is impossible that the author of "Whitefriars" can ever safely perform the trick of the Welch parson, —which we fancy is not quite unimitated by some of our voluminous moderns,—who repeated his sermons in an annual circle without fear of detection.

The lyrical skill displayed in "Whitefriars" fails not in "Whitehall," but it is somewhat singularly exhibited, chiefly in little snatches; which, from their beauty and power, make us hope that, like Mr. Turner's quotations from the "Fallacies of Hope," and *unlike in every other respect*, they may be fragments of some unpublished poems. There are few comparisons so new and so delicately beautiful as this: speaking of a fair woman, her eyes are said to be—

"As blue as in *harebells' light.*"

Perhaps Romance may yet be compelled to repay the debt she incurred to her sister, Poetry, when she deprived her of Scott; but meanwhile we congratulate the lovers of fiction on a great accession to their enjoyments, which time may ripen into fruit as gorgeous as any which still allures our workyday world into the magic gardens of fiction.

CÆSAR BORGIA.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WHITEFRIARS."

"Why, do you see, sir? They say I am phantastical: why true, I know it, and I pursue my humour still, in contempt of this censorious age. 'Slight, an' a man should do nothing but what a sort of stale judgments about this town would approve in him, he were a sweet ass."—Ben Jonson. *Every Man Out of his Humour.*

"For, in this present volume may be seen noble chivalry, courtesy, humanity, friendliness, hardiness, love, friendship, cowardice, murder, hate, virtue, and sin. Do after the good, and leave the ill, and it shall bring you to good fame and renown."—Caxton. *Prologue to the Mort D'Arthur.*

CHAPTER I.

ITALY IN THE YEAR 1500.

"Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime;
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?"—Byron.

The great festival of the Christian world, the jubilee of the year of Our Lord, 1500, notwithstanding the distracted state of Italy, and the evil repute of the sovereign head of the church himself, attracted vast multitudes of pilgrims from all parts of Europe to Rome. Although firmly persuaded of the truth of the dark legends afloat concerning the cruelty, tyranny, and licentiousness of the supreme pontiff, Alexander VI., these pious wanderers were not deterred from seeking at his hands the indulgences and plenary absolutions offered to the faithful attending the jubilee in the city of St. Peter. The great dogma of the church that, however it may happen in matters temporal, in matters spiritual it is never deserted by its founder, had as yet sustained no shock in the universal opinion. It seemed as if the world, like Boccaccio's Jew, was only the more convinced of the divine essence of a religion which could remain so unshaken by the viciousness of its professors. Remorse for guilt, the pangs of sorrow, the restlessness of suffering, the fears of superstition, the dreams of enthusiastic devotion, conducted thousands from all the regions of then Catholic Europe to the capital of Christianity. It is computed that no less than two hundred thousand pilgrims entered Rome on this grand festival—the last which the church celebrated in her unity.

The dignity of danger, perhaps, gave zest to the devotion of the warlike population which sent each their quota to the spiritual rendezvous. At no period of her stormy existence had Italy

been so convulsed and devastated by almost all the evils which can befall a nation,—by foreign invasion and domestic strife,—as at the period when we take up our chronicle.

In the South, the French, Spaniards, Turks, and Neapolitans, struggled for the possession of Naples and Sicily, and deluged the beautiful lands in dispute with their blood. In the North, the French and Venetians ravaged Lombardy. Milan in a series of revolutions, alternately lost and regained independence; numerous small states, among which were distinguished the polished Dukedom of Ferrara, and the Republics of Pisa, Lucca, and Sienna, with difficulty withstood subjugation to one or other of the mighty oppressors, their neighbours. In Tuscany, the Florentines, though protected by the French, were scarcely able to baffle the ambitious designs of the papal power, directed against them with the sagacity, perfidy, and merciless energy which distinguished the captain-general of the church, Cæsar Borgia, above all the politicians and commanders of the age.

This too famous leader was the natural son of Alexander VI., whom, to the scandal of the whole Christian world, he had raised to the highest honours which it was in his supremacy to bestow—honours which were far from satisfying the ambition of the recipient, to whom the princes of Italy ascribed the vast project of uniting its shattered sovereignties into an imperial crown for his own head. The great abilities which he had displayed in war, his unmatched subtlety, his courage, which seemed to defy both God and man, the unbounded ambition which he was known to cherish, justly rendered him the terror of Italy.

Nor was this magnificent project so visionary as modern historians have been inclined to consider it. The papal dominion in itself was one of the most extensive and powerful of all Italy, and was wielded by the intriguing and daring Alexander, a prince who, with all his vices, crimes, and inordinate lust of aggrandizement, possessed an extraordinary capacity. He was a Spaniard by birth, and to the sultry passions of his native land was believed to add all the refinements in dissimulation and treachery which centuries of slavery had taught the Italians. Age might probably have moderated the violence of his character, but the expiring volcano was continually restirred into action by the no less vehement, but more subtle genius of Cæsar Borgia, to whose vast plans his father's cooperation was essentially necessary.

Cæsar had been originally intended for the church, and during the lifetime of his elder brother, the Duke of Gandia, whose tragical and mysterious fate excite so gloomy a curiosity, he had worn the mantle of a cardinal. But the moment that assassination, perhaps involving a still blacker crime, had removed this shadow of an elder brother from his path, he

threw off the purple, and seemed determined never again to resume it, unless as a king. His valour in the field, and the alliance of the French, soon raised him to a high rank among the Italian generals. The Pontiff created him his generalissimo, and by conferring upon him the Dukedom of Romagna, seemed to open the way to him of sovereignty.

But the chief obstacles to the execution of the vast designs of Cæsar Borgia were the very instruments which he was compelled to use. The papal power, like all the other sovereignties of Europe at the period, was feudal in all its ramifications. During the wars of the emperors and popes, the Roman barons had managed to usurp to themselves even greater privileges and more complete independence than any other nobility. The great possessions of the church were held by them, with only a nominal submission, under the title of vicars. To break —to destroy the power of these nobles—became a great object of Cæsar's policy; to wrest back their usurpations was essential to the execution of his vaster plans. The animosities and factions among the nobility themselves assisted his projects, and his own subtle genius furnished him with innumerable engines.

Ages of mutual rivalry and wrongs had exasperated against each other the two most powerful Roman families, the Orsini and the Colonnas. With the impolitic aid of the former, the Borgias drove the latter into exile, and confiscated their immense possessions. Following up his successes, Cæsar, in two dreadful campaigns, distinguished by every species of barbarity, succeeded in destroying the power of nearly all the great families of Romagna. Meanwhile, Alexander crushed the rebellious spirit of the church by the exile, ruin, or death of a great many cardinals who opposed themselves to his tyranny, chiefly through resentment at the disappointment of the promises which he had made to secure his election.

While thus crushing their chiefs, Cæsar won, if not the affection, at least the goodwill of the common people, by substituting to the unbounded oppressions of their former masters a sway, which, however blood-thirsty and extortionate, was still a change for the better. The Roman nobility, like all that have been crushed, deserved their fate. The detail of their cruelties and oppressions form the blackest pages in the history of Italy. Dwelling in vast fortresses, with unnumbered dependents existing only on war and plunder, they committed every species of disorder with perfect impunity—robbed, murdered, ravaged, made war on one another, and laughed to scorn the powerless suzerainty of a priest, even while reverencing to adoration his spiritual character.

With the aid of the French, Cæsar successfully pushed on his great project; but the Orsini and other powerful barons at length perceived their mistake in aiding him, even to the ruin

of their enemies. Symptoms of disaffection daily increased, and when Cæsar's allies, the French, sustained their great defeats in Lombardy, an open combination was entered into against him. The tyranny and licentiousness of the French had provoked the miserable vanquished into revolt. Milan had succeeded in expelling the invaders, and welcomed back its unfortunate and blood-stained sovereign, Ludovico Sforza.

Far from aiding Cæsar in his designs on Tuscany, the French not only withdrew their troops from his service, but demanded that he should instantly march with his own to their aid. But the open defection of his most powerful adherents, and the uncertain tenure of his conquests, rendered Cæsar deaf to any promptings of gratitude. He remained among his conquests, busily engaged in cementing them, while the French generals awaited in inaction the arrival of their king with a new army which he was preparing to ravage Italy.

Meanwhile the league against the Borgias assumed a formidable consistency. The dispossessed barons assembled a considerable army on the frontiers of Romagna; the states of Milan, Ferrara, Pisa, the Florentines and Venetians, joined them in a powerful league. The French were believed to be exasperated with the defection of Cæsar during the revolt of Milan, and were besides scarcely able to retain their own position, driven to the foot of the Alps. The utter ruin of the Borgias seemed to impend; the deposition of Alexander was openly threatened. Cæsar himself appeared for a moment overwhelmed by the opposition which was formed against him; after sustaining several severe checks in arms, he had betaken himself to the resort of weakness—negociation.

There were innumerable points of disunion in the confederacy, into which the subtle genius of the Borgias easily discerned how to drive their wedges. The Venetians and Florentines were divided by ancient grudges and rival pretensions; the feuds among the great barons were only lulled by the pressing perils without. The Savelli hated the Bentivogli; the Colonna, the Orsini; the Montefeltri all; the Sforza, the Perucci. But the machinations of Cæsar appeared only in their effects. The Florentines sent him ambassadors to treat of a general peace; Ferrara made a truce with him, and the duke, Ercole d'Este, listened with eagerness to the proposals of Alexander, that his daughter, Lucrezia, should wed the heir of his ancient and glorious race. At the same time it was rumoured that Cæsar had cajoled the Orsini back to his interests, by offering the lady's hand to the heir of that powerful family, Paolo Orsini, son to the Duke of Gravina.

There was now a short lull in the storm which ravaged Italy, but it was gathering blacker and blacker on every point of the horizon. While the French, Spaniards, and Turks, with their allies the Swiss, Burgundians, Germans, and Moors, and the

Italians themselves, were collecting all their energies to struggle for the possession of the beautiful land, its coasts were devastated by pirates, its cities sacked by robbers, the plague spread death and desolation throughout its length and breadth. It seemed as if Heaven intended the total extirpation of the Italian race!

And yet, amidst all this chaos, the serene glory of the arts arose like the day-spring from a turbulent ocean. Leonardo da Vinci had painted his masterpieces, Michael Angelo was founding his school at Florence, Raphael and Julio Romano were crayoning their first rude creations; the young Cellini was moulding his beauteous fancies in gold. The recent conquest of Constantinople, by the Turks, filled Italy with learned exiles, who revived the ancient taste for Hellenic literature. Ariosto made Ferrara illustrious with the dawn of his beautiful genius, that rainbow spanning the heavens of poesy, whose very tears are but weepings of sunshine. But it was chiefly as a school of arms that the unlettered nations of western Europe regarded Italy; and many of the pilgrims who now hastened to obtain their share of the indulgences so liberally showered on the faithful in the jubilee at Rome, contemplated the recreation of a campaign or so on their return, by way of indemnification for the fatigues they might undergo, nearly indifferent on which side they performed their achievements.

To this class, from their appearance, might be ascribed the leaders of an armed party which, towards the close of a long summer's day, came slowly winding round the edge of one of those lofty precipices by which the Apennines descend into the plains of Romagna.

CHAPTER II.

THE PILGRIMS OF THE APENNINES.

The troops consisted of about twenty men, all well mounted, and wearing the usual accoutrements of the common soldiery of the age. The breast and back were protected with plates of steel, the head with a bassinet or cap of steel, and the rest of the person with stout embossed leather. Each was armed with a sword and lance, and to the saddle hung on one side a poleaxe, on the other a rude arquebuss of great size and weight, with conveniences to discharge it attached, in the shape of a coil of tarred rope, matches, and a flint. The rude fashioning of the armour, and the powerful limbs of the wearers, seemed to indicate men of some barbarian race, as the Italians still called and considered the transalpine nations. From the sprig of broom in the bassinets of the riders, a skilful herald would speedily have known that they were English,—the broom flower being the cognizance of the kings of England, until

the overthrow of the last of the Plantagenet race in the person of Richard III., an event which had taken place some dozen years previous to the commencement of our narrative. In addition to this badge, the soldiers wore another wrought in their mantles, a blazing sun, with the motto in the centre, "Oh! mon Le Beaufort!"

The leaders of the party were literally so, for they kept considerably in advance of their troop, the immediate command of which was devolved on an inferior officer, as he seemed to be, who yet was not even of the lowest order of chivalry, as he did not wear the arms peculiar to an esquire. His accoutrements differed but little from those of his followers, but he carried a little flag or banderol on the point of his lance, and was furnished with a shield in addition to his arms of offence. So much of his visage as was visible from the steel cap, displayed a grim set of features, seamed with many a scar, short black hair, touched with gray, and a thick beard to correspond.

The foremost persons of the party were three in number. The eldest was apparently verging on forty, rode a mule, and from his habit was a secular canon. His features were long and sharp, a head rather bald, a deficiency which he made up by a beard of patriarchal length and volume; his eyes were full of expression and gaiety, and from the joyous cast of the countenance he might rather be taken for a disciple of Anacreon than of Augustine.

Resuming our description by age, the next would be a personage about thirty years old, of a tall and stately figure, who wore the habit of a Knight Hospitaller of St. John. A long black mantle, wrought in the left with a white cross in eight points, covered nearly his whole person; his feet and arms only appeared, except the head, and were cased in brass mail. His helmet was carried by one of the attendants, and his white hood was drawn partially over his face to keep off the heat; but the countenance which appeared from it was remarkable for the noble and austere beauty of its expression, shadowed with a deep cast of melancholy and pride. His black hair curling short around his temples and face, completed the effect of the high and imposing severity of character stamped on its princely lineaments. This expression was not unsuitable to the mingled professions of priest and warrior assumed by the Knights of St. John, who, in addition to their military devotion, were bound in the strict rules of chastity and obedience professed by the hermits of St. Augustine.

The third leader was apparently several years younger than the Knight of St. John, and from his golden spurs and arms was of similar rank, but of a lay order of chivalry. The elastic plates of silver mail in which he was clad from head to foot, displayed a figure of extraordinary strength and agility, though inferior in height to that of the Hospitaller, to whose gloomy

garb his array brilliantly contrasted. The splendour of his appointments, indeed, amply supported the title, which from the emblazonment on his shield he seemed to have assumed, of the Knight of the Sun. His armour glittered like the lucid scales of a fresh-caught salmon, and on his breast it was so skilfully wrought into a blazing sun, that the luminary appeared as if reflected in a mirror. He wore a cap of silver tissue, in which was a sprig of purple broom; and the joyous gallant countenance, which expressed careless good humour, reckless daring and high spirits, well harmonised with the warlike coxcombry of his array. His complexion had been originally very fair, and the long brown hair and blue laughing hawk's eye marked his northern descent. But the fierce sun of Italy had embrowned the skin wherever it was not usually covered by the helmet, and presented something of the effect of a bronze mask, which, however, gave a soldierly and veteran look to the otherwise youthful and blooming countenance.

For some time the travellers had been winding up the steep brow of an acclivity, on a road which was formed only by cutting down a few trees, the trunks of which still remained half hidden among the grass, and made the horses stumble every instant. On one side was a lofty succession of dark desolate hills, at whose base they proceeded; on the other stretched down a fathomless chaos of rocks, precipices, forests, and torrents, forming a mountainous valley, which seemed as if dashed together by nature in a fit of madness. Beyond the valley appeared a still vaster pile of hills towering one above the other like the Titans' stairs to heaven, until the topmost shone white as if with snow, and bounded the immense view.

The travellers proceeded for some time in silence, probably too fatigued for conversation, as they seemed to have made a long journey, their horses' tongues hanging out, and their breasts covered with foam. The English knight had been humming a roundelay in his own language—the chief words distinguished being, "Robin Hood, and the good greenwood." But the still and sultry calm into which the evening gradually closed produced an effect even on his buoyant spirits.

"Messer Bembo," he said at last, addressing the ecclesiastic in good Italian, but with a foreign accent; "methinks this castle of yours, if it be not removed by faerie art, should now be somewhere in sight."

"I have noted the canon this last half hour or so, and he sometimes checks his mule as if he misdoubted his own guidance," said the Hospitaller, with a quietly sarcastic smile.

"No, monsignor, no," replied the ecclesiastic, with nevertheless a very puzzled countenance. "It is true that it is now seven years since I have found my way to my good friend Savelli's castle; for since Ferrara and his holiness disagreed at the sword's point, I have had but little occasion to go to

Rome; and yet it distinctly appears to me as if in the old time it crowned the summit of this gorge, thereby commanding the pass, by the irrefragable sign that all who crossed the Apennines were compelled to come this way to pay their composition, and obtain the free leave and protection of my Lord Jacopo Savelli. He had a tower built over the road on purpose, and I myself once heard him order the portcullis to be driven down upon a gang of insolent traders of Genoa, who refused to pay what he ordered them,—three crowns, I think, it was a head, with a velvet robe for my lady, and ten fine wax candles for his lordship's chapel."

"And did it spike any of the jolly burghers?" said the young knight, laughing heartily.

"Nay, the fright was enough for them;" replied Messer Bembo, laughing also until his eye suddenly lighted upon the stern and displeased countenance of the Hospitaller. But I am the more certain that we are in the right way now I observe yonder mountain, resembling a white cone projecting among the clouds, at the end of that promontory of woody rocks."

"You are right as to the cone, Messer, but for the castle, by St. George, I do no more see them than the battlements of my father's strong place of Beaufort, in England!" said the young knight.

"Let us push on; perchance the walls may be hidden in the height," said Messer Bembo, pricking on his mule.

"Or perchance a cloud may be around it—and yet the summit shines very clear," said the Hospitaller. "What say you, Messer Canonico, if the Borgia, when he crossed these mountains on his late ravages in Tuscany, took the opportunity to destroy a fortress belonging to so noted an enemy of his name!"

"I say, then, my royal lord, that we shall lodge worse than I thought, to-night," replied Messer Bembo, dismally and with a sigh of weariness.

"How, Messer Pietro Bembo, will you ever forget my injunctions, and how much depends on their observation?" said the Knight Hospitaller in an angry tone.

"Nay, monsignor, but the Borgias are all for making love to us now-a-days," returned the canon, submissively.

"And are, therefore, the more to be feared!" replied the knight of St. John. "The Borgias regard no faith, human or divine; and if they had me in their power would, perhaps, compel me into this infernal marriage with their demon daughter."

"Hush, or some of the fellows may hear us gabble, and only William of Bampton is to be trusted!" said the younger knight. "Not but that they are all very good rascals, and English to the backbone, but they are by no means aware of the wiles of this land, and oft mistake crafty wine for honest ale."

"Then, monsignor, I would say, reverend brother, I marvel what brings you to Rome, for he who shuns the wolf, should surely not hide in his cave?" continued Messer Bembo.

"If there be any time sacred with the Borgia, it will surely be this of the glorious Christian jubilee," replied the Hospitaller. "The vast multitude of pilgrims will render our arrival unnoted, and while the city is in their hands they will not suffer so crying an enormity as the molestation of one of their number. But," he continued with rising warmth, "no one knows better than thou, Pietro, my intent in journeying to Rome. Sithence my father is so blinded by his fears and policy, that he will not believe the hideous rumours afloat concerning this modern harpy, on report, and would compel me to accept her direful hand, I have sworn to learn the truth of all with mine own avouch; and then, if he persists in his resolution, I will take this holy and unwedding mantle in very earnest, and spend the remainder of my days fighting for the redemption of the Holy Sepulchre."

"Your brother, Monsignor Hippolito, would be grieved to hear you talk so, sir," said the canon, smiling.

"I blame thee not for the word, brother-in-arms," said the English knight, in a more serious tone than his galliard mood often prompted. "For methinks (if it be no sin to say so) even the holy father's uncleship should scarcely coax me into uniting the honours of my house, though inferior to yours, (albeit we are cousins to the king's mother, the Lady Margaret,) to the bastard brood of Borgia."

"But their actions, their actions!—I look the rather to them!" said the knight of St. John, with increasing vehemence.

"Look then what scant wisdom may come with gray hairs!" said Messer Bembo, smiling; "since the famously wise duke, Ercole, your father, consented to this project of your reverend lordship's solely in the belief that you would come back a convert to his own."

"Yea, for our poet-ambassador, Messer Ariosto, writes us such marvellous tales of this woman's beauty, as if it were of Helen of Troy!" returned the knight of St. John, colouring and smiling, but with a strong curl of contempt. "You look only to the outside of things, you poets, Bembo; you suspect not the serpent among the rosemary. But were she beautiful as Venus, she hath too many of the impudent goddess's other qualities, to win aught but scorn and hatred from a soul like mine. The woman whom I love, Sir Reginald, must be pure in name as in deed, in deed as in spirit, in spirit as yonder summit of snow which mingles whiteness with the heavens!"

"Then, by the mass, you must not seek for her in Italy," replied Sir Reginald, setting his cap aside on his handsome audacious features, and smiling significantly; "at least as far as my experience warrants."

"Ay, it is such as thou, Le Beaufort!—it is the perpetual

wars of which you barbarians make Italy your battle-field, which is gradually trampling out every noble quality in this once heroic land!" said the Hospitaller, sighing deeply.

"Then where would you recommend Monsignor rather to seek a wife?—taking it that he hath assumed this holy garb only for a carnival time?" said Bembo, somewhat testily.

"I have abode long with him in Italy—let him return with me to England!" said the young knight enthusiastically; "there he will find maidens infinitely more beautiful than your sunscorched women here, and as innocent as the pearls they deck their ringlets withal!"

"Colourless ghosts are not to my taste, Messer," replied Bembo hastily.

"Colourless!—could you see my sweet cousin Alice!" said the young knight. "I remember her with cheeks as ruddy as any rose; and I loved her so well, that meaning to wed her to my brother Henry, I believe 'twas one of the reasons they sent me to these Italian wars. But since he fell by a Scottish lance they must have me home again, as if I were the sight of their eyes. Our Lady keep his soul!—but he hath left me a greater heir than ever I thought to be."

"Amen!" said the ecclesiastic tranquilly, crossing himself. "But you must abate something of the sharpness of your tongue against the brown Italian ladies, if you hope to obtain the dispensation to wed your cousin that was betrothed to your brother, for ladies have some influence at Rome, or they tell great lies that come from it."

"'Tis a traveller's trick, they say," observed the Knight of the Sun, slightly pricking his steed; "but I am not so unhandsomely put together as to be sorry for that. But, assuredly, Messer Bembo, your castle is one in the air, in many respects."

"Yet Lucrezia Borgia is fair, not brown," said the Hospitaller musingly, without noticing this latter observation.

"The duke your father was ever held to be a wise man," said Messer Bembo slily. "I have often heard it said that the golden-haired goddess herself was not fairer that day she sprang from ocean, while the waters blushed rosy red with delight and shame to see her unveiled charms."

"You are in Messer Ariosto's vein this sunset, Pietro," said the Hospitaller, somewhat sadly; "but it needs a very inventive genius to speak well of this lady."

"By the bonny broom-flower! to be so very married a damsel, I did never hear of one who bore so very evil a report," said Sir Reginald, laughing; and striking his long lance against the trunk of a beech-tree which shadowed the path, he struck off a huge piece of bark, much apparently to his content.

"Married! truly, I am to be the fourth husband this lady hath honoured with her rapid affections!" said the Hospitaller, with a tart smile; "or perchance it were speaking it more to the matter to say—person."

"Nay, monsignor, for a knight and eremite of holy Austin you speak it harshly," said Messer Bembo. "The first espousals were when she was a mere child, and I doubt whether she ever saw the betrothed gentleman; for she had not left the convent when her sire dissolved the contract, as a match unequal to his new dignities. The Lord of Pesaro she quarrelled with;—let me see, no, it was not at the altar—but the divorce was pronounced by a very solemn and unprejudiced tribunal. Then for the third—Don Alfonso of Arragon—poor lord, he did not survive his marriage long!"

"Murdered—assassinated! Who knows if not by her connivance?" said the Hospitaller. "Well may she be called in Rome the Fatal Bride!—and 'tis believed that I will consent to make the fourth! The first disappeared no man knew how, because he dared to complain of the tyranny used against him; the second a dispossessed and shame-struck exile; the third gashed all over, then strangled! You shall pardon me."

"But may not the unhappy lady herself be innocent, whoever is guilty of these atrocities?" said Bembo, earnestly.

"It is burned into my soul—those direful lines of Pontano!" said the Hospitaller, vehemently. "They were put in the mouth of the death's-head which was served to me at table, in a golden ewer, that day my father feasted Cæsar's ambassadors, who brought the proposal of this black alliance."

He then repeated, in a dark and brooding tone, the hideous distich which has been one of the chief means of rendering the name of Lucrezia Borgia portentous in the ear of posterity.

"Lucretia, nomine, sed re—
Thais. Alexandri filia, sponsa, nurus."

CHAPTER III.

THE DOMINICAN.

A DEEP and somewhat awful silence followed for some minutes, and then Messer Bembo spoke in a low and timid tone in reply.

"Calumny spares not even the saints in bliss," he said dubiously. "Then wherefore should a lying Neapolitan poet who, for the turn of an epigram, or to give it an acuter sting, would speak worse of the devil than he deserves, or of himself even, who is not so good a fellow!"

"Calumny hath not spared so reverend a man as yourself, Messer Pietro," said the English knight. "Nay, she speaks even ill of me, who never gave her the least occasion which I could muster virtue to forego."

"Thou art a very Sir Galaor indeed, who, they say matched Sir Lancelot in everything but constancy," said the Hospitaller, with a grave smile.

"Constancy!—the rogue,—to his king's wife!" returned the Knight of the Sun. "You may measure his faith by his faithlessness: but in very sooth, Messer Bembo, I think your castle must have belonged to Fairy Morgana, and has sunk in the rocks as her's sink in the waves."

"By this good lamp of day, which is fast going out, on this summit once stood as fair a fortalice as nature and art, plotting together, could build!" said the canon, checking his exhausted mule, and staring amazedly around.

The three leaders had now reached a lofty table-land, formed by the summits of a vast rock, shaped as irregularly as if an earthquake had tossed a mountain in the air, and let it fall in fragments. The men-at-arms, on their wearied horses, straggling up the prodigious ravine after them, had disappeared, and by a singular illusion of the perspective, the amphitheatre of forests which towered one above another on the mountains beyond, seemed only separated by air. Before the travellers the rocks descended in layers of blue cliffs, densely clothed in pines and stunted oaks, until they formed two lofty walls, in which flowed a river, or rather torrent, the roar of which was audible, but the waves were lost in the darkness of the ravine through which they thundered. Based on the opposite cliffs, arose apparently an endless succession of mountains of a strange bluishly snowy tint, interspersed with masses of darkness which looked like the wavering shadows of vast forests. But after gazing for a few moments, the rapid changes of the shapes of these mountains convinced the travellers that it was an illusion produced by the sun setting behind those on which they stood, and throwing a reflection of their outlines on the mists which arose steaming from the plains below.

"It was here, it was undoubtedly on this spot that the castle of Jacopo Savelli stood!" exclaimed Messer Pietro, glancing back in amazement at the endless succession of mountains, and the piles of rocks whose summits still glowed red-hot in the setting luminary. "I remember often bemusing how these cliffs resembled battlements of gigantic castles, such as the greater Morgan might have inhabited."

"There are yet traces of walls, and yonder still stands a watch-tower hanging to a shattered battlement!" said the Hospitaller. "The spoiler's work has been well done, for it looks as ruined as aught of the Roman time."

The Hospitaller slightly pricked his horse with the spur, but the English knight suddenly clutched him back by the rein, exclaiming, "Sancta Maria!—see you not, monsignor, how long the grass grows? the ground is deeply hollowed."

"Truly, and I thank you, brother Reginald," said the elder knight, slightly startled. "The fortress has been destroyed with gunpowder, and it has rent some ghastly depths."

"See you not, as it were, some huge words sculptured on

the red cliff yonder, on which stood the donjon?" said Bembo, pointing opposite, across the ruins, to a rock which was the highest of the whole group.

"You are a scholar and may tell us—Father Ambrosius could never get me beyond my letters," replied the young knight.

"It is Latin, but very legible even at this distance," said the Hospitaller. "We cannot move in Italy, but we find the traces of this ravaging beast: AUT CÆSAR, AUT NIHIL. But what is yonder? There are signs of more recent conflict than these grass-grown ruins announce." He pointed as he spoke with his lance to an object which attracted his attention, at the foot of one of the sharp precipices which edged the ruined fortalice. There sprawled a figure, which by the gleam of armour, and the inanimate manner in which it lay, appeared to be the corpse of a soldier.

"Perhaps the man may be only asleep; let us call him," said the canon, adding in a shrill and terrified tone, "Friend, in a holy name, who art thou?"

"If he be asleep, 'tis in a very dangerous spot," observed the Hospitaller. "The duty of the order I have assumed is to protect travellers; I will arouse him?"

And vaulting with practised agility from his powerful steed, he flung the reins to the canon, who shook so that he could scarcely take them.

"Nay, then, brother, you shall have a companion; these mountains are peopled with banditti, and this may be some ambush," said he of the Sun, dismounting with equal rapidity, and hastening to join the Hospitaller, who strode on before.

"Wait at least, good my lords, until our people gather; for all our preservations, I adjure you!" groaned the prudent ecclesiastic; but the young knight seemed to take no notice of what he said.

"Oh, what a world is this below; but what a heaven there is above!" said the poetical canon, who looking devoutly up for celestial aid, was struck with the exceedingly beautiful blue of the sky, in which myriads of stars beamed silvery pale, though daylight lingered yet.

But he had scarcely uttered the exclamation when his attention was recalled to sublunary concerns by a sudden hiss and snarl close to the feet of his mule, which began to plunge violently, notwithstanding its weariness. Probably startled by the advance of the intruders, a wolf rushed out, and half rolled and half ran down a precipice to the right, in a panic fully equal to that of Messer Bembo. But dismayed at the apparition, he slided down from the mule, and leaving it wildly striking out with its heels in every direction in which it apprehended the enemy might approach, hastened to join his companions, whose lances he observed gleaming in the distance.

In the course of his progress, struggling with thorn-bushes or plunging into hollows full of stagnant water, the canon perceived how it was that the fortalice had so nearly vanished. Large fragments of the ruins had been hurled among the precipices by the explosion which had destroyed it, and the rest was hidden by the rank and rapid vegetation which delights in covering decay. Stumbling among the ruins in his eagerness to rejoin his companions, Messer Bembo observed with extreme horror several figures lying about among the bulrushes, whose immoveability, strange attitudes, and garbs discoloured with blood and rain, convinced him that they were bodies of recently slaughtered men. Avoiding as much as possible even to glance at the direful forms, the canon at length reached the two knights, who were standing in discourse at the edge of the cliff which bore the inscription. The carcase which had first excited their attention lay directly below, partially stripped, and so gnawed by wolves and crows that the face was gone, and much of the carcase which was not defended by the steel garniture which it had carried. A bush of wild raspberries grew close beside it, and the ripe red fruit hung over the silent slain.

"This at least is probably not Cæsar's work," said the English knight. "Yonder are the embers of a fire, and a half-roasted kid; they have been travellers surprised by banditti."

"Let us hasten away!" said Messer Bembo, crossing himself with more devotion than he had yet displayed. "Madonna herself can scarcely protect us against these villains!"

"Are we sure this is none of the Borgia's work?" said the Hospitaller thoughtfully. "Note ye the badge in yon unhappy crow-pudding's murrion? Mark you, Messer Bembo—the bear? The Orsini's crest, whom he so hates!"

"The man is a very devil—that I should pronounce such a name—for who sits there?" exclaimed the canon, turning white and blue by turns as he pointed up to a hollow in the cliff just above the triumphant inscription. A raven partially gray with his century of years was perched on it, and seemed to watch the intruders with keen vindictive eyes.

"Again, I say, let us hence, in our blessed Mother's name!" continued the canon; "the night closes in, and if we do not find a lodging soon we shall get among the mists, and go headlong down some precipice which will not leave us a whole bone in our skins. I remember there is a monastery at no great distance, which he will not have destroyed, because it is a dependence of the Holy See. There, at least, we shall find shelter; but for our fare I can promise little, because they are of a severe rule, and keep it."

"And some of the good brothers will give these poor souls christian earth to lie in," said Sir Reginald. "Have with you, Messer Bembo; come, brother, our tarriance here does the dead no good."

The Hospitaller complied in silence, and they returned to the spot where Bembo had parted with his mule. They found the animal quietly munching some thistles, while William of Bampton stood with his gaunt figure erect in the stirrups, straining his eyes in amazement at the disappearance of the leaders. The men-at-arms had halted in a picturesque and disordered group among the rocks.

Under guidance of Messer Bembo the whole troop now filed down an excessively steep declivity facing the cloud-mountains which we have mentioned. It wound, he said, into the depths of the ravine, to the river, by whose course he hoped to find their way to the monastery, which was somewhere on its banks. The precipitous character of the road, if road it could be called, soon compelled all the riders to dismount and lead their beasts, fearing lest they should roll overhead into the ravine—all, except Messer Bembo, who trusted more in the steadiness of his mule's feet than in his own.

The danger increased as they gradually became involved in the white mist, which made the air as thick and hazy as the steam of boiling water. But the increasing loudness of the roar of the river convinced them that they were pursuing the right path. At length they entered a narrow ravine cloven by a torrent on its way to the main stream, in which now flowed scarcely sufficient water to wet the hoofs of the horses. The rocks on each side gradually heightened, for the path was in truth a fissure in the mountains formed by some terrific eruption of their volcanic depths.

This path emerged by a narrow opening into the river. It was a stream of considerable depth, bordered on each side by lofty cliffs of volcanic strata, quite bare to the summits, where they were crowned by forests of the dismal pine. The river descended in so rapid an inclination, that but for the innumerable rocks among which its violent current churned and roared, it would have been impassable. The velocity of the torrent was further checked by the numerous deep caves in the bases of the rocks, in which the waters were diverted, sometimes into deep stagnant ponds, at others into whirlpools that played and flashed like ringy lightning.

Messer Bembo was rather puzzled, for he could not, even with the assistance of resting his chin on his hand, exactly remember whether the monastery was above or below the entrance to the main stream. But as he recollected that it formed a cataract at some short distance above the monastery, the Hospitaller recommended that they should follow the course of the river until they ascertained whether they were above or below the fall.

By a singular phenomenon, not unusual in mountain atmospheres, the mist hung several feet above the level of the waters, so that the upper parts of the riders' person were involved in it,

while their steeds stood in a glassily clear air. The men-at-arms were ordered to halt where they were, while the canon and the two knights pursued the course of the river, to ascertain the point in doubt. Sir Reginald took a horn which hung to William of Bampton's saddle, and it was only on a signal blast from him that the wearied soldiers were to advance.

The horses gladly entered the bed of the cool waves, and after slaking their thirst, moved down the centre of the stream, which it was necessary to keep, the sharp rocks and deep gulfs allowing no passage along the base of the cliffs.

"These caves are said to be the haunts of dragons, where they brood over hidden treasures," said Messer Bembo, smiling, but taking care to keep abreast with the Knight of St. John. "Yet for all I am with two such noble chevaliers, I could be very ill content to see the glittering green head poking out of one of them."

"Sir Reginald will have the first brush; see you, how he is urging on his horse?" said the knight. "But look, what is yonder? In sooth it resembles the vast, glittering back of a dragon weltering across our path!"

"Ha, Madonna! it is the edge of the cataract! Hist, sir knight! the uproar drowns my voice, and the thick-headed barbarian is making his horse capriole!" exclaimed the canon, clasping his hands. "He will be dashed to pieces; it falls to such a depth that it is lost in foam long ere it reaches the rock below!"

But the Hospitaller listened only to the first words of this warning, and dashing the spurs into his horse compelled it to gallop forward through the whirling waters, to the rescue of his brother-in-arms. As he approached, however, he discerned that it was not carelessness which was conducting the young knight as it seemed to inevitable destruction. His steed, terrified to madness with the uproar, was struggling furiously to break away, and in the contest for the mastery was rapidly getting down to where the smooth eel-like flow of the wave denoted the great depth of its current ere it overleaped the precipices in a cataract. In vain did the knight endeavour to control the furious animal's violence, while his fearless spirit, and perhaps the danger of sinking under the weight of his arms in the waters, hindered him from seeking safety by leaping off. The destruction of the youthful chevalier seemed inevitable, when, as if sent by some direct and miraculous interposition, a tall figure garbed as a Dominican monk rushed into the stream before it, whence no one could discern, and seizing the horse's head with mighty force, rather hurled than drove it headlong back on its haunches, and after a struggle as it seemed of main strength, compelled it to halt.

SONG OF THE DEMONS.

BY THE CELEBRATED NICCOLO MACCHIAVELLI, ON OCCASION OF A GRAND FESTIVAL HELD AT FLORENCE.

ONCE blest! but happy spirits now no more,
Whose rash o'ervaulting pride
From Heaven supreme cast us in terror,—lower
Than mortals e'en abide;
We come to claim a surer empire here
To rule your state from side to side
Torn by more factions fierce than OUR dread regions fear.

Lo! famine, war, bloodshed, sharp fire, and cold,
To goad each mortal fate,
Still mete we out till the dread sum be told;
And 'midst this festal state
Unbidden guests 'tis ours to dwell with you,
Till every evil soon or late
Be well wrought out,—to our fell purpose true.

See Pluto there—and there that dark-eyed queen
He bore from Enna's Vale,
Most beautiful—that so it might be seen
How great love did prevail
Even over hell and him who sways
Those regions dark, that hail
Their restless king, whose 'hest each shade obeys.

Each rapture and each pang of mighty love,
By us is barb'd and sped;
The sob or smile—the song, the sighs that move,
And all in lover's fancy bred.
We crown their joys to deal the blow,
Severest, o'er young hearts that bled,
And future pangs prepare that all our power may know*.

SONNET.

LADY, I think, whenever I look on you,
That your sweet eyes are like the stars of night,
Set in a circling world of azure light,
So like the stars, their rays do sparkle through
A halo of such clear aerial hue!
And oft I think them spirits of the bright,
That only do appear to mortal sight,
When star-throned in your eyes most Heavenly blue.
How I should love to gaze into those eyes!
For there methinks I should some secrets see,
They are so like bright pieces of the skies
That surely they could tell a tale to me
Of visions seen where stars do set and rise!
But ah! such gazing on them may not be!

C. H. W.

* It was on occasion of this brilliant festival, amidst the most magnficent display of allegorical scenes and personages, among which a body of demons was very conspicuous, that owing to the numbers of the people, the bridge over the Arno gave way, and thousands were engulphed in its waves.

THE MAN WHO MAKES BARGAINS.

BY RUSSELL GRAHAM.

You meet with him anywhere and everywhere; for places are immaterial to him, so that bargains are to be had. Plunging into pawnbrokers' shops, lingering at appraisers' windows, haunting auction-rooms and "selling-off" establishments, emerging from marine-stores, ransacking second-hand stalls, on his way to the "cheapest house in town," or about to be present at one of those "immense sacrifices" that every wall-side and newspaper proclaims. Utterly regardless of Franklin's philosophy, the description of article is a matter of perfect indifference to him. A "bargain is a bargain" in his estimation, however useless or unsuitable it turns out: a blacksmith's hammer or a lady's étui would be equal subjects of rejoicing, so they were purchased at a low figure. It is the same thing to him whether he picks them up at one of George Robins' recherché sales, or at an auction of unredeemed pledges—whether he stumbles over them in Broker's Alley, or comes across them in the New Cut.

To such an one politics and the general news are nothing to the advertising side of a paper. You may know him in the next box to you at the Jerusalem, or Garraway's, by the time he keeps possession of it. You are probably anxious to get a glance at the day's "Times," there is but one copy disengaged, and at the instant you are about to take it up, the man who makes bargains (and is even now on the look-out for them) puts his hand on it. You mutter something about being glad to look at it when he has done, sink into your seat, and solace yourself with the stale columns of yesterday's "Chronicle." Its way of thinking not being yours, it affects you with a political heartburn, haply mollified by the entrance of the waiter with the smoking rump-steak, white-robed potatoes, pickles, and stout, (chalk and milk, by the way, in such cases,) and, for a while, the "leader" in the "Times" is forgotten; but your appetite cooling in exact ratio with the water plate, you begin to feel you have a stake in other matters, and to look round in the expectation that your neighbour has finished the clever summary of last night's doings in the "House." Fatal mistake! He has not so much as once glanced at it, and is only half way down the advertised "sales by auction," lingering over "eligible investments," or luxuriating among the "Capital feather-beds," "Drawing-room suites in solid rosewood, sideboards, dining-tables, old port and sherry, indulging and devotional chairs," &c., with which the Messrs. Brown, Jones, and Robinson, of the rostrum and hammer, tickle the inclinations of those open coveters of other men's goods—the habitués of auction-rooms, and makers of bargains.

To one, or, rather, both these classes, my uncle, Captain Tittlebrat, belongs. He believes he has a genius for bargain-making, just as firm as other people believe him to be what Dogberry *desired to be "writ down" for his pains*. It is his hobby, upon which let him once get fair astride, and he is as unseatable as a centaur. God knows it has stumbled often enough since he has taken up with it! but the old gentleman still ambles on complacently, as if it were sure-footed as the mules of Cintra. Talk to him of furnishing your house, and ten to one but he offers to do it for you, (of course the exchequer department

resting with yourself,) or he proffers to put you in a way of doing so, at half the ordinary expense. He knows an old-established auction-mart in the City, where, if you are not fastidiously particular, he is certain you may suit yourself to a T, or a cranny leading out of Long Acre, where things are to be had dirt cheap. To be sure they are a little out of order, and not exactly the last style of make; but some trifling repairs, and fresh scraping and polishing, will make them look almost equal to new, and no fear of their warping, or blistering, or falling to pieces—the now general complaints of ready-made furniture. In fact, he has no idea of purchasing in the ordinary way of trade, preferring furniture as a Laplander does his wife, with the blush off, and, from a mousetrap to a grand piano, knowing of some second-hand repository, where he may suit his own notions of domestic economy. Go into his house, and you are struck by the heterogeneous aspect of everything in it. His hobby has been ridden there with a vengeance; cantered through every apartment in it, and may be traced from the entrance to the attics. At a first glance you perceive that the hall chairs are not fellows—that the very stair-rods are of different lengths, and that the mythological divinity intended (on company nights) to do the duty of a link-boy, on the landing-place, stands there—unfortunately for his office—divested of his dexter arm. In the drawing-room the hobby still prevails: every item in it has been bought a *bargain*, from the half-worn, ill-fitting Brussels, tarnished cornice, and faded curtains, to the imperfect ornaments, and or-molu timepieces, pranked here and there, by way of decoration. But it is in the family sitting-room where this mania for bargain-making most obtrusively exhibits itself—where all its inconvenience and folly, brought together, tells its own moral, like the catastrophe of a story in a tail-piece. Here are clocks without hands, globes with half an horizon, first and last volumes, with the intermediate ones wanting, curtains of one material, cushions of another—here a table halting on three legs, and there, one with a fractured leaf. The straight-backed mahogany chairs, with wasted legs and satin-wood veneering, naturally enough suggest themselves the remains of primal housekeeping; but no, comparatively speaking, they are the purchase of yesterday, and while Mrs. Tittlebrat deplores the folly of giving them house-room, her husband dives his hand into some hidden aperture of the seat, and produces a sample of the stuffing, triumphantly informing you that there is no cheating there—no hay—no humbug! but genuine, unsophisticated, warranted horse-hair. It is upon some such satisfactory principle that all his bargains are defended—they *have been* sound articles at one time or another, and it seems sufficient for his happiness to know it. He makes no allowance for freshness or fashion, but estimates his second-hand purchases by the price he is asked for new, and, in this way, has generally a handsome balance on which to vaunt himself, whenever the pent-up indignation of his lady breaks forth at finding every apartment in her house daily assimilating more and more to the incongruous appearance of a broker's show-room. There is no use flattering yourself that he knows nothing of such and such a sale, he scents out auctions at any distance—keeps a catalogue of private and public contracts for every day in the week, and memorandums the advertisement of a cant of condemned stores at Woolwich Warren with as much avidity as an alderman does the announcement of a civic

whitebait dinner at Blackwall. Such a capital opportunity, he tells you, for the purchase of cheap fire-wood. But, alas! should a lot of old shakos, broken muskets, cartouche-boxes, a few drums, or an old gun-carriage or two, be going cheap, in all probability his fureur for bargain-making will prompt him to outbid some general dealer, to whom the old brass, leather, and iron, amongst them, make them of value, while to my uncle they are none, except to add to the heaps of rubbish that already surcharge the yard and outhouses of his establishment, and which Mrs. Tittlebrat makes no scruple of saying she should be glad to pay *somebody* to take away. Somebody, however, appears indifferent to the job, for I have heard it talked about for years without anything coming of it. In the meanwhile, there seems no symptom of declension in my uncle's mania. The house will scarcely hold, as it is, the accumulation of bargains with which he has repleted it. Yet is he as intently bent on making them as ever. Mrs. Tittlebrat confesses she has lost all patience, and acts accordingly; by no means confining her lectures to curtains, but letting him hear a "bit of her mind," not in homœopathic quantities either, wherever she happens to find an opportunity. It was but the other day, happening to step down stairs just as the captain returned from one of his auction-room expeditions, I overheard her voice pitched in the contralto tones of suffering conjugation, and louder than the dissonance of a dozen falling articles of tinware that had just been deposited in the hall.

"What! more tea-trays, Mr. Tittlebrat? Twelve tea-trays, and not a decent bread-basket in the house! Was ever such folly! Buying things you know nothing about—bringing home a parcel of trash not worth the carriage!"

"But you haven't heard what I gave for them," interposed the bargain maker.

"Gave for them!" repeated Mrs. Tittlebrat, contemptuously. "If I had my way, I wouldn't give them house room. There's the hangings you bought for the children's bed won't even bear a needle, and the Marcelles counterpane you boasted such a bargain, all to pieces the first time of washing! Cheap, indeed! A few shillings more than you gave for them would have purchased good articles, and would have lasted our lifetime, while the money those things cost is completely thrown away. You couldn't do better than have an auction of your own. I'm sure there's quite enough useless, worn-out things about the house that want getting rid of. Not a room in it fit to be seen, nor a thing in them like any one else's—not a decent piece of furniture; nothing but bargains—and such bargains!—fit only to make bonfires of."

"Vain endeavour, my dear madam, to argue a man off his hobby. It is one of those cases in which persuasion is better than force, and the conviction of experience better than either."

"Conviction, Mr. Jones! There is no such thing as convincing Captain Tittlebrat; every day only makes him more headstrong—more infatuated—more resolutely bent on making bargains, and beggars of the children and me."

Yes, signal as were these failures, (that have served my aunt as quotations ever since,) they have failed to convince the captain of the impositions practised under the wand of the appraiser. He regards them but as the exceptions to the general rule—the addle eggs of tenfold repaying broods of bargains; and under the illusion of wisdom,

and with a view to economy, is daily committing some folly or another, and making the dearest bargains in the world.

It is better dining with "Duke Humphrey" any day than with my uncle—at least for me, who, by virtue of propinquity, am privileged to to take "pot luck" (odious phrase)! and a place in the family parlour —privileges, by the way, that, like the Ghost in Hamlet, I find "questionable." In the first place, there is all the excitement of a lottery in taking your seat. If you throw yourself on a sofa, not knowing the "set of it," as a milliner would say, ten chances to one but the scroll gives way, or you overturn it; while a random descent on the chairs is equally dangerous, as, in all probability, you choose a wrong one—some rickety, disjointed affair—one of a monstrously cheap lot, that slips from under you, or, like a deceptious friend, "lets you in," exhibiting, when too late, (for your composure,) a by no means *fanciful* similitude to "Bottom's dream," feeling through every shaken nerve of your system, the truth of the Irish apophthegm, which says, "You may as well kill a man as frighten the life out of him." You go to dinner with what "appetite you may." The furniture of the table (an equal medley with that of the apartment) involuntarily reminds one of Catherine Alexowna's code of etiquette and a Russian dinner-service, in those days when the poverty of plate and the prevalence of petty larceny obliged every guest to bring his own knife and fork. The variety occasioned by this regulation could scarcely exceed that which prevails in these appurtenances at my uncle's. You may take a bet that half the knives are not by the same maker, and as for the spoons and forks, almost every second one exhibits a separate illustration of heraldry; but so long as he can *plume* himself on a saving of two shillings an ounce in the purchase-money, I fancy he is indifferent to *crests*. This heterodox appearance in the table equipage is a mere trifle—a sin against good taste only; but it is well if the meal passes over without producing some more obvious inconvenience of bargain-making. Nothing more likely than to receive externally the contents of the tureen; that trifling crack that constituted it such a bargain most unexpectedly giving way, and depositing the soup ad libitum; or the occasional leaf of the table, owing to some imperfection, (which, however, made it all the cheaper,) falls into your lap, bringing with it the greater part of the dishes, and destroying not only the disposition of the board, but the tempers of those around it. Nor are these catastrophes by any means hyperbolic; every philosophical follower of the system expects them—looks out for them, and, if he be wise, prepares against them. But, in general, there is a supineness of action in your bargain-makers—a belief in the possibility of obtaining them at will, that renders them indifferent to making the most of those they do get. The repairing and scraping and polishing that was to restore their soundness and good looks is procrastinated from day to day, till the unsightliness and inconvenience of their condition (unless recalled by some such domestic shock as I have imagined) becomes from habit, unfelt, and at length finding it too late to do anything with them, they fall piecemeal into uselessness and lumber. Such has been the fate of many of the Tittlebrat bargains—things that promised pretty well, too, had the emendations proposed at first taken place; but as the expense, in every instance, was found greater than the first cost, the idea was, after a while, wholly abandoned. I have now little

hope of the old gentleman's seeing the error of his ways, and forsaking auction-marts for more legitimate places of barter, especially as I find all Mrs. Tittlebrat's taunting tautology stifled at the bare notion of a Custom-house sale, and that when bargains take the form of cambric and French silks, she has not the slightest repugnance to countenance the buying of them. If conviction ever comes, it will be at his last "bidding," when he finds himself "knocked down" at "next to nothing," positively "going," and indirectly, by the ivory hammer of the auctioneer; for though it is said that most individuals ride their hobbies to death, in my uncle's case the probabilities are, that this consummation will be reversed, and his hobby prove the death of him. Already repeated breaches of trust on the part of his (un)easy chair, and a want of stamina in other articles, has gone near to occasion him compound fractures and broken limbs, and only the other day, sciatica obliging him to have recourse to an invalid chair, it had like to have proved his chariot to immortality. He has taken lodgings within a stone's throw of the "Vale of Health," and having a mind to visit Primrose Hill this vernal weather, made his first essay on Hampstead Heath, and while being drawn up one of the gentle eminences that diversify it, the back of the machine (I need not say it was a bargain) unfortunately giving way, precipitating him into the midst of one of those pools that lie amongst them. He was dragged out in a state of duckweed and great confusion, and has, for the present, abandoned his bargain of a Bath chair.

THE DAHRA MASSACRE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RICHELIEU IN LOVE," THE PROHIBITED COMEDY.

LIGHTNINGS! where streamed ye?—Thunders! were ye thence
  Busied in hell, when this worst deed was done
Which the blind night heard whitening o'er, and whence
  Back into darkness shrunk the shuddering Sun!
  Murder, Oh, murder! shriek all earth as one,
For silence shares the guilt, and see they pile
  Forests to feed the flames which circle in
The dusky heroes' brave despair, and smile
  To hear the maddening uproar's dying din,—
  Multiplying Cain's primeval sin,
Whose fratricidal phantom with them watched,
  Bristling his blood-red locks to hear the roar
Of human and brute bellowings, where scotched,
  Trampled and pierced, boiled in their living gore,
The granite furnace raged—till suffering could no more!
  Oh, ever on the day of Waterloo,
Merciless France! thy feats like this perform,
  So shall all Time thrice bless Her who o'erthrew
Thy might inhuman, in that world-tossed storm!
  Smile on, base Policy, and win thy meed,
But with one voice shout, shamed Humanity!
  MONSTERS, YE ARE NOT MEN!—a cursed deed
Is yours, and cursed may the fruitage be!
  In fire-simooms those ashes rise and sweep
Your legions from the sands their bloody hands would keep!

"WORKING THE ORACLE."

A TALE OF LONDON IN MODERN TIMES.

"THANK heavens, the session is nearly over," exclaimed Theophilus, as he cast the morning newspaper from him, and threw himself back in his chair.

Gracious powers! "How sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought" is that forehead upon which he begins stirring his long, disordered hair!

Fate it seems has placed upon this young man's shoulders the cares of state. Ah! why thus early is he made to groan beneath a burthen intended only for maturer years and sterner natures? Yet why should it not be so? Was not William Pitt prime minister of England at five-and-twenty? and Theophilus is nearer thirty!

It is in vain to speculate upon the amount of care which possesses the mind of Theophilus; much less to imagine what comparison it bears to that which the great Pitt had to compass. They live in different ages, and under a totally different state of things. There were no railways in Pitt's time; he had not, as Theophilus has, twenty thousand miles of rail round his neck, with twenty millions of premiums trembling in the balance, dependent upon his skilful movements.

His lips are now compressed; his brow is knit as he studies in silent intentness a large square thin piece of paper, covered with names and figures, being, in fact, the return list of killed and wounded—in other words, the share list of the preceding day.

"Confound them!" he again exclaimed, "nothing seems to move them one way or the other. We get earlier intelligence—killing more horses, and paying for more overturned apple-women than any body in the city—we get the earliest intelligence, act upon it with promptness, and yet nine cases out of ten the market seems to go the wrong way. Losing a preamble, or being thrown out upon a *datum* really appears to do the shares good; whilst, on the other hand, when a line gets its bill it is sure to lose its friends and its premium. They say the market has been "over-bulled" in anticipation of the result, but I must say I think the cursed jobbers (Theophilus never swore except at the jobbers)—the infernal jobbers are confoundedly overbearing, and I should like amazingly to put them once more in the hole, and ——"

"And smoke them like a pack of Algerines, *à la* Peletier, my boy," cried Jack Jobbings, suddenly entering the room. "Well, my good fellow," he continued, "how goes the war; what's the aspect of affairs to-day?"

"Not much of importance—in fact, nothing seems of importance now: the market is not kind, it will not answer."

"No," said Jack, "it's grown rusty and obstinate; jaded. They're frightened, sir! And to say truth, it must be confessed they have been worked pretty smartly occasionally. By the way, that favourite line of yours, that you've stuck to so valiantly, and "continued" upon over so many accounts—"

"Yes, the Squabash Valley; a most valuable line I always considered it,—gradients and works easy, and the population immense; but what of that? I've ——"

"You've made your fortune, my boy!—I have it from a private source. The government opposition is withdrawn, and they will get their bill."

"Hang the government opposition, and the bill too!—You don't say so!" exclaimed Theophilus.

"Fact!—read for yourself. Why, what's the matter?" added Jack, astonished at the earnestness of Theophilus.

"This is too hard!—You know I have been a 'bull' of these horrid scrip all through the spring—bought them at eight, stuck to them down to three—to say nothing of "continuations;"—confound my ill-fortune,—tired out at last, and on the best information, I closed them all only yesterday, and turned 'a bear'!"

"What a bore! You have been done, deceived! But you may yet be in time to buy them back again. The news may not be out. Let's take a cab and be off to the city."

"I can't," said Theophilus. "I must go to the Committees. One or two most important points. But do you do it for me—buy me back double the number—say 600; but I say—don't do it at Popps, for I don't want the whole set there to know everything I do. Go to Touch-and-go's. I suppose I must go as high as $3\frac{1}{2}$ or $3\frac{3}{4}$?"

"It shall be done, my boy—consider yourself 'a bull' of Squabashes in half an hour's time."

And the friends parted, each to their several stations in the grand field of speculation.

"Consider myself a bull! I begin to consider myself an ass!" muttered Theophilus, with a sort of chuckle between a grunt and a laugh as he hurried along the street, and jumped into the "first cab," which drove him off as if by instinct towards Westminster, without waiting to be told.

"Yes! a confounded ass!—No rest by day,—no sleep by night. I go about like a hunted dog!" and he nearly kicked the bottom of the cab out, which brought to his recollection where he was. "However, I've a great mind to stop where I am, and let things take their chance—if I am to be ruined I must—I've a great mind," and he thrust his head through the window; but he did not call to the driver to stop—the words stuck in his throat, so he drew in his head again, and flung himself back in the corner of the vehicle.

Leaving our hero to his ruminations, let us briefly tell the reader a little of his previous career. Theophilus Smith was an only son; his father, an extensive hide and tallow merchant, died whilst he was at Cambridge, leaving him sole successor to his business. Theophilus, however, had "a soul above leather," and a natural warmth of heart, which disposed him to entertain himself and his friends, so that his father's grease pots were melted gradually down to supply the hospitable board. At length, however, the business was given up for good, just as it was about to give up Theophilus as good for nothing; and he retired from the city, a gentleman at large, and took up his abode in lodgings near his mother's house in —— square. A cab, two saddle horses and a tiger completed his establishment, and a club immediately afforded him the status he aspired to in the "fashionable world." His life for a time was a model of regularity, and blissful repose. From May till August the park saw him daily driving or riding like the best of them. He dined at "the club" four days in the week, (he swore by the cook thereof!) occasionally at Blackwall or Richmond; on Sunday according to old custom, he dined at his mother's, for he was not an undutiful lad. The opera, the French

plays, and now and then a *soirée dansante*, or small tea party, filled up his happy life during "the season." The races, Epsom, Ascot, Goodwood, &c., he went to as a matter of course, though to say the truth he never betted at them beyond a "tenner;" for it was more for the champagne, and the dust and the excitement of the thing that he went. Finally, the first of September always saw him with his dog and gun; and occasionally during the hunting season he donned the scarlet without doing it dishonour.

All this time, we say, Theophilus was as happy as he could be. He knew nothing of the city except from memory, and cared less. Above all he knew nothing of the share market, and if he had given it a thought would as soon have gone into it, as to the odious hide and tallow market which he had so unceremoniously cut. In truth he travelled per rail, as he would by a stage coach, if such a thing were now in existence, and troubled his head no more about the concerns of the one than of the other. Little dreamed he, as he was whisked along the line, whistling as he went, to pay a long promised visit to one of his father's old city friends, that within a month he would have become a proprietor himself in almost every railway in Europe!

One only cause of anxiety had Theophilus at that time, and it originated simply in this,—that by the natural order of things incidental to young men about town, his expenses were always a trifle in advance of his quarterly dividends; and he had nothing more to look to till his mother's death; so that he was every day ruminating upon the possibility of economizing, and even one day went nearly so far as to send his hunter to Tattersall's. Would he had done so! old Rover would now have been alive, whereas in steeple-chasing over Westminster Bridge to the City, one fine day, he fell and broke his back, and is now gone to the dogs, whither some ill-natured people say his master will follow him if he does not take care.

But we anticipate. How Theophilus came to forsake the paths of idleness and peace for those of turmoil and business, may be briefly stated. Every man has his opportunity once in his life; Theophilus had his, and he seized it. It was when dining at this very old city friend of his father's, surrounded by half a dozen other citizens of credit and renown, that the whole conversation happened to turn upon the identical subject of railways. He listened at first out of mere politeness, but in the end heard matters that actually astonished him. He heard how men by merely writing letters got letters in return which they sold for hundreds and thousands of pounds; how a man had only got to buy a hundred Peddletons or Wriggletons to make a certainty of turning a cool thousand between them; how everything was going up, and the market most "healthy." He heard all this, aud gradually the idea came across his mind that he might do as well as others in this general *faire fortuna* in which nobody lost.

He resolved to question his friend Jack Jobbings, who was a smart fellow, on the subject, the very next day. He did so, was confirmed in his apprehension, went boldly into the city, when by a mere word he became nominal proprietor of three hundred Wriggletons, which he sold next day at 450*l.* profit, minus the commission.

Theophilus was not a man to do things by halves. If one railway answered, why not they all? So not knowing one from another, he commissioned the broker to make him "a miscellaneous assortment,"

which upon "closing" on the account day answered pretty well, one paying the other, as it were, and leaving a small surplus.

Things went on charmingly in this way for some time; some pleasant little balance to receive on every account day; until Theophilus began to wonder why the brokers, seeing how easily things were done, did not make all these "operations" for themselves, instead of having to hand over the proceeds to almost total strangers.

At length a few severe blows taught him that there was something more in the matter than at first met the eye. Repeated disappointments of this kind, which melted down his previous gains, made him look rather anxious lest things should continue in this stream. He soon became convinced of that great truth, that "business is business, and must be attended to." He found his way to the fountain-head of information, the committee rooms at Westminster; he dived into their recesses; he scanned the faces of all; and now only was thoroughly awake to the mighty and anxious machinery by which his former gains had been by him unwittingly made. He trembled for the brink of ruin over which he had stood so long; and resolved to do nothing in future without a reason.

Upon this basis things went on for some time with obvious improvement. Theophilus actually passed his days between Westminster Bridge and Threadneedle-street; and his nights between sleeping and waking,—dreaming of what had been, what was to be, and what was not to be. He became, in short, a regular city man, and so completely habituated to the language of the Stock Exchange, that when a friend asked him one day how his mother was, who had been seriously indisposed, he could not better express his meaning than by saying, "A shade better, thank you—perhaps about a sixteenth!"

There he was, completely engrossed in the one pursuit. Exciting theme! Healthful recreation for body and mind!—occasionally a little damped by the appearance of the fortnightly balance, which was not always on the right side. But eels get used to skinning; and speculators get used to bleeding. The first loss or two startles them a little. The first insertion of the lancet makes them wince; but once the blood begins to flow in a full stream, it flows merrily, and the victim looks on with increasing indifference.

Victims! even so; for when Theophilus came to look calmly over his accounts, he found that with all his exertions, all his caution, he had lost just five thousand pounds, beside the gains he began the campaign with. Some of it must now be got back,—it was no longer working for fortune, but to avert ruin; and he worked the more desperately, as every day his case became more desperate, and the time for speculation became shorter. No wonder he "thanked Heaven the session was drawing to a close." If it lasted much longer, we really believe he would not have survived it.

Theophilus forcing his way through a very miscellaneous assembly, consisting chiefly of attorneys, clerks, and farmers, anxiously enquires, "How are the Squabashes?"

"All right," is the reply, "Government have given their consent. Committee seem to have made up their minds. Two of them have been asleep, the chairman writing letters all the time. They're as safe as the Bank!"

The heart of Theophilus leapt within him. Thank God, he had got

out of a great mess in the case of the Squabashes, that he was no longer a bear, but a valorous bull again! Being relieved from anxiety upon this score, he rushes into room bouble X., where the Great North Circumbendibus line is under consideration.

He arrives apparently in the nick of time. There is evidently a hitch. Committee look as grave as Mr. Calcraft on the day of an execution,—counsel argue and argue, try to puzzle them, try to frighten them, to cajole them—anything. Bystanders in a ferment. Heads peering forward in a huge red mass; a whole phalanx of hats elevated aloft on sticks.

"A datum error! Is it indeed a datum error? Will it be fatal to the bill?"

"They can hardly get over it, I should think. Committee seem to think so."

Theophilus waited for no more. "Sell 500 Great North Circumbendibus;" he writes on a card, hands it to a jockey ready waiting an horseback, who starts off like a flash of lightning for the city. He returns to the room, snapping his fingers, and rubbing his hair all round his head like a man with a headache; "there's a one and a half operation to a certainty," he exclaims.

He has hardly entered the room, however, when he perceives that the discussion is still going on, and with somewhat a different complexion. Mr. Plumline, the engineer, proves that it is a surface error, and not a datum error; and after some communing the committee overrule all the apprehended fatal objections.

How differently does an event affect one according to circumstances. Theophilus saw none but smiling faces around him; very few, however, of the other sort. Agents, counsel, witnesses, all pleased,—triumphant; whilst he, poor animal of a bear, had nothing else to do but to scamper into the city and undo all he had done on the best terms he could. On jumping into a cab he had the satisfaction of seeing a man on horseback start off at full tear, who would of course anticipate him in the market.

Well, by dint of bullying and bribing the cabman he gets into the city in seventeen minutes and a half, and finds himself in the little, dark, unfurnished upper apartment, dignified by the title of office by its occupant Mr. Popps.

"Popps," he cried, "I have made a sad mistake! Buy back all those Direct Circumbendibuses."

"Dear me! I thought you had made some mistake. They went down thirty shillings ten minutes before your express arrived. However, I sold them, as you left me no option, at —— "

"Well, don't wait for that: go, buy them back—close them and have done with them."

Off went Popps, and in a few minutes returned.

"I've closed them at four and four and a quarter; sold them at three and two and a half. The clerk will make you out the contracts immediately. Very annoying affair certainly;" and he proceeded then to other business, till another customer called him away, and sent him again into "the House."

Meantime Theophilus chewed the cud of disappointment in silence, watching the operations of the juvenile clerk, who with wonderful expedition made out the following gratifying document:—

"Theophilus Smith, Esq.

"Sold for you, for the 15th,

300	Direct Circumbendibuses,	2½ paid, 3 pm.	£1,650	0s.
200	Ditto	2½ pm.	1,000	0
			2,650	0
	Deduct Commission		62	10
			£2,587	10

"Bought for you,

200	Direct Circumbendibuses,	2½ paid, 4 pm.	£1,300	0
300	ditto	at 4¼ pm.	2,025	0
			£3,225	0

The clerk was too genteel to draw the balance; but Theophilus saw at a glance that it was somewhere between six hundred and seven hundred pounds for his afternoon's exertions. He began now to think affairs looked serious, and had only the Squabashes to depend upon as his sheet anchor.

"Why, what's the matter with the Squabashes?" said Popps, as he came into the room, and putting down his hat walked to the fatal desk; "they are throwing them in by cart-loads. It's well you got out of yours, Mr. Smith."

The little clerk, if he had touched Theophilus with the tip of his pen, might have felled him to the ground.

"Squabashes! I'm not out of them—that is, I'm in them again! For God's sake, go and see what you can do for me. Sell six hundred of them at any price, and let me quit this infernal city." He clenched his hand, smote the fatal desk, and for the first time Theophilus seemed really dejected. His pluck hitherto had been the admiration of the whole room.

"Hurrah! Squabashes dished!" exclaimed a huge vulgar man, in a green short-cut coat. "Preamble not proved! I've been bearing them through thick and thin. They're down to par to a quarter. I make two hundred pounds!"

"And I," thought Theophilus, "lose near two thousand!"

He could not stop to face Popps on his return from "the House." He resolved to see him never more. He walked deliberately from the room, with a quiet "good-bye," which he inwardly intended to be a final one—jumped into a cab, and drove to his mother's house in —— Square.

How natural it is for us to run to one's mother when all the rest of the world treats us unkindly. Theophilus did so; not with the intention of whining about his troubles, or seeking for means to meet them. He maintained a cheerful countenance throughout the evening; cast up his losses mentally with stoical fortitude; the next day sold out stock to pay the amount; and almost laughing at his folly, resolved to economize what estate he had left, and to "work the oracle" no more. May he have fortitude to keep so good a resolution.

THOM, THE WEAVER POET *.

EVERY now and again, at distant and fitful periods, the gloomy regions of labour and lowliness have sent up their meteor blaze into the wide firmament, as if to warn the endowed and privileged world that they still have life and thought amongst them; and to give encouragement and consolation to suffering brethren far and wide. Every now and again, mind, the ever-living principle of man has forced its way in vigour amost unimpaired from amidst prostrate and squalid masses in which all energy and enjoyment physical had long since ceased to exist. 'Tis then the moral of our being triumphs over the material;—'tis then that truth heaven-pinioned soars loftily and free above the sordid and unkind world, proclaiming words of hope to the dejected—of terror to the thoughtless.

Poeta nascitur non fit; in other words, poetry is the work of nature, not of art. Poetry—true poetry we mean—we talk not of your namby-pamby boarding-school rhymesters—true poetry is truth itself, rushing into being in the beauty of symmetry. Educated truth may be tutored into prose; but heaven-born, untutored truth must march in the dignity of verse.

Ye who, under the inspiration of champagne, ice-creams, and Weippert's band, laboriously emit "Sonnets to Julia," and "Lines to Julia's Lap-dog," or her "Fan;" and ye who "murder sleep" and the Queen's English with vile inventions concocted under the more potent influence of "cold without"—listen with admiration to the weaver of Inverury, who working midst the din and bustle of a factory, and starving with a wife and four children upon five shillings a week, naïvely tells us;—"I have had, ever since I remember, an irrepressible tendency to write verses." William Thom's "tendency to write verses" originated in a tendency to think upon his own lot, and that of his fellow men around him, and with continual thinking and turning over in his mind, the rough idea, like the pebble on the sea-shore, was rounded and polished into the smoothness of verse.

The earliest production of this kind, a melancholy little ditty "had its foundation in one of those luckless doings which ever and aye follow misguided attachments, and," he adds, "in our abode of freedom these were almost the only kind of attachments known; so they were all on the wrong side of durability and happiness." Thom, by the way, in his "Recollections," gives a sad and humiliating account of the degrading influences, moral and physical, of the factory system; for "they know little of the matter," he says, "who know only the physical evils bred in factories." As it is not our purpose to enter upon this difficult and painful subject at the present moment, we must pass over the details; but one passage gives so terrible a summary of the whole, and affords such a mystical key to the harrassing reflections which must have crowded upon the author's mind, when he felt "the irresistible tendency to write verses," that we cannot omit it.

"Between three and four hundred male and female workers were

* Rhymes and Recollections of a Handloom Weaver. By William Thom, of Inverury. Second Edition, with Additions. 1845.

promiscuously distributed over the works; the distinctive character of all sunk away. Man became less manly, woman unlovely and rude. Many of these married, some pairs seemed happy, they were few, and left the work whenever they could get webs and looms outside. Vacancies daily made were daily filled—often by queer enough people, and from all parts, none too coarse for using. He who had never sought a better sight than an unwatched pocket—he, trained to the loom six months in Bridewell, came forth a journeyman weaver, and lo! his precious experiences were infused into the common moral puddle, and in due time did its work—became a fixture,—another pot of poison sunken in the common well, and drink they must. The poorest poor, the uneducated, the untrained poor, drank of it; yet, the wise and well-provided will often condemn, without one pitying look, nor seek to see that strong link between crime and cause!"

Throughout his writings, Thom evidences that these early pictures of misery have been the prevailing theme of his reflections, and his object appears to be all along to awaken in all classes a proper sympathy for one another.

"I have long had a notion," he says, "that many of the heart-burnings that run through the social whole, spring not so much from the distinctiveness of classes, as from their mutual ignorance of each other. The miserably rich look on the miserably poor with distrust and dread, scarcely giving them credit for sensibility sufficient to feel their own sorrows. That is ignorance with its gilded side. The poor, in turn, foster a hatred of the wealthy as a sole inheritance—look on grandeur as their natural enemy, and bend to the rich man's rule in gall and bleeding scorn. *Shallows* on the one side, and demagogues on the other, are the portions that come oftenest in contact. These are the luckless things that skirt the great divisions, exchanging all that is offensive therein. 'Man know thyself,' should be written on the right hand; on the left, 'Men know each other.'"

Such were the reflections which sprang up, and grew, and strengthened in Thom's mind, as he surveyed his own miserable and struggling existence, and that of his fellow men around him. The history of that existence, of those struggles, those trials, and bitter griefs, is given with touching but simple eloquence, in the "Recollections" which form the first portion of the little volume. So striking, indeed, are the pictures he has brought before us—so startling and convincing the revelations of the heart's workings which they contain, that we could fain linger over them to the neglect of the poems which follow, and which, by bringing this author into notice, gave occasion for the telling of his story, which, might otherwise have gone down with him untold to a pauper's grave. But as far as this article is concerned we must not trust ourselves further upon this branch of the subject—the personal history of the man must be left to his own telling; to paraphrase it, or to extract incidents from it, would be to destroy the breathing beauty of a thing of life. Let us rather turn to "the rhymes," and wonder that on a soil so rugged and unkind, watered only with bitter tears, such sweet and healthy flowers of thought should spring into being. Let us thank the *Aberdeen Journal*, which first printed some of these modest productions, and let us do honour to the head and heart of Gordon of Knockespock, who at once appreciated

the genius which could produce them, and holding out the hand of liberality and encouragement, brought the author and his works before the world in the form in which we now find them.

William Thom, as all that we have already quoted of him would prepare one to believe, is especially remarkable for feeling and fancy; the earliest and the most potent ingredients of poetry. Of imagry and invention he pretends to little. He writes of nature as he finds her; he sings of the heart before it has become contaminated by the perfumed incense of the heartless. Herein the secret of the refreshing atmosphere of his rustic pictures, herein the telling influence of his artless lays of disappointed affection.

We give a couple of specimens; and first of his powers of fancy, from the poem entitled "Old Father Frost and his Family:"

"Grim father Frost, he hath children twain,
The cloud-born daughters of Lady Rain;
The elder, a coquettish pattering thing,
Would woo you in winter and pelt you in spring;
At times you might scarce feel her feathery fall,
Anon she will beard you with icicle ball;
When the warrings of heaven roll higher and higher,
She, coward-like, flees from the conflict of fire—
Yet heightens the havoc, for her feeble power,
Tho' scatheless the oak, how it fells the frail flower!
And the bud of the berry, the bloom of the bean,
Are founder'd to earth by the merciless quean;
E'en the stout stems of summer full often must quail
To this rattling, brattling, head-breaking hail."

Then the contrast which follows:—

"You know her meek sister? Oh, soft is the fall
Of *her* fairy footsteps on hut and on hall!
To hide the old father's bleak doings below,
In pity she cometh, the minist'ring snow.
With her mantle she covers the shelterless trees,
As they groan to the howl of the Borean breeze;
And baffles the search of the subtle wind,
Guarding each crevice, lest it should find
Its moaning way to the fireless fold
Of the trembling young and the weeping old.
When through her white bosom the daisy appears,
She greets the fair stranger with motherly tears!" &c.

In the department of fancy also, we may point with admiration to the whole of the two poems of "The Blind Boy's Pranks," (too long for insertion, and too didactic for extract,) which were the first pieces which brought the author into notice; to his lines "To My Flute," also, which are as ingenious and perfect of their kind as anything from the best masters in the art. In the way of feeling, of deep potent feeling, we may point to "The Mother's Maniac Dream," "The Overgate Orphan," "The Mitherless Bairn," "Oh, that my Love was so easily won," "The Last Tryst," and indeed half the pieces in the book. We are sorely puzzled out of them all to make a selection, but have determined at length upon adopting the following lines, which, few as they are, unfold a whole life of patient suffering and heroic struggle:

" 'Oh, that my love was so easily won!'
Whaur nae love word was spoken;
Unsought—unwoo'd, my heart had flown—
I canna hide, I daurna own
How that poor heart is broken.

" 'Oh, that my love was so easily won!'
The gay an' the gallant hae woo'd me;
But he—oh, he never sought to share
The envied smile, yet mair an' mair
Yon wordless look subdued me.

" 'Oh, that my love was so easily won!'
Oh, that my life would restore him!
He lightlied the love of our pridefu' clan—
My dreams are fu' o' yon friendless man,
But the wrath o' my kindred hangs o'er him.

" 'Oh, that my love was so easily won!'
My kin will ye never forgie me?
I've gi'en my heart to a hameless man,
But I'll wander far frae this friendless lan',
An' it never mair shall see me."

THE RING.

A BALLAD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FESTUS."

Thus to a fair Venetian maid,
The proudest of the train,
With which the Doge went forth arrrayed
To wed his vassal main,
"This very day," her lover said,
"Will Venice go the sea to wed."

"Now tell me lady what to do,
To win this hand of thine;
I'll risk both soul and body too,
For such a prize divine."
"I'll have the bridal ring," said she,
"Wherewith the Doge will wed the sea."

Came forth the Doge and all his train,
And sailed upon the sea;
The banners waved, and music's strain
Rose soft and heavenwardly;—
And blue waves raced to seize the ring
Which glided through them glittering.

The lover through the bright array
Rushed by the Doge's side:—
A plunge—and plume and mantle gay
Lay lashing on the tide;
Ho heard a shriek, but down he dived,
To follow where the ring arrived.

He sought so long, that all above
Believed him gone for aye,
Nor knew they 'twas his haughty love
Who shrieked and swooned away.
At length he rose to light, half-dead,
But held the ring above his head.

The lady wept—the lover smiled—
She had not deemed he would
Have done it,—was a foolish child—
And loved as none else could.
"Take it and be a faithful bride
To death," the lover said, and died.

The lady to a convent hied,
And took the holy vows,
And was till death a faithful bride
To her Eternal spouse.
And then the ring her lover gave
They buried with her in the grave.

THOMAS CHATTERTON,

A LEAF OUT OF THE "LIVES OF THE POETS."

NOT BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

"I thought of Chatterton, the wondrous boy,
The sleepless soul that perish'd in his pride."—WORDSWORTH.

"We poets, in our youth, begin in gladness;
But thereof comes, in the end, despondency and madness.—IBID.

"His big heart swelled with pride, and the death of the youth was dark in his soul."
MACPHERSON'S OSSIAN.

THE dim light of a November day-break (A.D. 1752) coldly streaked the east, and the streets of the city of Bristol were soaking from the effects of a sullen heavy rain that had fallen since midnight, when, in one of the narrow thoroughfares that abut upon Redcliffe Hill, a hammering, which with little cessation was continued for a quarter of an hour, startled many of the inhabitants of the locality from their sleep, some of whom, recognising in the grey dawn that peeped in at their casements a messenger beckoning them forth to the toil of another day, leaped out of bed, and proceeded to equip themselves; while others, who had no work to do, or were disposed to take it idly, bestowed a malediction on the party whose noise had prematurely disturbed their slumbers.

The noise proceeded from a little girl, snugly wrapped in a thick woollen shawl, who resolutely thumped with her fists upon the door of a small tenement. At the end of the time specified, an upper window was thrown open, and a shaggy head protruded into the street. A large pair of eyes surveyed the applicant, and a rough noise demanded what she wanted.

"Please, Mr. Padd," said the child, "mother's taken very ill, and wants Mrs. Padd to come to her directly,—'mediately, please."

"Who d'ye come from?" demanded the voice.

"Ma'am Chatterton," replied the child.

"Missis shall get up directly."

With this announcement the head disappeared, and the child, with hurried steps, set off on her return homeward.

It was a wretched morning: the darkness of the night still maintained a struggle with the dawn. The rain came plashing to the earth, flooding the pavement, and choking sinks and gutters. The dim outlines of the houses loomed dismally through the obscure and murky light, which was beginning to overspread the city.

As the child emerged upon Redcliffe Hill, the imposing structure of St. Mary's—the finest parish church in the United Kingdom—stood boldly in relief, from amidst a dense cloud of mist that had gathered in that quarter and enveloped every other object. A loud crash of thunder caused the girl to start suddenly, and in affright. It was followed by another and another in rapid succession, while in the brief interval between the second and third reports, a bright ball of fire shot almost perpendicularly into the earth, burying itself beneath the muniment room, a chamber bearing that designation, situated immediately over the north porch of the church, and afterwards so intimately connected with the life of Chatterton and associated eternally with his memory.

The descent of the fire-ball had been observed by the child alone, of all the inhabitants of Bristol. The loud crashing of the thunder, however, enough to have roused the seven sleepers, or the princess who was doomed to slumber for a century, was distinctly heard by all, and was the subject of much comment during the rest of the day; thunder in November bearing some analogy to snow at Midsummer.

A few minutes brought the child to her home. On making her way up stairs, she found her mother, who was in bed, much worse than when she left the house to run for Mrs. Padd. The sound of an infant's voice, faintly proceeding from the bed clothes, astonished the child, and she began to weep bitterly. At this juncture the voice of Mrs. Padd was heard below.

"Get a light, will ye?" she cried, "would ye have a midwife break her neck upon the stairs?"

For the light, however, the midwife did not tarry, but stumbling into the apartment as she could, she sat herself down in a chair, declaring that in all her born days she had never witnessed such weather, and trusting that it boded good, and was in nowise connected with the end of the world and the extinction of all things sublunary.

"Sich lightening—sich thunder," added Mrs. Padd, "I never see since I wos a infant, and it wos on the day the old king, as wos George the First, died. They said as how it wos all a owing to that, and perhaps it wos."

An infant's voice, uttering a half-stifled wail, had an electrical effect upon Mrs. Padd. She sprang from her chair, as if her hand had inadvertently rested on a torpedo, and darted to the bedside.

"God in heaven!" she cried, "It's a blessed babby, and I wos'nt bye to assist it at the birth."

And then she commenced replacing the bed-clothes as rapidly as she had thrown them off.

"I shouldn't wonder," she remarked, addressing herself to herself, for the mother was insensible, and the girl who had summoned her did not enter into her consideration at all, "but wot it wos born when that ere thunder was a roaring. If 's 'be it wos, wot a child it will be!"

Upon what line of reasoning Mrs. Padd grounded her conclusion we cannot take it upon ourselves to determine, but certain it is that she was assured, in her own mind, that the child would *make a noise* in the world.

Meanwhile the girl, who had been groping about the apartment, struck a light, and applied herself, at the midwife's directions, to the task of making a fire. That done, and other preliminaries having been observed, the good woman prepared some caudle, and put in requisition the other accessories of a lying-in chamber, every now and then soothing the mother, whom she had restored to consciousness, with such speeches as the following.

"Keep a good heart. Wot a thing it wos! Lor' bless me! Only to think he should be born before I could get here, and I didn't lose no time neither. Bless his dear soul, fine babby as he is!"

"Is it a boy then?" inquired the mother, faintly, and pressing the child as it lay snugly in her arms.

"Aye, is it!" replied the midwife, "and a boy of a hundred, or a hundred thousand, or a hundred thousand thousand: I shall call him

Boney Herges, as we reads of in the Bible, for if he wasn't born when them thunder claps happened, never say my name is Martha Padd any more,—don't."

"Oh, had his father but lived!" ejaculated Mrs. Chatterton.

"How long is it since he died?" inquired the midwife; "It's not three months, is it?"

"Two months and twenty-six days," replied the mother, "this is ———."

"The twentieth of November," interrupted the midwife.

"If he had but lived a little longer—only to have seen the child!" and the widow wept bitterly over the infant as it nestled in her bosom.

"The big drops, mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years;
The child of misery, baptized with tears."

* * * * * *

A boy of twelve years old, hurried on a Saturday afternoon, in July, 1764, from the gates of Colston's charity school, situated in St. Augustine's Back, in the good city of Bristol, to the small tenement formerly visited by the professional Mrs. Padd, who had long since slept with her fathers in Redcliffe Churchyard. This boy—this child, for he was little more, wore the tonsure-cap and the peculiar costume of the school founded by the benevolent merchant of Queen Anne's reign. A blessing rest upon his memory, and upon the memory of all who educate the poor! Dark raven locks clustered round the child's forehead, and fell in curls upon his shoulders. His features were peculiarly striking and handsome. Delicate in limb, chaste in bodily outline, lithe and agile as the skipping roe—no heir to princely fortunes, no petted scion of a lordly race, no child of wealthy parents, ever equalled him in grace and beauty. With a step as light and swift as that of the fawn, he fled homeward to greet his mother and sister.

This child was THOMAS CHATTERTON.

"Home already, Tom?" cried a young woman, hastening to throw her arms around him as he entered his mother's house,—"Home already? why St. Mary's clock has only this moment struck twelve."

The speaker was the little girl who twelve years before had summoned Mrs. Padd.

"Yes, dear Mary," answered the boy, "I am home soon, for I ran all the way—I couldn't be long coming home to *you*, you know."

"Well, now you are here, and as this is your half-holiday, I hope you will stay with mother and myself, and not go and shut yourself up in that back room the whole afternoon," said Mary Chatterton.

"Sister dear," replied the child, sweetly, "I *must* go to my little room. I have only one afternoon in the whole week to call my own—only one afternoon in which to write—to write. You know I love you, dearest Mary, and our mother; you know we both love her tenderly. It is to make us all rich, one day, sister, that I persist in shutting myself up in that little back room."

"But what do you there? Why will you not let us know how you spend your time? Why will you always lock the door, and take the key away?"

"What do I there? *I write.*"

"But what do you write?"

The entrance of Mrs. Chatterton into the apartment prevented the

child's reply. She was accompanied by a man who carried a basket of earthenware and china, which he deposited on the floor before he seated himself.

"Why, here is Tom come home, I declare!" cried the widow, and she hurried to caress her son, who folded his arms around her neck and kissed her affectionately.

"Poor Tom," said the gratified mother, stroking the dark hair of her handsome and petted child. "He doesn't often come home to see us—only once a week."

"I am better away, mother dear," replied the boy. "I am not a burden upon you, and besides," added the child proudly, "at the school, *I learn*."

"Come, neighbour," said Mrs. Chatterton, turning to the dealer in earthenware, "what have you got to show us? You remember Tom, don't you? You, who are an old friend of our family? See how he is grown, and how handsome he looks."

"Aye, he *is* grown, and he *is* handsome indeed," returned the dealer; "I must see what I have got that will please him. Serve the youngest first, you know, Mrs. Chatterton. I will make him a present of any little article he takes a fancy to. Here are lambs and sheep, all in *chaney*—the best *chaney*, I warrant. Here is a girl going to market. Here are a dog and a cat with gold collars round their necks.—Come, Tom, choose where you like."

"Oh, they are very pretty!" cried Mrs. Chatterton.

"Yes, indeed, they are," assented the child's sister.

But the child himself scarcely bestowed a glance at the toys which attracted such admiration.

"Here is a cup with '*Thomas*' upon it, in gold letters. Would you like that, Tom?" queried the generous dealer, "or if you fancy any thing better, tell me what it is, and I will get it for you."

The boy—the boy of twelve years old—answered in the memorable words recorded by his admiring biographers.

"*Paint me an angel with wings, and a trumpet, that he may trumpet my name over the world.*"

* * * * * *

It is evening. The setting sun sheds his glorious farewell rays upon the matchless pile of St. Mary Redcliffe.

There is a boy alone in this church.

Alone—for no human being but himself is present—no footsteps but his own fall on the silent pavement, or are echoed by the vaulted roof. But oh, not alone! for his own aspiring thoughts people the solitude.

"And I too, perhaps I," said this boy, this child—said Thomas Chatterton, for he it was, communing with himself, as, with folded arms and wrapt in meditation, he halted opposite the ancient tomb of Canynge—a name familiar to all readers of the poet's works.

"Yes—perhaps I," he repeated.

He thought of Chaucer and Shakspeare, and Spenser and Milton. Entering a pew, he stretched himself on the cushioned seat.

The rays of the setting sun disappeared and gave place to the sombre melancholy hues of twilight. By degrees a deeper shade came on—deeper, deeper, until the old church, within and without, was in darkness. The boy slept and dreamed.

It appeared to him that a monk approached him with eyes beaming

with pitying affection,—with sorrowing admiration and love. And this monk, pausing by the child's side, spoke in a voice of rich melodious sound, and said,—

"It is thy doom, poor boy, that I, who am but a shadow, but a vision of thy brain, but a phantom invoked by thy genius from the depths of the dark antiquity, that *I* shall be the cause of thy misfortune. For *my* sake shalt thou be persecuted. Through *my* fault shalt thou die. It is thy doom; and it is the doom of all inspired teachers and prophets to their generation, to be misapprehended by the world. It is upon those who betray it that the world bestows the regal robe and the seat of honour. Multitudes cringe before them, kiss the dust they tread on, and fly like submissive slaves to do their bidding. For the Prophet, the Messiah, and the Apostle—for the poet and the man of genius—for the world's benefactors—are reserved the cross, the rack, the gibbet,—persecution, penury, and scorn."

The boy awoke. And he knew it was the monk Rowley who had spoken.

* * * * * *

It is the year 1770.

We can but briefly revert to the events of the few preceding years, in their relation to the life of Chatterton. He had produced his matchless poems—works which for forty years after his death were a source of wonder, of perplexity, of controversy, among the most eminent literary men; which have called forth more learned treatises than almost any single subject that can be named; works, written in his fourteenth and fifteenth years, which have been again and again declared to rival Shakspeare,—which have given to his name a magical sound that, to lovers of poetry, is cabalistic,—which have gained for him the reputation of a wondrous enchanter, who out of parchment rolls and musty worm-eaten records could create poetry that the world has only seen equalled, but which, in their mock-antique dress, have frightened all idle desultory readers from their pages.

He had corresponded with Horace Walpole, Lord Orford, of whom, for his treatment of the poet-boy, we rejoice to quote the memorable words of Coleridge, who reverting to the shameful conduct of the nobleman of Strawberry Hill, indignantly exclaimed, "All ye who honour the name of man, rejoice that this Walpole is called a *lord*."

He had quitted Bristol, and the home of his mother and sister, where the Penates dwelt, and had come to London, as a literary adventurer, to seek his fortune.

He had been in London three months. It was now August. He was nearly eighteen years old, yet with the intellect of a mature prime, and a manly heart, as precocious as his genius, and which could never grow old.

The scenes we are about to record must pass for what they are worth. But it is confidently asserted that they are not wholly apocryphal*. It is true they have escaped the research of all biographers of the poet, from Gregory to Thomas Campbell—his last and best biographer. And they are so much better than the usual dry

* An unpublished letter of Chatterton's is said to bear evidence in their favour. But as they are related they must pass only for what they are worth. His death from poison is a fact beyond the possibility of doubt.

details of poet's lives, inasmuch as they possess a certain undoubted air of romance.

Chatterton was hurrying towards Marylebone Gardens. A proud night was it for the boy-poet. His burletta, "The Revenge," with original music, was to be produced. He had free admission, and if his composition succeeded, he would receive ten guineas on the following morning. But little he thought of the remuneration. He was ill-fed, ill-clothed, ill-lodged; but he thought not of the morrow, or of the guineas that hung on the breath of popular applause. If he *did* think of them, it was with the resolve to purchase a new dress for his sister, and comforts for his mother. Already, to allay their fears for his welfare, he had sent them trifles, purchased with money that should have bought him food. They would think he was doing well if he made them presents.

And the burletta *did* succeed. Yes, rapturous applause testified to its merits. Undoubtedly the music won the greatest meed of approbation, for the burletta itself is light—trifling enough. But the songs were sparkling, the wit was pleasant, (albeit a little broad, but that was the taste of the day,) and the actors (Bannister was one of them) performed admirably. Yes, the burletta *did* succeed.

The poet withdrew from amongst the multitude with the intention of seeking some solitary corner of the gardens, where he might meditate upon his triumph. As he caught the last glimpse of the orchestra, he beheld the conductor pointing him out to a group of fashionably dressed persons, among whom were several ladies, and one young blooming girl looked upon him with eyes of admiration.

Chatterton was alone. The hum of voices, the laugh of merriment, the sounds of singing and dancing, fell unheeded upon his ears. He was alone; alone to congratulate himself on this his first real success.

A footstep approached. The poet was about to retreat, but looking up, he beheld advancing towards him the fair girl whose admiring eyes had been fixed upon him. He would still have retreated, but the power to fly was denied him. He could not move. He was entranced —fascinated. Lovely as a goddess, the vision approached, reached him, and remained stationary.

"And are you alone? Do you shun the lights, and the mirth, and the company; you who have contributed so much to the pleasures of the evening; you, who are so young, and yet a poet,—for they tell me you have written much and divinely,—works which have not yet been published, which have scarcely seen the light?" said the young female,—young, lovely, and imprudent.

"And which never will be published," replied Chatterton, with bitterness. "Yes, which never will be published, for I will consume them to ashes."

"Oh, no," said the rash beauty, entreatingly, and laying her taper fingers on his arm. "That would be indeed to rebuke God for his gifts. He has made you a poet for the weal of your fellow men. You dare not stifle the fire of your genius; you dare not destroy the emanations of your intellect. They are no longer yours, but the world's. Your talent is a sacred trust, which you must not bury in a napkin. You must not hide your light under a bushel."

Chatterton was both pleased and astonished.

"Who is my fair counsellor?" he said, with gallantry. "To such

eloquence no one could turn a deaf ear, especially when the pleadings of the tongue are backed by the persuasive glances of such bright eyes as —"

"Forbear!" cried the young lady, hastily and angrily. "I am not used to such language. I leave you on the instant, if you address me so again."

Chatterton was rebuked, rather by the tones than by the words of his companion.

"I must leave you even now," she added, "or my friends will note my absence. To-morrow morning, at eleven o'clock, walk in St. James's Park. Do you promise?"

"I do," replied the bewildered poet.

And now a word about this young lady. She was Lady Fanny ——, the daughter of the Earl of ——. Not yet nineteen, of a beauty so transcendently rare, that the best painters, with all their skill in flattering the human countenance, were in despair at their unsuccessful efforts to transfer her loveliness to their canvass, with an elevated mind, mistress of the most refined accomplishments, familiar with foreign and native literature, she had no equal among the daughters of the aristocracy. There was one considerable drawback to so many advantages. She was eccentric—and her eccentricities, though hitherto harmless, were sometimes dangerous to her reputation. Placed under the strict surveillance of a duenna, she set her authority at defiance, and boldly proclaimed her right to gratify every whim and caprice. The duenna at length had grown weary of the repeated resistance offered to her vigilance, and relaxed her efforts to restrain the follies of her pupil.

And poor Chatterton, with lively passions, with a heart hungering for sympathy and confidence, was drawn, in this romantic manner, into the vortex of this young lady's charms.

* * * * * *

The month of August is very far advanced. It is the twenty-sixth, Chatterton's fatal day.

Of the ten guineas promised him by the proprietor of the Marylebone Gardens, he had only yet received one, and that was long since spent. He had not tasted food since the morning of the preceding day.

Oh, how his golden visions had faded! Yet his confidence in the future was not gone. No; he looked yet for renown,—for affluence. Still he relied on the might of his tremendous intellect.

He loved. And what was poverty, what was obscurity, what was hunger, what was absolute want, what were the changes of time and tide to him, when he flew to his noble mistress? His physical necessities were all forgotten. He had seen her almost from day to day, and she had at length avowed her passion; had told him that she, venerating genius for its own sake, she, the daughter of a noble, thought it not beneath her to link her fate with his.

Her jewels, the gift of her father, were very valuable, and on the morning of the twenty-sixth of August she parted with them for six thousand guineas. That day she would fly with him, and become his wife.

She had appointed to meet him in the neighbourhood of Kew Gardens, a locality already commemorated by Chatterton in a poem,

the greater portion of which has unfortunately escaped the researches of the collectors of his works,

Lover like, anticipating the time, Chatterton was on the spot two hours before the earl's daughter arrived. She came at length; her cheeks were flushed with the consciousness of wrong doing, though she was sustained by the conviction that her devotion, as far as herself was concerned, was elevated and noble. But never did she look more beautiful, than, when extending her hand to place it within his, she bade him to consider it as his own, till death.

"'Till death!" cried the poet. "Are you in earnest? Am I indeed blessed beyond my utmost hopes?"

"'Till death," repeated the enthusiastic girl. "We will only be separated by death. And even death shall not have power to separate us, for we will die together. Say I not the truth, dearest?"

"Yes, yes, henceforward we will live only for each other," answered Chatterton. "But why do you speak of death? Your words chill me; death is for the unhappy. Death is for him who is frustrated in a great object; death is for those who are friendless. But we, *we* are all in all to each other. Death is not for us;" and he folded her tenderly in his arms.

Suddenly, however, he became sad. His heart failed him. *He was about to commit a great crime.*

Stricken by poverty, unable to provide himself with the necessaries of life, how could he consent that this girl, this high-born girl, bred in the lap of luxury, should forsake her home and friends to become his wife?

And if she did become his wife, how could he support her? Would her father, the proudest of England's peers, acknowledge her after such a step? If she did become his wife, would they not have to starve together? They would. Success in literature might be delayed, and then, they would starve.

His companion, divining what was was passing in his mind, said, producing a paper from her pocket,—for ladies wore pockets in those days,—"Since every wife, dearest, should bring her husband a dowry, here is mine. It is but small; I would it were larger for your sake. This is a security for six thousand guineas, payable on demand."

"For six thousand guineas!" exclaimed Chatterton.

"Yes; it is attested by an eminent goldsmith of the city."

"For six thousand guineas!" repeated the poet, and he turned pale, his lips quivered, his arms fell listless by his side.

Chatterton was not mercenary. Moreover, he was proud, proud as a fallen angel. Money obtained by his own exertions, by his own transcendent talent, would have been worth treble its current value in his eyes. But money brought him by the generous and too confiding girl, who was willing to sacrifice her reputation in the excess of her erring enthusiasm—money, so obtained,—no, he could not receive it, he could not partake of it. If he had been not altogether penniless he might have been troubled with fewer scruples; but to accept,—not merely luxuries, but the actual means of living,—the positive necessaries of life, from his wife's hand,—to feel, that for his home, his garments, for every crumb he raised to his lips, he was wholly indebted to her—forbid it pride—forbid such humiliation!

He said, and only those who have deeply, passionately loved, know

how agonizing were the words,—he said, in tones of the deepest emotion:—

"Fanny, we must part."

"Part, Thomas! part!" cried the affrighted girl.

"Yes," continued the poet, his whole frame trembling with agitation. "I have not the power to maintain you,—I will not say in the style of living to which you have been accustomed. It were idle mockery to suppose I could promise that. I have not even the means of procuring food for you. I cannot support myself. We should starve,—starve, for it might be months before I succeeded as an author, and ——"

"But why should we starve, dearest? What do you mean? Have I not said here is money, and it is my own? Why then should we starve? Will you not be my husband? Will not that which is mine become also thine?"

"And do you not understand that I cannot accept that money,—that I cannot, circumstanced as I am, share it? Do you not know that nineteen twentieths of my composition is pride,—PRIDE, infernal pride, if you will? See you then, though I am poor,—though I am humble,—though I am obscure, I cannot stoop to an unworthy action. I cannot hear a voice saying to me in the night-watches, '*Thou art base.*'"

The young lady would have replied, but she was prevented, for a carriage which had driven rapidly to the spot suddenly drew up, and three men alighted. They were the Earl of —— and two of his menials.

"Ha, fly!—fly!" shrieked Lady Fanny, turning to her lover.

But Chatterton did not move.

"That is the scoundrel,—seize him," cried the Earl, pointing to the poet: and the two men hurried towards him.

"As for you," continued the peer, addressing his daughter, "you have been watched. This very day you quit England. Did you think that the jeweller to whom you sold your jewels would conclude so heavy a bargain with a girl so young as yourself, without first consulting her father?—ha! does he resist?"

Chatterton was indeed offering no slight resistance to his capture. "You have your switches with you," said the nobleman to the lackeys. "thrash him soundly and on the spot, and then let the vagrant go whither he pleases."

"Dearest! remember our pledge," exclaimed the earl's daughter, in a voice of frenzy, "remember we said that only death should part us; and not even death shall separate us, for we will meet in another world, —we will meet to-night—TO-NIGHT."

The blows from the menials' switches fell heavily on the poet's body. The earl bore his daughter to the carriage.

* * * * * *

In a wretched garret in Brook Street, Holborn*, at the hour of eleven, on the night of the twenty-sixth of August, 1770, sat Thomas Chatterton on the foot of a truckle bed.

Oh God,—what a change had taken place in his appearance!

* The house in which Chatterton perished in "sublime agony," cannot be pointed out. It is in Brook Street, Holborn, but the number is not known. Warton, the author of the "History of English Poetry," made several researches in the neighbourhood, but could not discover the dwelling.

Haggard and emaciated,—worn, for lack of sufficient food, almost to a skeleton,—with eyes that, though deeply sunken in his head,—so deep indeed that the bony projection of the sockets displayed sharp circular rims around the cavities that contained them,—glowed with a fire that might have been lighted in some nether world;—with rigid angular features and dishevelled hair,—a countenance in whose every lineament was engraven the frightful intensity of the agony that consumed his vitals—who, beholding him at this hour, would have recognised the youth whose burletta had succeeded at Marylebone Gardens but twenty nights before? Even his mother would not have known her son; even his sister would not have flown to embrace her brother.

Chatterton had taken poison. The broken cup in which his own hands had mixed the deadly draught stood on a small deal table beside him. Strewed over the floor of the room were sundry fragments of paper,—poems, written in the fullest anticipation of success and fame, but which were destined never to be beheld by other eyes than his own, In his paroxysm of rage, when he had resolved to spurn the world, which had neglected and persecuted him, and which had deprived him of the mistress of his first and passionate affection, in which he had been scourged by menial hands like a sorry hound,—he had torn into these fragments his last compositions.

"Oh God!" cried the dying Chatterton, throwing himself back upon the bed and writhing in convulsions, "Have mercy!—These pains—these burning pains,—I cannot endure them—they are intolerable.—Help me, Lord—help me!—I do not fear death, but this agony, it is terrible—my vitals are consuming. Ha!—who speaks to me? Do not be angry, mother.—Give me water—water, Mary, my sister,—I am frightfully burning—Dash it on my temples.—They throb, they burn—my veins are swelled to bursting,—give me your hand—your hand, my mother—that is it—clasp my fingers tight—I am coming to you,—I am coming—I ———."

* * * * * *

The room occupied by Thomas Chatterton was broken open on the following day. His body was found stiff and cold. His features were frightfully distorted. Some particles of opium were picked out from between his teeth.

A coroner's inquest sat upon his body, and a verdict of "Temporary Insanity" was delivered. He was buried by the parish of St. Andrew's, Holborn, in the burial-ground attached to the workhouse in Shoe Lane, the present site of Farringdon Market.

Beneath the muniment room of the church of St. Mary Redcliffe, at Bristol, a monument thirty feet in height, surmounted by a full-length figure of the poet in the dress of the Colston Charity School, was erected by public subscription in 1840. Upon a tablet in the base are engraved these lines, (according to the direction of Chatterton, in a strange composition written three months before his death, and styled his "Will," in which he enjoins the citizens of Bristol to erect him a monument on pain of being haunted by his ghost)—"To the memory of Thomas Chatterton. Reader, judge not. If thou art a Christian, believe that he shall be judged by a superior Power. To that Power alone is he now answerable." It appears from this that he had long premeditated suicide.

* * * * * *

Lady Fanny ——— did not join her lover in the grave. She acquired prudence and corrected (that is the word) her erring enthusiasm, which led her to love "a vulgar poet." In a few years she made an admirable match. She married a peer, who had grown prematurely old at thirty years of age, a worn-out debauchee, who would have given his fortune to have experienced a new sensation. She lived a short, dazzling, fashionable and unhappy life, and died in her twenty-eighth year.

"NANNA,"

A BALLAD—FROM THE FRENCH.

BY HERBERT SMYTHE.

He leapt into his bark
Tho' the heavy clouds did lower;
He heeds not the scowl of the tempest dark,
He heeds not the ocean's roar,
He heeds not his mother's suppliant form
As she kneels by the maddening sea,
And prays him to tempt not the wrath of the storm
And leave her to misery:
But he spreads his white sail, full of mirth, full of glee,
And he flies o'er the wave singing merrily—
"I must away!
I dare not stay,
For Nanna, fair Nanna, is calling to me!"

His youthful brow grew dark
As he thought of his brother brave,
How, but a short year since, his joyous bark
Was entombed beneath that wave.
And he fancied his brother's voice he could hear,
O'er the storm, and the sea-bird's cry,
"One prayer for my soul ere thine hour draws near,
The dark hour of destiny!"
But he laughed at his fears, and with mirth and with glee
He flew o'er the wave singing merrily—
"I must away!
I dare not stay,
For Nanna, fair Nanna, is calling to me!"

He reached the wished-for shore,
And his heart beat light and gay,
As he flew to embrace his lov'd one once more,
Who had mourned him while away.
But hark! from yon minaret's height,
The toll of the passing bell!
"That ominous sound! for what spirit's flight?
'Tis Nanna's dying knell!"
His fair cheek grew white—with a heart-broken sigh
He sank—and expiring sang hopefully,
"I must away!
I dare not stay,
For Nanna, fair Nanna, is calling to me!"

LEGEND OF THE LOBISHOME*.

BY WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON,

AUTHOR OF "THE CIRCASSIAN CHIEF," "PRIME MINISTER," ETC. ETC.

THE wildest and most inaccessible part of the north of Portugal is the province of Traz os Montes, literally, "beyond the mountains."

The face of the country is composed of lofty and rocky ridges, with sides rugged and precipitous, intersected by dark glens whose profound depths the eye cannot reach, and with numerous torrents foaming in their headlong course towards the gold-bearing waters of the Douro, which stream divides the province from Spain. In parts, too, there are broad and rich valleys, watered by meandering streams, on whose banks grow in vast profusion the sweet-flowering almond, the orange, the chestnut, the luxuriant vine, and innumerable other trees and shrubs, which afford a continual source of wealth to their cultivators. The inhabitants are esteemed the bravest and most hardy of the sons of Lusitania, having never, since the earliest period to which their history refers, bent their necks to the yoke of a conqueror, while the neighbouring provinces have succumbed one after another to the swords of the Spaniards or of the infidels. Their athletic frames, their light hair and blue eyes, bespeak them of the pure Gothic race, unmixed with any Moorish or other southern blood; and their manners retain that primitive simplicity which is the characteristic of most mountain people who associate but little with the inhabitants of the plain. They still cling to their ancient superstitions; nor have the monkish legends, relating to St. Anthony, and St. John, and various other saints, succeeded in eradicating the tales of wonder and horror which have descended to them from their early heathen ancestors. No one among them would presume to doubt the power of the *feiticeira*, or witch; the deeds of the accursed *Bruxa*, or the almost equally dreadful career of the hapless and condemned *Lobishome;* however incredulous they might perhaps be as to the efficacy of a hair of St. Anthony's beard in preserving their sheep from the rot, their fruit-trees from blight, or the necks of their goats among their mountain crags. In other parts of the country the inhabitants are better Catholics, if not more honest people, and from thence the histories of saints and saintesses, monks, priests, exorcisers, missals, and breviaries, have almost driven away all recollection of the more poetical legends of witches, hobgoblins, ghosts, fairies, and similar fantastic personages who figure even to the present day in more northern climes. Among others in which they place implicit faith, is that of the legend of "Lobishome."

Somewhere about the early part of the twelfth century, after the gallant Count Alfonzo Henrique, son of Henri of Besançon, had driven

* Some writers, misled by the name of *Lobishome*, (*Lobo* being a wolf,) fancy it similar to the Loupgarou of France, but this is not the case, nor can I learn that the afflicted person is ever transformed into the shape of a wolf. I know not the derivation of the name, nor from what cause the curse is supposed to originate; but all families, rich or poor, noble or plebeian, are equally subject to it, if their sons or daughters pass the number of six; though the seventh is not always the sufferer; indeed, several may be possessed by it. The only infallible safeguard is to call the seventh son Adam, or the seventh daughter Eve. The afflicted ones sit and mope by themselves, their countenances betraying their fatigue and misery, till, pining gradually away, they die. It is believed that they are invariably changed into the form of a horse.

the unbelieving Moors from the northern part of Lusitania, and had been unanimously elected sovereign of the reconquered provinces, there dwelt in the Traz os Montes, a brave noble, Count Rodrigo Soares by name. His castle overlooked one of the valleys of which we have spoken, being situated on the summit of a rocky eminence almost entirely surrounded by a sparkling stream which fertilized the green meadows, extending for several miles along the centre of the vale, forming only part of the possessions of the Count. The mountains on each side of the glen were lofty and rugged, crowned in some places by the tall and slender pine, while in others the dark and naked rock pointed towards the sky, or projected from amid the rich foliage of the lower ground. Here and there also were spots which, though destitute of trees, were covered with herbage on which browzed numerous flocks of goats; their keepers, clothed in the skins of the animals they tended, leaning on their long spears, or grasping their tough bows ready to strike some soaring eagle, formed picturesque objects as seen against the pure blue ether of that lovely clime.

The Count, though as brave a knight as ever couched a spear, and accounted very amiable by his equals when he had his own way, was rather haughty to his inferiors; stern and inflexible when opposed, and, when any event occurred to displease him, easily thrown into a violent paroxysm of passion, during which period he was often guilty of acts at which, in his calmer moments, his feelings would have revolted.

He possessed a wife, a lady of great beauty and of high birth, who had already borne him six daughters; but their union was unblessed by any sons, a sore disappointment to the noble, who was naturally anxious to transmit his name and titles to posterity by a lineal descendant in the male line. He was still in the field with his chief, when the time drew near that his lady was expected to present him with another infant.

A splendid victory gained, and the approach of the winter season, enabled him, with the other leaders, to break up the army, and, as was the custom in those days, to retire with their forces to their homes, to till their fields and to attend to their other agricultural pursuits.

He reached his castle gate in high hopes that a son and heir was about to be born to him. He expected to behold the white dress of his lady fluttering on the battlements to welcome his return, surrounded by their daughters. His pennon was displayed, he sounded his horn, and at the well-known signal the drawbridge was lowered, when, followed by his faithful escudeiro, he hurried beneath the iron portcullis.

"Is my lady well?" he exclaimed, as the whiteheaded major domo hastened out to meet him. "Has the event taken place?" he continued. "Heaven be praised! And my boy, he is doing well?—a fine hearty fellow, like me, I'll warrant. Ha, ha! we'll soon teach him to couch a spear against the infidels," he exclaimed.

He stopped short on observing the distressed look of the old man.—"What, dotard, speak!" he added hastily; "is it not a boy? Hast thou been deceiving me, ha?" And a dark frown mantled on his brow.

"Alas, my lord," answered the old steward, "it is no fault of mine nor of my lady's; the saints so will it."

"What, is he dead then?" asked the husband, breathlessly.

"Alas! no, my lord," answered the steward, with a trembling voice. "No boy was born; it is *a seventh girl*, my lord."

"Now, curses on the puling infant! am I thus to be ever baulked of my just hopes?" exclaimed the enraged father, dashing his gauntlet with terrific force upon the stone pavement, where it fell with a loud clanking sound, and the feeble wail of an infant came like a distant echo from the lattice of a neighbouring turret.

"Oh, my lord! withdraw that curse from off your child's head," cried the faithful old servant, seizing his master's bridle, and bending his knees in a supplicating posture; "Remember that curses, like pigeons, always come home to roost at night."

"Bah, old man; interrupt me not with thy croakings," cried the knight, throwing himself from his saddle, and striding up and down the narrow court-yard with hurried steps.

"Will not my lord wish to see my lady?" said the steward. "She is well enough to receive you, and longs to welcome your return."

"No," answered the knight, shortly; and continued his walk, his followers looking on in dismay, no one daring to interrupt him; for never before had they seen their lord in such a state, and knew not what might follow.

The wail of the new-born infant again sounded in his ear. "Now, curses rest upon that sound; a boy would give a lusty cry. I would I could without sin drown it in the moat like a puppy."

As he spoke, an old woman who unperceived had crossed the draw-bridge, and made her way through the crowd of attendants, approached so as directly to face him when he turned in his walk. He started as he beheld her; for a being further removed from all appearance of humanity could scarcely be imagined. Almost bent double, apparently by age and infirmity, she supported her emaciated form on a curiously shaped twisted stick, whose coils seemed to turn and wriggle like those of a live serpent. The light of one of her eyes was quenched for ever, but the other made up for the loss in brightness, if not in size, as it glared out from its deep socket, like a twinkling lamp at the further end of a cavern before the shrine of some saint. The skin of her face and hands was of a dull yellow, wrinkled somewhat like burnt parchment; her nails were like the talons of a bird of prey, and her long black teeth projected far beyond her thin and colourless lips; her head possessed no other covering than a few tangled grey locks, and her costume consisted of a dark mantle which hung in rags and tatters to the ground, leaving her skeleton-like arms completely bare. The retainers hung back in dismay, for no one could tell how this strange being came among them.

"A *feiticeira!* a *feiticeira!*" (a witch, a witch,) they muttered, with looks of terror.

The Count quickly recovered his confidence, for he was not a man to be daunted by an old woman. "What want you with me, *minha Tia?*" (mine aunt) he asked, in a somewhat less angry tone than he had before used.

"What want I with you, proud Count? To warn you that curses, like pigeons, always come home to roost at night," answered the old crone.

These words, the same spoken by the major domo, again roused the choler of the knight. "Begone, old hag!" he exclaimed fiercely.

"So, you have taken to cursing your innocent child, fidalgo," cried the old woman, not heeding him;—"your *seventh daughter!*—Ha, ha, ha! Know ye not what her fate will be?"

"I know not, nor care," cried the Count, highly exasperated. "Begone, I say, begone!" and, turning to his followers, the chieftain ordered them to put the old hag beyond the walls of the castle.

"I will save them the trouble," she exclaimed, skipping along with unexpected agility, and disappeared, giving utterance to cries resembling the croaking of a hundred ravens rather than the voice of a human being.

Days passed on. The Count became somewhat pacified by the tender endearments of his lovely lady, who promised to behave better in future, and a day was fixed for the christening of their seventh daughter, at which all the neighbouring fidalgos were invited to attend, as well as the numerous retainers of the house. Every large mansion in Portugal has a chapel attached to it, where all the services of religion are performed; that belonging to the castle was within the fortifications; and in those disturbed times, when the people might any day expect an incursion of the Moors, served as the parish church of the district, where, without fear of interruption, the unarmed peasant might offer up his prayers at the shrine of his patron saint.

Here were now assembled knights in shining armour, the cross emblazoned on their cloaks, each one holding instead of his sword a long lighted taper, their shields and helmets being borne by their attendant escudeiros and pages; ladies in rich silks and brilliant with jewels, interspersed with the dark robes and cowls of the monks from a neighbouring convent, also with waxen candles in their hands; while outside the open doors, a close circle was formed by the retainers, in buff coats and high boots, their low-crowned iron caps tucked under their arms, and accompanied by their wives and daughters in many-coloured costume, each one striving to see what was going forward within.

Close to the altar stood the Count and his lady, with the sponsors, the *ama*, or nurse, holding the infant, while the officiating priest, in rich vestments of gold tissue, his attendants being clothed in simple white robes, muttered forth in Latin from his breviary the appointed prayers for the holy ceremony. He had just taken the child in his arms, who showed her displeasure at the change by setting up a loud cry.

"What shall she be called?" he asked.

"Ermelinda," answered the sponsors, looking towards the Count, who nodded his head in approval.

"What!" exclaimed a croaking voice, which appeared to proceed from among the crowd at the entrance of the chapel; "a pretty name that for a seventh daughter: you had better call her Eva, or beware the consequences."

"Who dares to interrupt the ceremony?" cried the Count, with rising anger.

"I do," answered an old woman in tattered garments, who suddenly appeared among the assembled knights and gay ladies. "Don't you remember me, Sir Count?"

A bright spot grew on the cheek of the Count, for the old woman's voice reminded him of the insane passion to which he had given way

before his attendants, and he immediately recognized her as the personage who had appeared on his hearing of the birth of his daughter. "Begone, wretched old crone," he exclaimed furiously, "nor longer intrude thy presence among knights and ladies. Proceed with the ceremony," he continued, expecting his commands would be instantly obeyed; but the old woman kept her ground.

"Then you will not call her Eva?" she croaked forth.

"Begone, I say, accursed hag, and thank thy grey hairs that I do not command my retainers to duck thee in the moat," exclaimed the Count, highly exasperated. "Let her be thrust forth from among you;" but none of the retainers dared even to touch her.

"You had better not," she answered in the same tone, whisking her snake-like stick around her. "Hear, proud noble: I have warned you once, I have warned you twice, I warn you thrice; I will warn you no more. Know you not that if a seventh daughter be born to a man, and she be not christened Eva, the curse of the Lobishome will hang over her?—And, remember you not how you cursed your child? What chance, then, has she of escaping?"

While the old witch was speaking, most of the company turned pale, the stout retainers trembled, and the Countess fell fainting into the arms of the attendant ladies; but the fury of the Count increased to an ungovernable pitch.

"Ermelinda is her name, and Ermelinda shall she be christened. Proceed with the ceremony, sir priest!" he cried, and striding towards the hag, he was about to thrust her out with his own hands, when with a loud croaking and derisive laugh, she disappeared from the crowd. Unmoved by this incident, the Count returned to the altar, where his wife was gradually recovering; but without waiting for her complete restoration, he compelled the priest to conclude the ceremony, and the infant was called by the name of Ermelinda.

"Oh call her Eva, in mercy call her Eva," cried the Countess, as she recovered her senses, but it was too late, and her seventh daughter bore not the magic name.

Sixteen years passed away, the youngest, the favourite child of the Countess, had grown into a fair and beautiful girl, just feeling the consciousness of her charms, but suitors came not forward, either for her hand or for that of her sisters; for what noble would ally himself with a family in which the heavy curse of the Lobishome was known to exist? The Count had made overtures to certain other nobles of equal rank with himself, with marriageable sons, but they had been politely rejected. Two daughters had taken the veil, but in those days the practice was not so fashionable as it afterwards became.

One evening, during a violent storm, a horn was sounded loud and long at the castle gate, and after certain parley a stranger knight was admitted. As he entered the hall where the Count, his lady, and daughters, with their chief attendants, were seated at supper, he removed his plumed helmet, when his dark brown locks falling over his shoulders, exposed a youthful countenance peculiarly prepossessing.

The fair Ermelinda raised her eyes towards him—their glances met—she cast hers again on the table, but during that short instant they mutually came to the conclusion that they had never before seen any one half so charming as each other.

The young knight having hung his cloak to dry, and his arms against

the wall, was conducted to a seat near the Count, at the head of the board, and opposite to Ermelinda. He proclaimed himself the eldest son of a powerful chief in the north of Lusitania, and that now, unattended save by his squire and page, he was on his way to combat with the Moors in the south, or to be ready for any other adventure which might offer. Few words were exchanged between the young people, but the work of love went on notwithstanding. Cupid was busy with his arrows, while the stranger knight carved a wild boar's head with his dagger, the only weapon he retained for that purpose. Before the signal for retiring to rest was given, two young hearts were irrevocably lost and won. In those days, when hearts were young and fresh, and high-born maidens disdained to sell their hands to the man who bid the most, whatever his rank or name, courtship was a work of short time: they reckoned not then by days and weeks: a few sweet interviews, when the lover's hurried accents spoke all his hopes, and no doubting fears prevented him from learning his happiness; for virtue and honour were not then empty names.

The Count was much pleased with the young knight, and pressed him to prolong his stay. Two, three, four days, he tarried; but on the morning of the second a change came o'er the fair Ermelinda. She appeared at the matutinal meal, pale, thin, and trembling, as if stricken by some mortal disease—no one could suppose it possible that in so short a time she could have become so altered. To the earnest enquiries of her parents she made no answer, and when the young knight with fond solicitude entreated her to tell him the cause of her malady, she burst into tears, and begged him to continue on his way. Commands, threats, and tears were equally unavailing in wringing the secret from her bosom.

On the fourth day from the arrival of the young knight, he knelt at the feet of the lovely maiden, but tears and broken exclamations of despair were the only answer she made to his sighs and protestations of unalterable affection.

"Go, go, gallant stranger," she cried in accents of anguish, "Go seek renown on the field of battle, against our country's foe, and think no more of the hapless Emelinda. To wed with me were a fate too dreadful to be named for one noble like thee. Oh depart, and let not the memory of one so wretched as I am dim the bright lustre of your future days." And tearing away her hand from his impassioned grasp, she rushed to her chamber, in the western turret, overlooking the moat. No entreaties could draw her from thence till the pennon of the young knight, who, with a sad heart, took his departure, was seen fluttering in the distance. For long the secret was untold, and day by day the once fair laughing maiden pined and pined away; but at length the Count, who was about to take his departure to join his sovereign, was walking on the battlements of his castle, his heart bowed by grief at the misery of his child, whose graces and beauty had so won his heart that he loved her dearly, when he perceived a one-eyed hag hobbling round the outside of the moat. A dreadful suspicion flashed across his mind, for he recognized in her the identical old woman who so many years ago had appeared before him; she had not grown older, nor certainly less hideous than before.

"Did I not tell thee, proud Count, that curses, like pigeons, come home to roost at night," she croaked, "ha! ha! ha!"

Quick as lightning the Count flew down the stone steps and across the drawbridge towards her, but when he reached the spot where he had seen her she had disappeared.

The next morning the women of the hapless Ermelinda went as usual to her chamber, but she was not there; her bed was cold, and she had evidently long arisen. Every possible search was immediately made in the castle and the neighbouring mountains and woods, but no sign or trace of her could be found; and at length they were compelled to inform the Count of the additional calamity which had befallen his house. He lifted his head at the words, and sunk down, muttering "It is true, it is true, she is a Lobishome."

Day after day passed away, and she came not. The Count remained insensible to all that took place, but still he lived on.

Strange rumours went abroad in the neighbourhood of the castle, and an inquisitive, prying, half-witted shepherd declared, that he had been watching one night outside the castle walls, when he saw a white form descend from a window in the western turret, swim the moat, and hurry towards a wild glen, celebrated in the neighbourhood as the abode of witches and hobgoblins. He declared that he had followed as fast as his feet could carry him, and arrived in time to see a female throw off her garments and place them carefully under a stone. Immediately the figure began to expand, and change into the form of a white horse, with streaming tail and flowing mane. Away, away, over hill and dale, across foaming torrents, leaping terrific precipices, the demon-impelled animal flew. The shepherd on the mountain side grew pale with fear, and his dog crouched trembling at his feet, as, like a whirlwind, or a flash of lightning, it passed by. The peasants in their huts drew the matting over their heads, as the tramp of its feet on the hard rocks broke the stillness of night. Two or three hundred miles were traversed in the course of the midnight hours, and covered with foam, and trembling in every limb, the white horse would return to the spot whence it set out, there again to resume its human form. There was now no doubt on the subject, that such was the fate of the hapless Ermelinda. Night after night, compelled by an unseen destiny, she quitted her chamber, borne onward, she knew not how, towards the sequestered glen, the wildest in that wild region. Hopelessly she attempted to resist; a power superior to her own volition, bore her on.

It was on the second night after the arrival of the young knight, that the dreadful impulse seized her. From that time her happiness departed—her bloom faded. For many weeks, without any intermission, except on the Sabbath eve, was she compelled to pursue her midnight career of horrors, conscious all the time of her own individuality, and knowing that nought could rescue her from her fate but death, or a chance, which her maiden modesty forbade her to hope. She thought she would rather suffer her present fate.

Meanwhile the sword of the young knight had drunk the blood of many a Moor; hundreds had fled before his conquering arm, and immortal was the fame he had won; but neither the tumult of war nor the honour he had gained could drive from his mind the fair Ermelinda.

The fight was done, when at the close of day, after a hot pursuit into the very heart of their enemy's country, he found himself in a

rocky defile with his two faithful attendants. Dismounting, they allowed their steeds to slake their thirst at a fountain by the road side, and to crop the tender herbage which grew near, while a crust of bread and a draught of the pure water sufficed to restore their own exhausted strength. By this time the shades of night grew on, and as this was no fit spot for Christian men to tarry in, they continued on their way, but there appeared to be no termination to the defile. They had other causes to urge them on, besides the expectation of meeting with foes, for clouds obscured the sky, and ever and anon bright flashes of lightning threw a lurid glare over the scene.

On a sudden a loud noise broke the stillness of night. "'Tis the tramping of a steed," cried the young warrior, couching his spear;" Do your duty like Christians, 'tis a Saracen foe approaches."

The young knight pressed his spurs to the flanks of his unwilling courser, who seemed inclined to swerve aside from the approaching foe. At that moment a flash bursting from the sky revealed a white steed, fire darting from its eyes, foam from its expanded nostrils, its mane streaming like a snowdrift in the air.

It was truly a terrific object, but the warrior trembled not, and throwing himself from his steed, who leapt in fear across the path, he stood with spear in hand to meet it, at the same time piously making the sign of the cross.

Onward it came towards him, and ere another thought could cross his brain, the sharp point of his weapon had pierced the neck of the terror-stricken animal; when sinking on the ground, it became instantly changed into a female form, scarcely to be distinguished in the obscurity. Taking off his mantle, he enveloped her in its folds, and then by the aid of his squire lifted her carefully on his own steed. The damsel, if mortal maid she was, spoke not a word, she seemed in a trance, her senses confused and amazed. With that light form calmly resting in his arms, the gallant knight continued proudly onward on his course, for in the days of chivalry the protection of female honour was the devoir of every true knight, its betrayal the work alone of scoundrels; the very weakness of the frailer sex made it incumbent on man to guard them the more strictly. As the calm light of the early morn grew upon the world, the knight gazed on the face of the sleeping maiden. He looked again—he could no longer be mistaken—they were the features of his beloved Ermelinda!

He pressed a kiss upon her brow, and the colour mantled in her cheeks, but it awoke her not, for worn out by weariness and dismay, nature took long to recruit her strength. The truth now flashed upon him, she had been afflicted by the Lobishome: but he had broken the terrific spell, and from henceforth she would be his and his only. They were yet environed by perils, for they were still in the land of the Moors, and as they were about to emerge from the narrow gorge through which they were travelling, several horsemen were seen galloping towards them. The little party couched their spears; the white turbans and glittering scymitars of the advancing horsemen bespoke them foes, but could Christians, with a lady to protect, succumb before a host of infidels? The spear of the knight transfixed the breast of the foremost, his sword clove the scull of the second, and many others falling before his conquering blade, his followers imitating his example,

he cut his way through the ranks of the vile infidels, and soon left them far behind.

After this adventure he proceeded to a convent situated on a rocky eminence, inhabited by pious nuns, who for the sanctity of their lives were respected even by their Paynim neighbours. Into their care he committed the lovely Ermelinda to recover her strength, and to procure the necessary habiliments suited to her rank, while he and his attendants watched outside the convent walls. He procured also a cream coloured palfry, with gold embroidered accoutrements, and a female attendant to serve as waiting-woman to the noble maid, and on the second day, the party proceeded on their journey, stopping at night at convents or other religious establishments, or at the castle of some noble, for in those days, hostelries, the mark of modern degeneracy and inhospitality, were unknown in the land. We do not attempt to describe the sweet expressions of love and gratitude with which the damsel delighted the heart of her gallant deliverer, nor his protestations of unalterable affection, now listened to with no unwilling ear, as she related to him her sad fate by having been a victim to the curse of the Lobishome, from which she would never have escaped except by death, or having been boldly attacked by some one who should draw blood from her veins and thus break the spell. For many days the brave Count Rodrigo Soares lingered on in misery and despair. He had received the last offices of religion; the dark cowled monks standing round his couch, at the foot of which knelt his wife and weeping children, when the watchman on the tower reported that he saw the pennon of a knight in the distance. A lady and several attendants were afterwards descried, and soon after a horn was sounded at the castle gate, the drawbridge was lowered, and the young stranger knight was seen leading a veiled form into the chamber of the Count. The dying noble raised his head, the ladies rose from their knees, the monks started, as throwing back her mantle, there stood in all her pristine loveliness the fair young Ermelinda. "The curse of the Lobishome is removed by the blood which has been shed, yet you had a near squeak for it, Sir Count," croaked forth an old woman who had followed the party into the chamber; "beware in future how you curse and swear." Glancing her single eye round on the assembly, she hobbled out of the apartment, and was no more seen in the neighbourhood of the castle. We need say little more; the Count recovered, and ever proved a strong bulwark to Christendom: the story became known, and now that the dreadful stigma no longer rested on his family, the hands of his daughters were eagerly sought, that of the fair Ermelinda being given to her gallant deliverer.

The young bride having sown *her wild oats*, if she had not eaten them, and having seen a wide extent of the world, in rather a hurried way it must be allowed, became, notwithstanding her former midnight wanderings, a most exemplary and domestic wife, the joy and delight of her noble lord.

SOY CONTENTO.

BY CHARLES HERVEY.

Quien no ha visto á Sevilla
No ha visto maravilla;
So runs the proverb, tho' I own
I quote from memory alone,
Having no book of ref'rence by me
With the exact words to supply me.
All know (or if not, more's the pity)
That Seville is a charming city,
With many a relic *de los Moros*,
And a grand *Plaza de los Toros*,
But now it is my aim to show
What very few perchance may know,
How in a hamlet passing small,
Some five miles from the city wall,
Once dwelt a monk of pious fame,
Padre Domingo was his name.
A father of his flock was he,
Such as in Spain you seldom see·
No Jesuit keen, no *bon compére*,
No bigot, tho' devout in prayer,
But a good soul, too wise to mix
In party strife and politics,
Who called Guerillas plagues of Pharaoh,
And never heard of Espartero.
His face was thin, its hue was sallow,
Upon the very verge of yellow,
His lips were pale, his voice was weak;
What so like parchment as his cheek?
But yet it must be owned, altho'
Each feature did some symptom show,
Which furnished evidence presumptive
That the good Padre was consumptive,
His wrinkled brow and cheekbones bare
The fruit of fasting, age, and care,
And solitary meditation,
All much increased his reputation,
And trumpeted his fame afar,
He was so *very* popular.

Pity it is the best of men
Should, in nine cases out of ten,
Tho' free from deed or thought of sin,
By some sly knave be taken in:
Pity it is that even they
From the right path ne'er led astray,
In whose hearts peace and virtue lodge,
Are seldom proof against a dodge.

The shades of night began to fall,
When, in his own confessional,
Padre Domingo gazed intent
Upon a kneeling penitent.
A being, in whose cunning face
'Twas easy at a glance to trace—
Altho' he pulled as strange a phiz
As John Reeve's *was*, and Keeley's *is*,
Altho' he rubbed his eyes and moaned,
Snuffled, tried hard to weep, and groaned,
As if of woe he had a heart full—
The living semblance of the "Artful."
With cautious hand and watchful eye
He marked his opportunity,
And while the father pitying heard
Each deep-drawn sigh, each broken word,
His finger, than the steam arm quicker,
Raised the priest's robe, and stole his ticker.
"What is thy crime?" the Padre cried;
"I stole," the penitent replied,
"Bad, bad, indeed, still thou canst heal
The wrong—but first, what didst thou steal?"
"A watch, most rev'rend father."—"Oh!
Haste, give it back, this instant go."
"Take it, good Padre."—"Take it! why
It isn't mine, so why should I?
Let the right owner have his due."
"He wont receive it"—Philliloo!
This is a curious matter, very,
I may say quite extraordinary;
My son, as it appears to me,
The long and short of this must be,
As he wont have it (silly man!)
To keep it were the better plan;
So, not in sorrow to involve thee,
Freely and fully I absolve thee:
Yet, ere thou goest, friend, I meant to
Ask thee thy name." "'Tis *Soy contento;*"
This said, he rose and walked away,
Ere you Jack Robinson could say.
The Padre thought no more about it,
Nor once the strange confession doubted,
Until, the hour to ascertain,
He sought his watch, but sought in vain,
And groaned, "He has it, by San Pascal,
And I've absolved that *precious* rascal!"

At vesper time the holy man
With solemn voice the mass began,
While the mute congregation listened,
When, all at once, the priest's eye glistened;
There could be no mistake, he saw
Soy contento at the door.
The Padre shut the book, for he
Could scarce read on attentively,
And to the wonder and dismay
Of all who came to church to pray,
Women, and boys, and girls, and men too,
Called "*Soy Contento! Soy Contento!*"
The thief, still lounging by the door,
Heard this, nor cared to hear much more,
So (thinking it just possible
He might not soon escape so well,
Tho' *he* the matter for a quiz held),
Gave the priest one sly look, and—mizzled;
But at the threshold paused to cry,
"*If you're content, why so am I.*"

THEATRICAL RECOLLECTIONS.

BY DRINKWATER MEADOWS.

In former "leaves" I have alluded to country actors occasionally doing strange things, generally from necessity, as to acting characters not in their "line of business," and I shall anon mention several extraordinary exhibitions, which I have witnessed, both in town and country; for London theatres have frequently afforded the public opportunities of seeing strange things in the way of performances on benefit nights, when tragedians have, for the nonce, become singers and comedians; and comedians have endeavoured, in like manner, to transform themselves into tragedians. At present I will notice a few extraordinary doings of London actors when "starring in the country."

In the summer of 1816 I was a member of the Harrogate company. The theatre was small, neat, and comfortable; we had a succession of stars and good houses. The visitors to this then very fashionable, and still most beautiful watering-place, were liberal in their patronage, and not churlish as to their applause; I have seldom seen a country theatre better or more respectably conducted.

Amongst other "stars" Mrs. Renaud, "late Mrs. Powell," visited us for four or five nights, during which she acted Elvira in "Pizarro," Euphrasia in "The Grecian Daughter," Alicia in "Jane Shore;" but on the occasion of her benefit and "last appearance," she played Hamlet, an extraordinary circumstance in those days, when actresses were not so much in the habit of "wearing the breeches" and playing male characters as at present. Ladies then, when applying to country managers for an engagement, named in the first place the "line of business" preferred, and if desirous of playing characters in which it might be necessary to dress in male attire, would write, "I am a good breeches figure."

Mrs. Powell's Hamlet was good; she had seen much of John Kemble, and, no doubt, copied him in a great degree. Her playing the part was considered very strange, and proved very attractive; she looked admirably—her figure was very commanding, her deportment graceful and easy: she was highly applauded, and solicited to repeat the character, which she did, to another crowded house. Strange as this lady's playing the Danish Prince appeared to us all, her acting a part in the farce on the occasion of her benefit, was still more strange, and *such* a part! one of no consequence or character, a mere trifle, generally acted by some inferior person, there being "nothing to be made of it" whatever. The part was Mrs. Scout in the "Village Lawyer."

We were much puzzled to find out the cause of her selecting the part, but all our conjectures were useless, we could not arrive at a just conclusion, and, therefore, she being a most kind, affable person, free from the "airs and graces" occasionally then met with in stars, we inquired of her *why* she acted such a part, and so determined to *Scout* the audience. She told us she had not seen the farce for many years, but that she had never forgotten the effect of Mrs. Scout's flouring Scout's face to make him appear pale and ill when old Snarl comes to visit him. "I laughed immoderately," she said, "and thought it the most comic thing I ever witnessed. I have long de-

termined to act the part, in order that I might so use the dredging-box, and I think I may venture to do so on this occasion; at any rate I will do it, I am determined, especially as the manager says I ought to play in the farce on my own night, and I think I have selected something very opposite to Hamlet!"

Well—act Mrs. Scout she *would*, and act Mrs. Scout she *did*. During the evening she spoke frequently of her anticipated pleasure, and said she longed to cast off her "inky cloak" and put on her homely woman's garb. "I have provided myself," said she, "with a large dredging-box; I have borrowed it from my lodgings, for I don't like to trust to your property-man, lest he should give me a small one, not half large enough. I have filled it with hair powder, and shall cover Scout's face to my heart's content. I wish the play was over—I long for my joke."

"Thinks I to myself, thinks I," I'll have a joke too—at least I'll try. I found Mrs. Powell had placed *the* dredging-box on the dressing-table; I watched my opportunity, stole to her dressing-room whilst she was apostrophizing Yorick's skull, emptied the box of its white contents, filled it with lamp-black, with which I had provided myself, and returned to my unsuspecting co-mates, looking "as innocent as a sucking dove."

The play being over, Mrs. Powell hastened to free herself from her male attire and assume a dress of a very opposite description. A child anticipating the gift of a new toy never evinced greater anxiety and impatience than did this lady for the arrival of the time when her joke (mine) was to be performed. She was dressed in an old-fashioned printed gown, coloured stockings, high-heeled shoes with buckles, white hair "combed smoothly over a roll," a prim-looking cap of ancient make, long black mittens, with a white apron and 'kerchief, completed her costume. She was no more like "the glass of fashion, and the mould of form" "than I to Hercules." I never beheld a greater transformation; she looked like a comfortable country old lady, clean and tidy.

The scene commenced in which Scout feigns illness, and in which his wife powders his face to give it the appearance of paleness, (the author has not so set it down, but it has been for years the custom to do it). I saw the lady's eyes sparkle with delight, as she prefaced her colouring by saying, "Now, my dear, let me flour your face to make you appear pale and interesting. I warrant I shall make an excellent nurse; now for the dredging-box." As she took it from the table on the stage, on which she herself had placed it, Scout seated himself in his easy chair, tying a white napkin over his head; she bustled about, screwed the lid of the box tighter, to prevent its falling off, and, placing herself at his side, commenced her dredging. I shall never forget her look of astonishment on finding, not "black, white," but white, black!

For a moment she was transfixed—looked first at the box and then at Scout's face—the discolouration appeared magical to her—she resumed her work, dredged on until his face became quite black, which, contrasted with the white napkin bound over his head and round his face, produced a most ludicrous effect, and excited in no small degree the risible faculties of the audience; but the effect upon Mrs. Powell was painfully laughable. Finding Scout's face of a

colour so very opposite to that which she intended, caused her to laugh so immoderately that I really feared she would burst a blood-vessel, or throw herself into hysterics, for she continued to laugh more violently than I had ever witnessed from any person before; her's was indeed "Laughter holding both his sides,"—she positively shook again, and I doubted whether she would ever be able to unlaugh herself; to speak was impossible; she tried, but all in vain, and there sat Scout, quite ignorant of the cause, fancying it was the flour and his sick grimaces which caused her laughter and that of the audience, for they by this time had caught the joke and the cause of her mirth.

To add to the comicality of the situation, Scout, unconscious of the change, began to rub in the colour on his face, which soon gave it the appearance of a very dark bronze, and increased, if possible, the laughter of the lady, who at length, on Old Snarl's entering, was able to exclaim, not in the words of the author, but in her own, "Ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha! for heaven's sake give me a chair—ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha! my husband is very ill, ha, ha, ha! he is dying—ha, ha, ha! and I am still worse—Ha, ha, ha,—ha, ha, ha!—that horrid dredging-box will be the death of me—ha, ha, ha! who did it—who did it? Ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha!"

With this she fell into a chair, and continued to laugh so violently as to render her continuing the scene impossible, therefore the prompter, finding how matters were, gave a shrill whistle, and, "hey presto," a scene descended and shut her from the audience. On coming to herself, she declared she was "rightly served," and, though she had painfully enjoyed herself beyond all expectation, she would never again make her appearance in the "Village Lawyer."

Mrs. Powell (Mrs. Renaud) left Covent Garden in 1816, in consequence of being forfeited for refusing a part cast her in a new piece, which she considered quite out of her line, and degrading. After "starring" some time in the provinces, she found it somewhat difficult to obtain engagements; and being, as she said, "very comfortable in the Harrogate theatre," she arranged to continue with the company for some time longer, for the small consideration of one pound for every night of her performance, and half the receipts of a benefit in each of the towns in which she might act with us.

We only played three nights in each week, and as she could not be called upon for each of those, her remuneration was not very large, especially as at times she did not act for several successive nights, her characters being confined to tragedy; however, she remained with us several months, and left us "universally regretted," and, as she said, greatly regretting her departure. I have witnessed many acts of charity and kindness in members of the theatrical profession, and several of the lady here alluded to: she was always ready to contribute to the needy; one of her acts of charity in particular I remember. We were about to remove from one town to another at a considerable distance; our prompter was a very old man, nearly seventy years of age, with a wife but a few years younger, who acted trifling characters. Their joint salary amounted to the enormous sum of twenty-one (not pounds) *shillings per week*, on which they contrived to live, and "pay their way," as they said. He had been prompter in this company upwards of five-and-twenty years,

which "showed honesty on one side and respect for it on the other." Their benefit nights, in general, yielded them but little profit, and their last benefit proved anything *but* a *benefit;* therefore they were in a sad condition to undertake a long journey, though the poor old man was willing to walk it, a task which his aged partner could not perform. They had no kith or kin to whom they could apply for assistance. He said they had outlived every relation they had in the world; their old friends were dropping off daily; "and," added he, "at our time of life we must not expect to make new ones. There was a time when I used to set the table in a roar, but now my thrice-told tale falls dull upon the ear, my voice is going, my eyesight failing,—and without these what is a prompter?"

Before he made his distresses known to the manager and the company, who subsequently assisted him, Mrs. Powell suspected the true state of his finances, and, *unsolicited*, aided him, greatly enhancing her charity by giving him *half* the money she herself possessed at the time, although the aforesaid long journey stared her in the face also; to accomplish which she was compelled to request an advance upon her engagement, from the manager. Here was charity "twice blessed."

This lady soon after became a member of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, and, for a considerable time prior to her death, being unable to act, she was in a great degree, if not entirely, supported by Mr. W. Murray, the manager of that theatre. Unfortunately, Mrs. Powell never availed herself of the opportunity of becoming a subscriber to the Theatrical Fund of Covent Garden or Drury Lane.

Mrs. Powell made her first appearance in London, at the Haymarket, in 1787, in Alicia, in "Jane Shore," under the assumed name of Mrs. Farmer: she died in Edinburgh, in 1832. The first time this lady ever spoke in public, as she herself told me, was at a sort of forum, or debating society, in the Haymarket, on the subject of the slave trade, having been inoculated, as she said, by the eloquence of a negro, whom she heard speak there one evening when by chance she walked into the room. This lady experienced much distress in the early part of her life, and was persuaded by her friends to attempt the stage, a friend having interest sufficient to obtain for her an appearance at the Haymarket.

In the summer of 1816 I acted in Tunbridge Wells, Mr. Dowton, *the* Dowton, being then the manager. During the season he acted Shylock, in which, if I mistake not, he subsequently appeared at Drury Lane, somewhat to the annoyance of Edmund Kean, who declared, if he persisted in it, he himself would act Doctor Cantwell. I do not remember Dowton's Shylock sufficiently to say whether I thought it good or bad, but *why* he should not play it I cannot understand: he was in the habit of acting serious characters, was the original Hassan, in the "Castle Spectre," and, I think, Orozembo, in "Pizarro."

In August, 1824, during my engagement at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, Mr. Dowton's "annual engagement" took place, during which he generally performed a round of his favourite characters,—Sir Anthony Absolute, Falstaff, Doctor Cantwell, Sir Robert Bramble, Restive, &c. &c.; but although he was a very great favourite in Liverpool, his benefits were not generally good, merely respectable; and on the present occasion he was advised and (over) persuaded to undertake a very extraordinary character, no less than Mrs. Malaprop, in the "Rivals," depriving

himself of one of his most celebrated performances, in which, at this time, he was unrivalled. It was thought his performing the lady who so "ingeniously misapplied her words without mispronouncing them," would attract a crowded audience, but, though the house was good, it was not great.

I dressed in the same room at the theatre with Mr. Dowton, and witnessed his repentance before he committed his "disgusting act," as he termed it.

"Renounce me," said he. "How could I be such a fool as to consent to make such an ass of myself! I—I—I deserve to be pelted! Why did I say yes? I—I—I ought to be ashamed of myself—*ought!* —I am. I never felt so contemptible in my life. I shall disgust the people, I shall; I hope they will hiss me. I—I—I don't know which will go home most disgusted, myself or the audience. Renounce me! I—I—I must have been mad to think of such a piece of stupidity. Here, Marshall, (the dresser), give me the petticoat. Why—why—why —am I to put that padding round me?—that's what they call a bustle, I suppose, eh? Well, put it on. I suppose I may wear my breeches for the farce, underneath my petticoats, eh? Blanchard (the Sir Anthony of the evening), I—I—I wish you'd be taken ill; can't you to oblige me? then we'd make an apology for you, and I could play Sir Anthony, and let Mrs. Taylor, the proper person, do this d—nable creature, eh? What—what—what do you say, eh?"

"With all my heart, my dear Dow," said Blanchard, "if you can manage it; but, thank heaven, I'm perfectly well; and the manager, my boy, wouldn't stand any excuse, you may depend. Besides, I have been dining with some friends at my inn, and have promised to return to supper with them, so I can't be ill, you know, my boy; don't bother about the part; the folks will laugh heartily, depend upon it; what a precious figure you'll look, Dow, my boy!"

As Dowton advanced in dressing his horror increased. "There, make haste, Marshall, make me up, I shall be an elegant figure. Renounce me! I—I—I am beginning to look like Mother Cheshire, and not much better than Moll Flaggon. Well, well, go on, finish me. What, what, what, am I to have more padding? Damme, don't stick the pins into me so; can't you get on without that? There, now give me the wig. Stop, let me paint my face. I—I—I suppose I mustn't paint my nose. I'm glad I'm to leave Liverpool to-morrow, for I should be ashamed to look anybody in the face. I—I—I shall be pelted. Wha—wha—what's that, a turban? Renounce me! She's not a Turk!—oh, head-dress, eh! There, that'll do; damme, I've a great mind to paint the old wretch a beard. Where's the fan, Marshall? if I haven't a fan, what the devil shall I do with my hands?— I—I—I shall be sticking them in my breeches pockets. There, now I'm ready for the sacrifice, like a lamb for the slaughter: here goes, like a precious fool as I am!"

Thus he went on until the time arrived for making "his first appearance in that character." He was very warmly received. Certainly he looked as little like Mrs. Malaprop as any one I ever saw dressed for the part, his face, in particular, being very unfeminine. At first he kept very quiet, and was content to merely speak the words, not attempting anything more. The first scene passed off dully enough, which appeared to annoy him.

"There, you—you—you see how quiet they are; they are disgusted already; they treat me with silent contempt. I—I—I shall never get through the part. Serve me right—I wish they'd hiss."

So he went on. His second scene was with Captain Absolute, in which he was more spirited than at first. I fancied he would do something strange, and stood in the wings to observe him. During the scene Mrs. Malaprop informs Captain A. of her having detected her niece in a correspondence with Ensign Beverley, and says, in continuation, "I thought she had persisted from corresponding with him; but, behold, this very day I have interceded another letter from the fellow; I believe I have it in my pocket."

As Dowton uttered this he fidgetted in his chair, fumbled about his dress for the aperture usually placed in ladies' gowns when pockets were in fashion, but not finding it, being unaccustomed to such garments, he used no hesitation, but placed his hand immediately under his petticoats, and drew from the pocket of his inexpressibles the letter alluded to, exhibiting, of course, the lower portion of his dress in which he was to appear as Restive in the farce. This drew forth loud and continued laughter from the audience, who appeared to consider the deed as a mistake of Dowton's, as he was unaccustomed to female attire.

Whether the good humour evinced by his friends encouraged him, I cannot say, but certainly his spirits improved; and, instead of concluding the scene by almost forcing Lydia Languish off the stage, saying "Hussy, hussy, I'll choke the words in your throat! come along, come along," he seized the young lady in his arms, and forcibly carried her from the stage; nor did he release her until he placed her on a sofa in the green-room. The same night he acted Restive in the farce of "Turn Out," and certainly never with greater effect; but I believe he never repeated Mrs. Malaprop.

Mr. Dowton having been in the profession upwards of fifty years, retired from the stage, June 8th, 1840, when he played Sir Robert Bramble in the "Poor Gentleman," which was thus cast:—Lieutenant Worthington, Mr. Cooper; Frederick, Mr. F. Vining; Ollapod, Mr. Harley; Humphrey Dobbins, Mr. Bartley; Corporal Fop, Mr. W. Farren; Farmer Harrowby, Mr. Webster; Stephen Harrowby, Mr. Meadows; Sir Charles Cropland, Mr. T. Green; Warner, Mr. Granby; Valet, Mr. Fitzjames.—Emily Worthington, Miss E. Tree; Miss Mac Tab, Mrs. Glover; Dame Harrowby, Mrs. Tayleure; Mary Harrowby, Mrs. Humby. Madame Grisi, Madame Dorus Gras, Miss Delcy, Miss Rainforth, and Mr. Braham sang during the evening. The entertainments concluded with the farce of "Gretna Green:" Lord Lovel, Mr. Fitzjames; Mr. Tomkins, Mr. W. Bennett; Larden, Mr. Oxberry; Jenkins, Mr. Wrench.—Betty Finnikin, Miss Kelly; Emily, Miss Lee. Mr. Sheridan Knowles delivered an address on the occasion, written by himself. The performances took place at Her Majesty's Theatre, which was crowded to excess, and, as the performers granted their gratuitous services, a handsome sum was realised, and an annuity for life purchased for "*The Veteran Dowton.*"

THE ORDER OF TRUTH.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

MANY are the orders that have risen among the nations, from British Arthur's knights of the round table to the no less chivalrous sisterhood of Hungary, arrayed against the mighty march of fashion, in what old divines would call "the wicked wastefulness of our costly apparel." There have been the Brothers of St. John, the Knights of the Temple, and the Teutonic Order, all famous in their day, but now left far away among the things that were. Faith, Mercy, and Charity, too, have had their orders, and still, we trust, they have amongst us many a true knight, or it may be, dame companion, who walks without either badge or device. Yet among the old world's nobler institutions, there was one, which though unchronicled by herald or historian, numbered amongst its members some of the most blameless and distinguished characters of their land and age; the order accumulated no wealth, committed no crime, and yet was the shortest lived of all the knightly brotherhoods of the period, and neither prince nor people have ever since attempted to revive it.

About the time that the never-to-be-forgotten Don Quixote set out on his first expedition, there lived a Spanish prince, known in his country as Don Alphonsa, fifth duke of Alsa; he had large estates, many friends, and an only daughter, Donna Ellenora, accounted by common consent the fairest, as well as the most prudent, signora in Spain. The duke had early lost his duchess, and mourned for her with an unforgetting and constant love, but time had long ago softened his sorrow, and it was said he could now look on the faces of living ladies with an eye undimmed by the memory of the dead. Many were the sweet smiles that greeted his glance, for Alphonsa had not yet quite passed his prime, and might have formed a second brilliant alliance, but for the bright eyes of a certain signora Catherina, a gay though portionless damsel of the ducal court, too far beneath his noble lineage to wed, and too fair to be easily forgotten.

Never was the valiant Don, whose exploits Cervantes has recorded, a more devoted admirer of chivalry than Don Alphonsa. His court, for he kept the state of a sovereign prince, was the resort of all the troubadours, knights errant, and injured dames in Europe: in his own person he was considered the pattern of all knightly merit, having fought against the Turks, defeated two Moorish champions, and maintained the honour of thirteen slandered ladies, on the point of his lance; but the subject on which Don Alphonsa delighted to honour himself was, an unswerving adherence to truth in the smallest matters, which he maintained was the sum of all Christian and heroic virtue, and the distinguishing mark of a true knight and an honourable man. Ellenora was quite as ardent a friend of chivalry as her father. Charming, motherless, and just eighteen, none better loved the martial list or gallant tournament, where she always presided as the acknowledged and unrivalled queen of beauty. No lady in Europe had inspired so many romantic lays or valiant deeds of arms, for Don Alphonsa had no son, and Ellenora was his heiress, and marvellous as it may appear, such things were noted even in the days of chivalry. Noble knights and royal princes strove for

her smiles, nor did they strive in vain, for Ellenora smiled alike on all, and her father had such confidence in the lady's well-known discretion, and was besides so much occupied with the care of signora Catherina, that he left the choice of a husband entirely to herself—a rather extraordinary occurrence for that age—stipulating only that her chosen must be a Christian knight of family equal to her own, and of unblemished honour. These requisites Ellenora believed she had found, combined with a fair young face and a loving heart—matters more sought for by the eye of eighteen—in a knight who had lately come to seek his fortune in the ducal court, named Sir Raymond of Gascony. In the list he overthrew the proudest champions, and in the banquet none could equal him in courtesy; his lands were all on his shield, and his gold was all in his corslet, but the noblest blood of Christendom was in his veins; and by the laws of old Castile he might well expect to wed with a princess.

Don Alphonsa himself commended the youth, and all things might have gone well with Ellenora and the suitor of her choice, but one unlucky day when the whole court, knight and squire, dame and damsel, were engaged in the royal sport of falconry, every hawk played its part well except the donna's, which, either from fear or perverseness, refused to attack the game, and kept fluttering about till the heron was brought down by the bolder falcon of her father. The duke loved a jest almost as well as his knighthood, and rallied his daughter on what he called the noble training of her falcon; but young Sir Raymond, as in duty bound by the ancient and still standing code of courtship, gallantly protested that Ellenora's hawk had soared the highest of all, and would have certainly brought down the game, but that his sight was dazzled by the more than sun-like brightness of his lady's eyes.

Don Alphonsa knew the falsehood, and could not forgive it, even though committed in homage to his daughter; he cast one withering look of scorn upon the knight, sternly commanded him to depart from his court and territory, and forbade his daughter ever from that day to speak or think of one who had proved himself a disgrace to the order of knighthood.

Sir Raymond was not so deficient in the proverbial assurance of his country, as to submit silently to this hard sentence; he bowed low to the donna, and then announced his determination to fight to the death any knight who would dare to dispute his statement regarding the donna's falcon, or support the don's declaration touching himself. Whether it was out of deference to the lady's feelings, or to Sir Raymond's prowess, we are not prepared to say, but the challenge remained unanswered, and the knight departed, with one long sad look upon his lady love, to fight for Christian Greece, against the sons of Othman. Whatever Ellenora's grief might be, she gave no sign of it by word or tear, but it seemed of short duration, for scarce was Sir Raymond gone, when she warmly approved of her father's justice in banishing him, and declared her own resolution of never wedding a husband whose words did not reach the highest standard of knightly veracity. Don Alphonsa congratulated himself on having a daughter at once so dutiful and discerning; but his opinion of her wisdom and virtue rose still higher when she proposed that, as a prince and a knight, he should immediately institute an order to restore the primeval purity of the ancient faith, and be known for ever throughout Christendom as "The Sacred

Order of Truth," into which none should be admitted who had been heard to utter the slightest falsehood for a month and a day.

The rivals of the banished Sir Raymond unanimously applauded the donna's proposal, especially as some gentle hints were given that from the intended order her future partner should be chosen; and the duke caught at it at once, for the thing was after his own heart, and he proceeded to found the order according to the ancient institutions of chivalry.

Numerous were the candidates for the new distinction, as soon as the duke's intentions were known. Half the nobles of Spain crowded to his court, but alas, there were few among the multitude against whom rivals or enemies did not prefer some well substantiated charge which rendered them ineligible: one had broken his vows of love, another had slandered his rival, a third had embellished his own exploits, and a fourth overrated the cost of his armour; and at length, after the most diligent search, only six knights could be found in all respects worthy of admission.

The first was Don Bernardo, of Castile, a knight of most noble lineage but of small estate. The second Don Armando, of Navarre, with a princely fortune, but a mushroom family. The third wasSir Cosmo, of gay Seville, who never told the number of his years; his locks were gray, but his heart was green with the shadow of youth, for the knight was still unwed. The fourth was named Count Florimer, of Granada, whose lady love had left him for a turbaned emir. The fifth was Sir Isadore of Biscay, who never had a lady love at all, for nature in the general distribution of beauty had entirely forgotten him. Don Alphonsa himself was the sixth and the grand master of this veracious brotherhood, which was duly constituted with the usual ceremonies; the decoration, a snow white ribbon, and the device of "Truth shall prevail," embroidered on badge and banner by the still more spotless hand of the Donna Ellenora.

When things had reached this state of perfection, the duke thought it incumbent on himself to give a princely banquet in honour of the institution, (for the power of feasts was known in the days of tilt and tournament as well as in our own,) after which it was agreed, that each brother should go forth with horse and armour as a knight errant of truth throughout the world, to correct all who might oppose it, by either his sword or example.

The guests were met, and the feast was spread. Knights of valour and dames of beauty, the flower of all the Spanish nobility, in the gay and gorgeous trappings of the times, crowded the hall of Alsa; some mingled in the measures of the joyous dance; some sat in scarce less joyous converse or listened to the lays of the minstrels as they sang of love or war; but every eye would turn towards the Donna Ellenora as she appeared in all the splendour of a princess, surrounded by her father's new made knights, they the envy, and she the admiration of all the other gallants, and the duke himself, from his regal seat, casting many a tender though stealthy glance on Signora Catherina, who sat among the dames of her own degree at the lowest end of the hall.

The "Brothers of Truth" seemed to be aware that the present opportunity was not one of every day occurrence, and each endeavoured to improve it after his own peculiar fashon. Don Bernardo interspersed his compliments with delicate allusions to his own exalted origin; and the knight of Navarre did not forget to let fall some passing hints

regarding the extent of his possessions. Sir Cosmo assumed his most youthful tone, and that he could have made such gallant speeches without infringing the fundamental law of the order, remains as a standing proof that the gifts of knights in that respect, at least, equalled his graces. The Counts of Granada and Biscay also did their best, and the Donna listened and smiled, as though the name of Sir Raymond had passed from her memory like a shadow from a quiet lake; but at length addressing Don Bernardo, she said, "I trust, Signor, that the castles and estates which your noble ancestors won from the Moors have descended to you, as well as their illustrious titles, for nobility without an estate is like a knight without armour."

The Count sat for a moment as if uncertain how to answer; but the Donna's last words still rang in his ears, and with a reddening cheek and hurried tone he replied, "True, true, fair lady; but I have cause for gratitude to my ancestors who have left my fortune and honours equal to each other."

"It is well, Sir Knight," said the Donna, "but no fortune can equal the honours of a noble house whose ancient line ascends to remote antiquity." Then, turning to the knight of Navarre, she said, "Tell me, Don Armand, was the griffin which is borne on your shield ever the arms of your house, or why did they adopt the symbol?"

The Knight's colour deepened, but he answered—"The cause of its adoption, most noble Donna, is lost in the obscurity of ages; I know not if there be any herald on earth who understands it, for he that was best skilled in the story of my family died about the time of the siege of Granada."

"A time when many a brave knight fell," said Donna Ellenora, "but it was a great and glorious event that broke for ever the Moorish sword in Spain. Doubtless, Sir knight," she added, addressing Sir Cosmo, "you well remember it?"

"I remember it!" cried Sir Cosmo, without either blush or hesitation, "Pardon me, fair lady, by the cross I was not then out of my cradle clothes."

"Well, Sir Cosmo," said the Donna, with one of her sweetest smiles, "we ladies do make sad mistakes. But perhaps you may remember the long grief of the valiant Count Florimer, when forsaken by the fair Rosalta, who left his love and her Christian faith? Fie upon the false dame, to wed a Moorish knight!"

"On the faith of a true knight, fair Donna," cried Count Florimer, "I never sighed for dame or damsel, save the sweet lips, which the world's fame hath decerned, though it could not sully, by this false tale."

"It is, indeed, a false world, Count," said the Donna, still smiling, "Yet report hath not assigned to you so dark a lot as to the noble Isadore of Biscay, on whom it is said no maiden hath ever smiled."

"Believe it not, fair lady," cried the Biscayen, with eagerness, to which Sir Cosmo's haste was like a valley stream compared with a mountain torrent, "Believe it not; this vain report takes its colour from my modesty, for as I am a Christian knight, more proofs of ladies' favour have been showered on me than ever were enjoyed by prince or peer since the days of the noble Lancelot, but I hold it unfitting to boast of such things." The last of Count Isadore's speech was concerning a French princess, who threatened to fling herself into the sea, because he would not return the passion which his beauty had inspired; but unfortunately the greater part of what he said was lost in

a grand burst of music, which now called the brave and the fair into that wide palace hall to join in their country's fandango, then the dance of those who sat in the high places of Spain. Old and young, grave and gay, rose and responded to that mirthful call, and Donna Ellenora stood for a moment beside her father; but he saw her not, for his eye was fixed on Signora Catherina, as she swept by in the rapid maze of the fandango. Fair as the lady was, Spain had many a more graceful dancer; but the young Signora had set her heart upon excelling in that also, and woe be to him who would gainsay her claim by word or glance, for mighty is the wrath of vanity.

"Tell me, my noble father," said Ellenora, lightly touching Don Alphonsa's hand, "Tell me whom think ye the best dancer in yonder gay group." The Donna's words reached the ear of Catherina, who gave her castanets another twirl, and glanced half keenly half imploringly at the Duke: the die was cast, and the Grand Master of the Order of Truth at once answered, "Signora Catherina is the best dancer in the hall."

"It is well, Don Alphonsa," said Ellenora; adding in a whisper which reached no ear but her father's, "yet there was a knight of noble lineage, of stainless valour, and of friendless youth, banished for ever from the court of Alsa, for vain words lightly spoken in praise of one on whom he looked with the eyes of the warm and the young, and this hour six Spanish knights of high and approved integrity, chosen for the holy brotherhood of Truth from all the peers of the land, have told as false a tale."

The banquet was gay, and the revel long, but it passed away as brighter scenes have done, and the next morning six more white ribbons and a stainless banner were laid upon the altar in the palace chapel where the knights had kept their vigil.

The brothers of Truth returned to their respective homes, but their steeds and armour were brought forth only in the service of the tournament; and when the spring returned, a gayer banquet was held at the ducal hall to celebrate the bridal of Sir Raymond of Gascony and Donna Ellenora. Old lords have said that the knight became Duke of Alsa and father of the famous general who laid waste the Netherlands, for Don Alphonsa never wedded, but grew old gazing on Signora Catherina, nor ever again attempted to establish the Order of Truth.

AUGUST.

BY EDMUND OLLIER.

Earth, sky, and air, and man, and ocean old,
Joy at thy coming, bounteous August. Earth,
Like a young bride, thoughtless of wintry dearth,
Is one wide undulating sea of gold.
The sky—a blue domain for Phœbus bold—
Through clefts of Alp-like clouds laughs warm and clear;
And o'er its breast the languid summer air
Creeps dreamily. The sea is peaceful-soul'd,
Throbbing with gentle pulses on the sand;
And Man walks forth, and sees all Nature yield
Her treasures at his sovereign beck and call:
A season rich to overflowing,—grand
With kingly pomp in every hill and field,
Lovely in wide-spread blessings over all.

STRANGE INCIDENTS FROM REAL LIFE.

BY GEORGE RAYMOND.

THE failure of a long established Baltic house at Kingston upon-Hull, fell heavily on its respected master, a man approaching seventy years of age. This occurrence took place in 1805—a period distinguished from our own, rather by those mutations the social world has since undergone, than by any great chronologic remoteness; and our recent generations appear as abruptly to have put off one set of dress and manners for another, as a drama takes up or disposes of a scene in a far country, by the mere shifting of the canvass. But this sudden downfall, though administering largely to the bitter cup which fortune had already placed in the hands of Mr. Hussey, had not yet filled it to the brim—hope had not quite abandoned him, and he had still a wish to live;—filial ingratitude completed the measure of his earthly woe.

Such was the event—the causes thereof it will be necessary briefly to retrace.

Mr. Hartop, senior clerk in the house of Hussey and Co. at the time of the above failure, had been originally drafted from an entomological swarm of "grey coated" parish urchins, by a certain long-sighted attorney, and thereupon taken under the protection of his professional wing. The boy's duties were to turn his hand to any thing—a term which soon explained itself into every thing—a kind of universal agency, in which the little Crichton won all the reward which applause and promises are apt to bestow. His pay, otherwise, was but small; yet there was always something in his very occupations which produced a sense of remuneration in the mind of the lad; for he could not but perceive his master was unapproachable in chicane; that he could find the blind side even of an eagle, and that a needle's point was in fact no prototype of his practice. These observations sweetened wonderfully the labours of a youth like Hartop, who when at "the school," would always prefer cheating a companion out of sixpence, himself, to receiving a shilling from his godfather, the publican, who had only cheated others.

But great men are sometimes the sport of little accidents, as the illustrious Marcellus, who after achieving many mighty projects by dint of hard fighting, was at last overthrown in fancied security. In such wise, was the check-mate of Hartop's first master; for he who had been able to beat the parson at quarter sessions in the morning, and prove more than his match at "put" in the afternoon, was at length detected in receiving one sum of money and paying over another, in the course of some professional transaction—a piece of every-day malversation and scarcely above the dexterity of a country appraiser.

But amongst those more particularly awakened to a sense of virtuous indignation at the above event, was the boy Hartop—his astonishment far surpassed that of any other person in Hull, and the interest he felt in those who might have been victims to the long practised frauds of the attorney, was excessive. Having, however, about this very period, transacted some little roguery on his own account, (the amusement of his leisure hours,) in which a plain sea-faring man was the dupe, he contrived to shift the brunt to the shoulders of his

ex-guardian, which could not possibly make much difference to one already bowed low by the weight of infamy, while to himself it was a most incalculable relief.

Here, then, terminated the first stage of Hartop's progress—but his abilities, and what was still more incontestable, his address, offered such strong appeals to public commiseration at his bereavement, that he was not long without new friends, and amongst them Mr. Hussey, who, as he was now making rapid advances into the vale of years, would fain assign the up-hill path of business to some one more vigorous than himself. No one could be better fitted to the old gentleman's purpose than the stranded Hartop; in fact, they agreed that Providence had clearly made a special interference in the matter. An engagement was the result, and the houseless boy introduced forthwith into the counting-house of the first merchant in Hull.

Mr. Hussey was a widower, having but one child, a daughter, who was about Hartop's age. Margaret was decidedly a handsome girl—a dark, striking beauty—a "demarche aisée, port noble, pied petit"—the banks of the Tagus could scarcely match her;—one who paused not to cheat you of your heart, but at once robbed you of it, which having appropriated, like all ill-gotten wealth was speedily abused;—a rare and costly edition of that sex, more agreeably studied in humbler copies of the work.

Hartop found his way almost as soon into the confidence of the merchant, as into his counting-house. Alike distinguished for observation, assiduity, and despatch, he was invaluable, and so punctual in his movements, that those of the town clock might have been regulated by them. The direction of the firm in a short time devolved absolutely on him—he represented its credit and prosecuted its claims, so that at length, the only person known or thought of in the house of Hussey, was Mr. Hartop.

In the service of his late master, our adventurer had had various opportunities for forming an acquaintance with the affairs of his neighbours, and amongst them, the real state and condition of a burly grazier, who had been accounted mavellously well to do in the world; a report which turned out by no means incorrect, although he had been for some years a client of the *unrolled* attorney. His wife had just found leisure to bless him with one child—a daughter; for with the exception of a short absence from domestic affairs, which the event of a lying-in usually exacts, the good woman had scarcely been out of the kitchen four hours together since her wedding day.

The above inquiry being thus satisfactory, it forcibly struck Hartop he should have no objection to make the young lady his wife. True he did not love her, but in all probability she would be wealthy, and in that case he should love her; while the affection which riches begets would have the virtue of constancy, which is far more than beauty or accomplishments could have any right to expect, as the first will fade and the operation of years render the latter monotonous. Besides which the lady, as he had understood, was sickly; any neglect therefore on his part, Providence, in all probability would step in to requite, and by taking her entirely to itself, assign to her a better alimony than either he, or indeed this world, could presume to promise. Having therefore attended a short consultation with the most vigilant friend he had in the world, namely himself, he went so far as to settle

the very day of his marriage, which having done, with much complacency, he rose from his chair, with the determination of making the young lady's acquaintance, a preliminary step which until now had not troubled his deliberations.

This however was soon accomplished, for Hartop, who had the art of picking the wards of the most complicated human sagacity, was not long in unlocking the confidence of the grazier, which in fact he found nearly as ductile as that of the merchant himself. The time he expended on the farmer was certainly not great, but he made the most of it, as some prudent persons will make ten shillings go as far as a guinea. He visited him at the most advised times; as when a Highland drove had been just brought to his pastures—his swine ready to farrow; and invariably presented him with the county gazette. This, with unqualified commendation of his treatment of cattle, (not forgetting to make it at the expense of every other grazier in the shire,) won the old gentleman's heart in about three weeks; and having in the mean time presented the good wife with six bottles of old Jamaica rum, he considered he had done quite enough. The young lady's consent he knew would be easy, for she was a very pliant child, and in every respect the counterpart of her mother, with the exception only of being a few years younger; but sickness had so invaded her, that on many days she looked the elder.

Mr. Hussey highly approved of the match, and Hartop having been now some years in the worthy merchant's service, under the free terms already stated, the old gentleman would at times good humouredly observe, that "verily John Hartop was far better acquainted with the affairs of the firm than he himself;" a surmise which undoubtedly did great credit to his penetration, for none could have been much nearer the truth. He took this opportunity, therefore, of declaring an act of generosity which he had for some time contemplated, namely, his proposal to give Hartop a share in his business, but this Hartop positively refused.—"No, dearest Sir," exclaimed the young man in all the warmth of gratitude, "for the present I am indeed satisfied; my poor endeavours are already amply rewarded; suffer me, my kind benefactor, by longer service, better to merit so liberal an offer."

This speech at once brought tears into the eyes of the old man. He pressed the youth to his bosom and called on God to prosper his future days. The result was, he made Hartop a most handsome douceur towards the formation of his matrimonial establishment, which, with a certain sum the grazier thought fit to advance, "until it should please Heaven to take him," as he said, opened a fair prospect to the connubial country.

In due time the marriage was solemnized. The wedding day passed as most of them do, "all ladies and gentlemen concerned" in their best clothes, best looks, and best behaviour; and Hartop, who had never seen so much of his wife as on that morning, offered her many civilities on the score of the ceremony.

About this period, a certain personage, Sir William Bazleton, took up his abode in the neighbourhood, renting a small tenement, which he called a shooting box, for the purpose of following that or any other sport which his inclination might suggest. Sir William was of an old but needy family; the improvidence of his father had materially impoverished the estate; but what his thoughtlessness had only began, the

vices of the son most thoroughly accomplished, for within three years from the heir's taking possession, he was not worth a guinea. Sir William had not become vicious by fatal example alone, for he was depraved by nature: his term of pupilage was but of short duration, and he became a master early in the school of sinfulness. The hazard table had but half satisfied his soul by merely yielding him the proceeds of success, for his full content was to know he had left his opponent a beggar; the triumph of unholy passion was not yet complete till misery dogged the footsteps of his victim.

To such a person, the attractions of Margaret were of the highest order. Her beauty, which wanted only that feminine character to render it perfect, was by this very defection the more agreeable in the eyes of Sir William, while that taint of suspicion which for some time past had settled on her fame, was to him a very beauty spot on her figure. Her freedom of deportment and total contempt of parental restraint tended easily to an early mutual acquaintance; their tastes assimilated; and by a kind of free-masonry of sentiment, they seemed perfectly to understand the secret of each other's happiness. Margaret was also the only child of the most considerable merchant in Hull, a fact which, tending to multiply the baronet's designs, suggested also the most intrinsic results. Their friendship had been formed in secret, and their intercourse, by common consent, was still clandestine; for Sir William well knew that his manners, pleasing as they were to the daughter, would be by no means acceptable to the father; but possibly by first leading her silently into error, he might at last be accepted through the very disgraceful necessity of the case. As for Margaret, though ambitious of conquest, she had never sighed for matrimony; a reclaimed husband she considered as any other reclaimed animal, but a tame creature—the feræ naturâ were alone worthy of admiration.

But Margaret who had long taken the lead in the "battue" against the entire breed of bachelors, having brought them down singly and in coveys, so that there was not a head of game left to any female shot in the whole congregation of St. ———, began to turn her attention in a new direction. Hartop had become a married man; and although she would have despised a triumph over a mere clerk in her father's house, yet he had also become a very considerable personage in the borough, while the "married man" offered the prospect of pleasing variety to her sports of the field; for, ensnaring the affection of a husband from his wife, must surely be a far higher achievement than merely beating into her toils whole flights of starveling bachelors, while it afforded an opportunity for making one of her own sex miserable, against the whole of which she had long vowed the most implacable aversion.

Wary had been the steps of Hartop from the very poor-house cradle. His onward course had never been interrupted by any temptation of the instant—which had long ranked him high in the army of saints; but the evident favour with which Margaret now regarded him, was a severe trial to his moral fastnesses. He was trembling, on the defence. As to his marriage, had the advantages which such an union held out to him, been offered in the lease of a public-house, he would as soon—perhaps rather—have taken the latter. His affections were therefore his own, but his state of man subject to a fearful hazard. His deport-

ment to his wife, however, underwent no change; he was still respectful and sometimes courteous; and as the lady herself was by no means of an ardent constitution, she was quite persuaded that her own state was precisely that essential empyrean which has afforded the means of immortality to so many beautiful poets.

Mrs Hartop in the second year of her marriage produced a son, a circumstance which also produced much satisfaction to her husband, for he had began, for some reason or other, to be mortally tired of taking his wife abroad; and this event following on a sickly constitution, most opportunely suggested a fair reason for never taking her abroad again.

But a circumstance now happened which, in having eluded the calculation of Hartop himself, might have been deemed out of the very orbit of events, and this was the second marriage of the grazier, within five months from the burial of his first wife. The death of this lady had been occasioned by a surfeit brought on by her wilful superintendence in the cooking an Irish stew, a dish of which Hartop was immoderately fond. She had exerted her endeavours on the occasion with undeniable success, and, like an old Roman, died in the midst of glory. The grazier, to do him justice, mourned for her loss as much as a grazier could do, and in all probability would never have dreamt of a second mate, had it not been whispered him, that the fair one had more than once dreamt of him. The individual in question was from a neighbouring grass farm, remarkable for its fatness and fecundity; and if bulk alone was evidence of worth, the good grazier might indeed have pronounced he had gained a prize—she was positively the very richness of the soil.

But alas!—artful, covetous, and followed by needy relatives, she had marked the poor grazier for her own, from the very moment the Irish surfeit had achieved its victory; and triumphing in her turn, over the farmer of horned cattle, she became his second partner, and was now exhibiting every indication of having lost as little time in meeting his longings as a father.

To Hartop this was indeed a portentous sign in the heavens he had studied. The fabric of ages was destroyed, and the system of unwearied watchfulness, but mere vexation of spirit. Having opened the flood-gates of his ire in invectives, which might have swept the very farm itself from the surface of the land, he was restored again to the calm dead sea of his pristine nature. His views on the grazier were obscured, blotted for ever, and the only satisfaction left him, was in the removal of all restraint in respect of his deportment towards the lady, his own wife, whom he now began to treat with every avowed demonstration of hatred, which was quite refreshing after so many months of irksome dissimulation.

But from the dark recesses of his mind, there were still other pent-up passions, which gaining equal freedom, began to threaten an ascendancy over him. For the present, however, he was indefatigable in the business of the house—early and late was he engaged on some portion of its affairs, whilst its remotest correspondent received renewed advices, and all liabilities were rigidly enforced.

Margaret, who had noticed the matrimonial current not quite so glossy as it was wont to be, placed all the discomfort to the account of her own charms, which, like those of Phryne, she would fain declare

more absolute than the laws of Greece. Hartop, the hardy Scythian, she believed was near crouching at her feet, and as triumph alone had been all the plumage she coveted, she now turned abruptly from the barbarian, to the more polished tributary of the polished Baronet.

It was on one of those brilliant mornings at the opening of the year, when Nature, shorn of her suit of many tints, was robed more delicately white than any bride we remember to have seen—when the sun, but a short time in the heavens, disclosed the kingly oak, in a coat of spangles, and the sportive river, now vaulting over those bounds between which it had late so languidly crept, that Margaret descended from the baronet's phaeton, at the verge of a meadow which lay between the premises of Mr. Hussey and the main highway. Glowing in health, exulting in the holiday of youth, and animated, no doubt, by the contest of warm phrases which had just taken place between herself and companion, she looked at that moment a Livia or an Agrippina!

Having kissed her hand to her charioteer, who was expressing his state of the forsaken, as though he had picked up his lesson at the opera, she was now advancing to the path which led directly to her father's house. Hartop was at that instant coming towards the line in a diagonal direction, and Margaret, who had watched the baronet safe off the confines of the plain, loitered, as though suddenly touched by the splendour of the scene. She paused as one held in admiration of Nature and her works, but with the inward belief that the only claim the goddess had to any such homage, was centered in herself.

Hartop had reached the spot on which she was standing. "Miss Hussey," said he, accosting her.

"Dear! Mr. Hartop," cried she, in a languid tone of recognition, which would have added something to the fame of a Pritchard or a Clive, "How you startle me!"

"You were in meditation, then?"

"I was thinking, Mr. Hartop, that our beloved nature exists but under a cruel law, which deprives her of her warmest clothing at the very season she would need it most;" having said which, and discharged a glance at him which was intended to transfix him quite, she was moving on.

"Pardon me," interrupted Hartop, in a manner new as it was impressive, "Chance has at once conceded me what diligence has hitherto failed to overtake—an opportunity like this. Margaret, listen to me."

A slight paleness overspread her countenance as he spoke, and she suffered him to take her hand, while he further addressed her.

"Margaret, listen to me. You are yet young; but long, too long, has been the day of your dishonour. Blessed with an outward form in which the best might have rejoiced, and the noblest coveted; endowed with faculties which aiding a generous spirit might have won the gratitude of mankind, you have coined them only to the frightful traffic in human woe, and to the dishonour of the divinest gifts. Treacherous and cruel to the sex that claims you, you have gained but the scorn of ours, when most you thought to triumph. You have trampled on human sympathies, and rioted in the vibrations of wounded confidence. On the altar of a sinful vanity, you have sacrificed your neighbour's peace. Such is the sum of the cruel, base coquette! but retribution fails not, and

justice will be worked out by the humblest of your victims. Margaret, hear me—that justice I might now avow myself the instrument of effecting. Me, me you have deemed not unworthy your pursuit—what you have sought, you have gained, (as gained you have before,) but never will I weep in secret—I love you, Margaret—by all the fortitude I have vainly raised, I love you, Margaret! You have won me, lady; and if there be a vow yet more solemn than the resolute heart of man has ever pledged to, by that I swear you shall endure me!"

"Mr. Hartop!" exclaimed his terrified listener, "What wild offence is this? What is the language I have heard? Let me fly and proclaim at once this outrage."

"Do so!" retorted Hartop, with a smile of calm security, "do so! a word—a breath of mine, shall cover you with shame, and brand you with a falsehood. See! see!" continued he, in the old cunning of his nature, "See! Margaret, the value of character—for *that* have I laboured, and to your confusion now, have laboured with success—renounce me, and tell them all how passionately I love you. Think you, that poor remnant of good name, which possibly may yet be yours, will avail you one instant against the lifted finger of my denial? Tell them that I love you—tell them that we must fly—fly, Margaret, together."

"Fly!" repeated Margaret, recoiling with a look of scorn, which the speaker rather than the sentiment provoked, "Fly, and with thee! the daughter of the first merchant in this city!"

"At least then, listen to me further," said Hartop, as he fixed his resolute gaze on the indignant beauty; "this hour is suited to disclosures, and one avowal you have already heard. The house of "Hussey," Madam, is on the eve of bankruptcy—within a few weeks domestic ruin will surround. Nay—Margaret, I understand you; but my books will bear the malice of inquiry—my negotiations may be weighed to the value of a hair—against Hartop, not a fraction will remain in question. Yet, Margaret, he has been careful—frugal—and has the means to uphold and succour the idol whom now he gazes on. Oh! Margaret, mine is not the passion of a day, but the secret anguish which time has wound about my heart. Hear me, by that—fly from the danger, destitution, which await you—fly from the world which presently will load you with upbraidings, and throw you off to perish in its scorn—fly, Margaret, to triumph in a heart that beats alone to cherish you."

Terror had evidently o'erspread the countenance of his hearer. She was near sinking to the earth—"Ruin! ruin!" she repeated, in tremulous accents, "but what—what hope have I in thee? Have you not a wife, Hartop?—ties which——"

"Hold! Margaret," interrupted he, with his wonted calmness—"of these you should have thought when first you marked me as a victim to your arts—do not prate of conscience; duty, you have lived only to despise; nor challenge me upon those very grounds which you have sown with bitterness."

"Hartop!" exclaimed Margaret, as though suddenly restored to a sense of pride—"Quit me, quit me, slanderer. It cannot—cannot be! 'tis a vile, base scheme, and there is yet one who shall avenge me!"

"And who is he?" demanded Hartop, perfectly unmoved.

"Sir William Bazleton! who has this morning offered me his hand."

"Sir William Bazleton!" repeated he, in a tone of pointed derision, "Sir William Bazleton! and will he, the sordid, skulking dependant on hourly cunning, for a day of liberty—bankrupt in reputation and exposed in fraud—the taunt of station, and the rabble's jeer—when this ruin shall o'ertake you, (as presently it will,) when they on whom you have trampled and heaped insults shall trample in their turn and savagely repay their debt of scorn—think you this shattered braggart will raise a finger for your aid, or advance one step to shelter you?"

"Oh! spare me! spare me! Hartop," cried Margaret, in a burst of unfeigned agony, as though some maddening recollection at that moment had taken possession of her senses—"spare me this terrible suspicion!—what can I do?"

"Live! honoured—cherished—in one heart, loved and cherished! Margaret," again exclaimed Hartop, passionately—"in one bosom dwell securely, prosperously."

"Bazleton!" ejaculated the terrified Margaret, "can it be possible! —the world—the merciless, exulting world—save me from that!" —and she clasped her hands with the violence of one despairing.

"I will—I will!" said he, with equal energy.

"My father—my aged, sinking father!" continued Margaret abstractedly—"he will die—he will die! Hartop, leave me—leave me, I say!"

"Your father!" repeated he, in a tone of measured severity—"Your father! Margaret—what cant—what puling artifice is this!—your father! When had he ever cause to bless the tender vigilance of a child?—never! When rejoiced you in his prosperity or partook his sorrows?—never! A stranger—a willing, froward stranger have you been to every dictate of his heart, a contemner of his confidence. Selfish and unfilial, when did you ever forego one idle pleasure to assuage his solitude or beguile a tear?—never! never!—and do you now, when danger—ruin, inevitable ruin, is at your heels ——."

"Oh! crush me! crush me at once!" uttered the frantic beauty, "but do not torture me. Bazleton! impossible—the world, indeed!"

"Torture you,—loved idol of my soul!—Oh! Margaret—believe how willingly I would restore you to your court of spells—to your career of joy. Trust me, and I will. Listen to me," continued he in accents intended to inspire implicit confidence. "Creditors are sometimes generous, turning their just demands to gifts and benefits. Your father's wants will not be contemned. Hark you! Margaret, your very flight will be as an appeal to their humanity, and the desertion of a child will purchase the protection of strangers for the father. Nay—start not, Margaret—but such it will be. Let no pernicious, sickly sentiment, qualities which yet you have despised, stand in the only path which opens to your safety. Margaret, you must fly to safety, ease, prosperity; and by this one act more, which public clamour may condemn, you will at least be satisfied your parent has obtained that shelter which else perhaps had never been bestowed. This done—Oh! think again from what you will be snatched—for what you will be preserved!—the full enjoyment of your heart's best ambition—the marvel, the admiration of the crowd!"

Infamous as was this address, and urged by a manner that but ill concealed the deadly promptings which gave it utterance, it was still

calculated to the purpose. The vain, frail heart of his victim, quailing one moment in the awful recollection of crimes already passed, could yet be hurried into still deeper accountabilities by the coarse language of pestiferous adulation. They fled together.

A brief span of time was passed in such joys as spring from such adventures; but retribution was at hand—namely, that misery which alone is consequent on a course of sin.

NOTES AND ANECDOTES.

BY CHARLES HERVEY.

VENICE.

I.

In the year 1427, Stamati, a native of Candia, conceived the bold idea of robbing the cathedral of St. Mark of some of its most precious treasures. Having succeeded in concealing himself in the church until the doors were closed at night, he contrived to enter the treasury, and abstracted, by degrees, its most valuable contents, which he hid in a vault underneath the steps of the cathedral. In the morning he took advantage of the unlocking of the doors to escape unobserved, amusing himself by wandering about the city during the day, and returning towards evening in time to be locked in as before. This continued for six nights, when, having added to his store of plunder the Doge's cap, valued at more than 200,000 crowns, he prepared to decamp with his booty; but first, unluckily for himself, resolved on confiding his secret to his friend Gerio, likewise a Candian by birth. Having brought him privately into his apartment, whither he had by this time transported the spoil, he proposed to share the whole with him: Gerio feigned compliance, and advised a speedy departure from Venice, adding, that he would arrange his own affairs as quickly as possible, and rejoin him.

Instead of this he went straight to the Doge's palace, and, either from fear of discovery or scruples of conscience, reported the matter to the Council, by whose orders Stamati was immediately arrested, and the treasure recovered. The criminal was condemned, after a short trial, to be hung between the two columns on the Piazza of St. Mark: he is said to have petitioned his judges that the rope might be gilt, but whether his request was granted or not is not recorded.

II.

In the arsenal at Venice is shewn a curious dressing-case, containing six small cannons, which are so adjusted as to explode on the opening of the case. This is said to have been sent as a present to the Contessa Sacrati, by Francesco Carrara, the last Lord of Padua, famous, or rather infamous, for his cruelties. The unfortunate lady, little suspecting the nature of the *cadeau*, hastily touched the spring by which the box was opened, and immediately fell, shot through the heart. In the armoury are also preserved several pocket crossbows and steel

arrows, with which the same wretch was accustomed to amuse himself by killing or wounding all those against whom he bore a grudge, without their knowing from whence the blow came. He was strangled at Padua, in 1405, by a decree of the Venetian senate, as a fitting punishment for his abominable crimes.

III.

The Venetian nobility of the ancient *régime* were divided into three classes: the first in rank were those whose ancestors were noble before the existence of the republic; the second class comprised all who had acquired their nobility by services done to the state; and the third consisted solely of those who had purchased their titles. Notwithstanding its *parvenu* origin, this last class obtained its fair share of honours and dignities; for, thanks to the sovereign influence of wealth, its possessors were frequently raised to the highest offices in the state, from which the poorer though more illustrious *nobili* were excluded. Nevertheless, it has been said with truth, that nowhere was poverty more respected than in Venice, and for this reason; as *all* the nobility had a voice in the grand council, where every public functionary, even including the Doge himself, was elected by vote, the rich nobles, who aspired to place and power, found it necessary to ingratiate themselves with their poorer brethren, *one* dissentient voice being sufficient to blackball the most popular candidate.

The Venetians tell the following story in illustration. A poor noble, before setting out on a journey, went to pay his farewell respects to his neighbour, a wealthy signor, and, in the course of conversation, begged him to lend him a travelling cloak. The signor, not foreseeing the consequences of his refusal, declined granting the request, and the poor noble was forced to shift as he could without a cloak. Some time afterwards, the Doge dying, this same rich *magnifico* came forward as a candidate for the vacant honour. He was on the point of being elected, when the poor noble, who had meanwhile returned to Venice, entered the council chamber, and was immediately accosted with many profound reverences by the obsequious candidate, and his vote solicited. "*Signor*," replied he, making, if possible, a lower reverence than the other, "*io staro senza fariol, e lei senza corno.*"—(I will remain without a cloak, and you without a ducal cap.)

IV.

Travellers should be on their guard against the impositions practised by Venetian picture dealers, as even the most experienced *connoisseur* may easily be taken in by them. Not long ago a gentleman visited a celebrated *depôt* of paintings in this city, and, happening to fancy a particular picture, agreed, after some little bargaining with the dealer, to purchase it. All was settled, but the gentleman insisted on taking it home with him, having his gondola at hand. "What," said the dealer, "have you any doubts of my sending you the original? Put your own seal on the back, and satisfy yourself." This was, however, declined by the purchaser, who, sending for his servant, ordered him to carry the picture downstairs in spite of the entreaties and remonstrances of the collector. On arriving at his hotel the gentleman found, after a close scrutiny, a copy neatly inserted in the frame

behind the original, which copy he would have sealed, had he suffered himself to be prevailed upon. Of course he kept both, the dealer, as may readily be imagined, never appearing to claim either.

V.

The Venetian dialect is far more harmonious than either the Neapolitan or Genoese. Its principal peculiarities are the substituting *x* for *s*, and *g* for *c*. *Che* becomes *ghe*, and *il el*, as in Spanish. The *u* is often omitted when coupled with *o*, as *omo* for *uomo*, and the use of the *z* is frequent. The two first lines of a favourite air may be quoted as specimens:—

"*El* (il) gusto del boccolo
Gha (ha) Nina vezzosa;"

differing, in truth, scarcely at all from the present Tuscan. A collection of poems, in the Venetian dialect, was published at Venice in 1817, under the editorship of Bartolomeo Gamba, forming fourteen volumes.

VI.

While sitting one afternoon at the window of our hotel (the Leone Bianco), we saw several boats moored at the side of the canal, and filled with large fish, which were brought out one by one, and decapitated with a cleaver in the presence of two officers of police. On inquiry, we learnt that they had been caught near Istria, and were opened by direction of the Government, in order to ascertain whether they were fresh and fit for public consumption. We were also told that these fish, which are greatly esteemed by the Venetians, were seldom caught except in very stormy weather.

VII.

Among the numerous mosaics in the Cathedral of St. Mark, are representations of the four evangelists. Above the figure of St. Mark is written, in old rhyming Latin,

"Sit nobis Marce, celesti gratus in arce,"

and above that of St. Luke,

"Quo lucet Lucas, nos Christe piissime ducas."

In the same church are four lions, also in mosaic, two represented in the water and two on the land; the former are fat and sleek, the latter miserably lean. These were intended by the artist as types of the Venetians themselves, the lion being their national emblem; thereby intimating that their prosperity and glory depended upon the seagirt position of their city, which if they relinquished for the land, their speedy decline would follow.

VIII.

The following miracle is detailed in a volume anciently kept in the sacristy of St. Mark. On the completion of the Campanile, from the summit of which Galileo is said to have made astronomical observations, a workman, employed in its erection, lost his balance and fell from the top. Being endowed with sufficient presence of mind to invoke the aid of St. Mark, and inwardly vowing that, in the event of his delivery, he would for the future devote himself to the service of the saint, he was miraculously supported by a beam jutting out from the tower, which impeded his further descent without injuring him,

until, by means of a rope let down from the summit, he reached *terra firma* in safety. The legend adds that, "mindful of his vow, he passed the remainder of his life in devout works, and *saluberrimé diem clausit extremum.*"

IX.

The manufacture of beads is carried on in a small island about an hour's row from Venice; great quantities of them are annually exported to Greece and Turkey, and the remainder supply the Venetian artificers with the materials for making bracelets and other ornaments. The process is kept very secret, the workmen not being allowed to show anything except in the presence of the master. In the same island is the glass manufactory, but the specimens shown us were clumsy and ill-formed, and of an inferior quality.

X.

In the sacristy of the Chiesa di SS. Giovanni e Paolo is a picture, recording the following miracle:—Saint Dominic, arriving in port after a long voyage, found that he had no money to pay for his passage: he therefore humbly besought the aid of Heaven, and his prayers were answered by the appearance of a large fish, which rose from the water, and passively surrendered itself into his hands. Regarding this as a signal mark of the Divine favour, the saint took the fish, and, opening it, discovered a coin, by means of which he was enabled to discharge his debt.

HAROLD.

(*From the German of Uhland.*)

BEFORE his gallant company
Rode Harold, dauntless knight;
And through the forest wild they rode,
All in the pale moonlight.

They bear the flags in battle won,
That in the wind wave high;
They sing the songs of victory,
That echo to the sky.

What in the bushes stirs and lurks,
And with the branches bends?
What rises from the streamlet's foam,
And from the clouds descends?

What throws the flowery buds about?
What strain so sweetly sounds?
What dances through the warrior's ranks,
And on the horses bounds?

What sweetly kisses, gently soothes,
And holds so fondly prest?
The knight unhorses, steals his sword,
And leaves no peace nor rest?

It is the airy elfin train,
No mortal can withstand;
The warriors soon have vanished all—
Are all in fairy-land.

Alone the bravest still remain'd,
Bold Harold—dauntless knight;
From crown to sole ensheath'd is he
In armour glittering bright.

His brave companions all are lost,
Their arms around him strew'd;
The horses, from their masters free,
Run wild about the wood.

In bitter sorrow rode away
Proud Harold, dauntless knight;
Through the wild wood he rode alone,
All in the pale moonlight.

A streamlet trickles from the rock,
Its crystal waters gleam,
He springs to earth, unclasps his helm,
And drinks the cooling stream.

But scarcely has he drunk, his limbs
No more their vigour keep;
He sits perforce upon the rock,
He nods, and sinks to sleep.

And now, for many hundred years,
He sits and slumbers there,
His head upon his bosom sunk,
With hoary beard and hair.

When lightnings flash, and thunders roll,
And storms the wood affright,
In dreams he tries to grasp his sword,
Old Harold, dauntless knight.

EHRENSTEIN.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

CHAPTER IV.

About an hour and a half after Ferdinand's song had ceased, the door of the chapel, which had been closed, opened, and two figures came forth, under the green shadow of the forest leaves. The first was that of Adelaide of Ehrenstein, and her face bore tokens of recent agitation. By her side appeared good Father George, with his head uncovered, and no staff in his hand. He was speaking with the lady earnestly, but gently; and he still continued to walk on with her for some yards up the hill. More than once as they went Adelaide's eyes were turned to either side of the path, as if she feared or expected some interruption; and though she said not a word to indicate what was passing in her heart, the good father marked the sort of anxiety she seemed to feel, and at length paused, saying, "Well, my child, I will go with you no farther. You will be quite safe on your way back; and if you attend to my voice, and follow my counsel, you may be happy yourself, and save others worlds of pain."

He did not pause for a reply, but turned and re-entered the chapel, leaving Adelaide to pursue her way through the wood, with almost every part of which she had been familiar from infancy. Nevertheless, as she went, she still continued to look timidly around. She did not go far alone, however; for just as she passed the first turning, which hid the chapel from the eye, there was a step near, and Ferdinand was by her side.

"O Ferdinand," she said, "I am terrified. What is it you want to say? If any one were to find me here with you alone, what would they think?—and my father, if he heard it, it would bring destruction on your head too."

"Fear not, fear not," replied her lover; "turn into this path with me, dear Adelaide, it will bring you as quickly to the castle as the other, and we can speak there more freely."

His fair companion hesitated; but taking her hand in his, he led her gently forward, though not without a glowing cheek, and eyes cast down. It was a small footway, which horses could not travel, and wound with many a turn up to the top of the high hill on which the castle stood. The short, green, mountain turf, the broken masses of rock here and there, the straggling boughs reaching across, and the wild flowers springing uncrushed, even in the midst of the path, showed that it was trodden by no very frequent feet. The green branches crossing on high, shaded it from the sun; except when, about the hour of noon, his searching rays poured down, slept on a mossy bank here and there, or chequered the grass with dancing light and shade. The dove and the wood pigeon murmured overhead, the breeze sighed faintly through the leaves, and the nightingale still in song, thrilled his rich notes upon many a bough above. There was a tenderness and yet a freshness in the air—there was a calming and softening light upon the way—there was a loveliness and a promise and a wooing

gentleness in the whole scene, that fitted it well for lovers and for love. The voice of nature seemed counselling affection, the aspect of all things harmonised with the passion in each of those two young hearts; and though Ferdinand was not skilled enough in the mystery of association to have chosen that scene, as one likely to melt and touch the heart he sought to make his own, yet he could not have found one in the whole earth better adapted for the tale he had to tell. He lost no time ere he told it; and though his words were ardent—ay, and even impassioned—yet there was a gentleness in his whole tone, a soft and deprecating look upon his countenance, a tenderness as well as a warmth in all he said, which prevented the young and timid woman's heart from feeling much of that sort of apprehension with which it often shrinks from the first touch of love. Brought up with him almost from her childhood, unlearned in the ways of the world, left nearly to solitude since her mother's death, with no other companion in her girlhood but him who walked beside her, and loving him with a love that had still increased, Adelaide felt it less strange to listen to such words from him, than she would have done with any other human being. She felt it less difficult, too, to reply to him, timidly, yet frankly: not concealing what she felt, even when she did not speak it.

He told her how long he had loved—for a few short years, or even months, were long in their short lives. He told her how the affection of the boy had grown into the passion of the man; how the fraternal tenderness of early life had warmed into the ardent affection of maturity. He told her, too, how hope had been first illumined in his heart by light that seemed to shine forth from hers; how words that she had spoken without feeling their full import, had bid him not despair; how smiles from her lips, and rays from her eyes, had nourished and expanded the flower of love in his bosom. He went on to relate how he had trembled and feared, and doubted and hesitated, when he first became conscious of the full strength of all his sensations; how he had put a guard upon himself; how he had refrained from seeing her alone; how he had resisted many a temptation; but how the power of the passion within had overcome all prudent care, and had made him more than once speak words of tenderness, in spite of every effort to restrain them. With the rich, wild imagery of a warm and glowing imagination, and a heart full of eager affection, he depicted the pangs he had endured, the struggles he had undergone, the cares and anxieties which had been his companions during the day, the bitter and despairing thoughts which had haunted him through the night. But at length he explained how hope had dawned upon him; how assurance and comfort had been given him the night before; and how one, upon whom they could both depend, had encouraged him to persevere, and held out mysterious hopes of fortune and success.

He did not, indeed, pursue his tale evenly to the close; for more than once his fair companion murmured a few words of compassion for what he had suffered, of anxiety for his safety, of doubt regarding the future; all of which were very sweet, for all showed him too happily, too brightly, that he was loved in return; and when at length he referred to his conversation with the priest, and to the expectations which had been held out, she looked eagerly up in his face, replying, without disguise, "So he said to me, Ferdinand. He spoke of strange and mysterious things; of my fate, and that of my house, being linked

to yours by an unseen tie; which, if it were broken, would bring ruin on us all. I could not understand him. I doubted, for I could scarcely believe such happy tidings true."

She paused and coloured, as soon as the words were spoken; and blushed more deeply still, when he asked, "Then they were happy, dear Adelaide?"

"You do not doubt it?" she murmured, after a moment's silence. "But, at all events," she continued—suddenly turning from the question—"my mother told me, the very last time she held me in her arms, to trust to what he might say; and now he bids me give myself to you, without fear or doubt.—I know not what to think."

"Think that he directs you right, dear Adelaide," replied her lover, eagerly; "and oh, follow his guidance, and the guidance of your own heart."

She was silent for some minutes, walking on by his side, till at length he asked, "Will you not promise, Adelaide, will you not promise to be mine?"

"How can I—how dare I?" she answered. "Without my father's will, what good were my promise, Ferdinand?"

"All, every thing to me," answered her lover; "for that promise once given, you would not break it, dear one. Who can tell what your father may design—who can tell that he may not some day seek to drive you to a marriage with one you hate; or, at best, can never love? But that promise once given to me, would be strength to you, my beloved, as well as comfort and assurance to myself. It would be the rainbow of my life; a pledge that there would be no more destruction of all hopes. Oh, dear girl, do not refuse me; give me back comfort and joy; give me back light and sunshine; give me that security against all I dread; give me that support in danger, that consolation in affliction, that object of endeavour, and of hope. Were it but the voice of a lover, Adelaide, you might well hesitate, you might well doubt; but one who has no passion to serve, who is calmer, alas, than I can be, who knows more than we know, and judges more wisely than we can judge—one for whom your dear mother bespoke your confidence, one whom you promised her to trust and to rely on—he urges you as strongly even as I do, and bids you follow the course in which love would lead, not for my sake alone, but for your own also."

They had reached a spot, by this time, where the wood fell back a little from the path on one side, and a low rocky bank appeared on the other, crowned with old beeches. A spring of bright clear water welled from the stone, filling a basin that some careful hand had carved below; while above, in a little niche, was placed a figure of the Virgin, with the infant Saviour in her arms; and Ferdinand, extending his hand towards the well, added, earnestly, "Here I, at least, Adelaide, saw that dear lady for the last time; here she taught us to kneel down and pray together, not many days before she laid that injunction upon you. And now, dear Adelaide, now you will not refuse me—now you will follow the counsel to which she pointed—and promise to be mine."

There was love in her heart, there was a voice in her own bosom spoke more eloquently than his; she wavered—she yielded. He saw the colour come and go—he saw the bright eyes full of tears—he saw the lip quiver—and he cried, "Oh, promise, promise, Adelaide!"

"Well, I do," she murmured; and at the same instant a voice near seemed to say, "Promised, promised!"

Both started and looked round, but nothing was to be seen; the clear light streamed through the trees on the top of the bank, suffering the eye to see for some way between their trunks; the open space behind was considerable, and no place of concealment appeared to be near.

"It was but the echo, dearest," said Ferdinand; and pronouncing a word or two sharply, there was a slight return of the sound. Adelaide was not satisfied, however, and laying her hand upon his arm, she said in a low tone, "Come away, come away. Oh, heaven, if any one should have discovered us!"

"No fear, no fear, dearest," replied her lover, walking on by her side; "but to guard against discovery for the future, Adelaide, we must devise some means of communication. Is there any one near you whom you can trust, my beloved?"

"No one but Bertha," answered the lady; "I can trust her I am sure, for she is good and true; but yet I do not think I could ever make up my mind to speak to her on the subject first."

Ferdinand mused for a moment or two with a smile upon his lips, and then replied, "I almost suspect, Adelaide, that Bertha will not require much information. If I may judge by her look to-day, she is already aware of more than you suspect."

"Oh, no, no," exclaimed Adelaide, "do not say so; if she is, my conduct must have been very imprudent."

"Her eye may have been very keen," replied her companion; "but if you think you can trust her, I will speak to her upon the subject myself—cautiously and carefully you know, dear one, so as not to tell her more than is necessary at once; but, indeed, I can foresee many circumstances in which we shall have absolute need of some one to aid us—of some one who can give tidings of each to the other, when all opportunity of private intercourse may be denied us."

"You must judge, Ferdinand, you must judge," answered Adelaide; "but, indeed, I fear I have done wrong already, and tremble to look forward to the coming time. And now leave me, dear Ferdinand; we are near the castle, and you ought not to go with me farther. Every step agitates and terrifies me, and I would fain seek my own chamber, and think."

Still Ferdinand lingered, however, for some time longer—still he detained his fair companion—nor would he part with her till love's first caress was given, and the bond between them sealed upon her lips. But at length Adelaide withdrew her hand, half smiling, half chiding, and hurried away, leaving him to follow some time after. When she reached the castle, she passed the room where she had before been sitting, catching, with a glowing cheek, a gay, arch look that Bertha directed towards her; and entering her bedroom, cast herself upon her knees and prayed, while tears of agitation and alarm, both at her own sensations and at what she had promised, rolled over the dark lashes of her eyes, and trickled down her cheek. Young love is ever timid; but in her case there were other feelings which moved her strongly and painfully. She was not satisfied with her own conduct; she feared she had done wrong; and for that one day she acted the part of a severe

censor on herself. True, her father's demeanour little invited confidence; true, he was often harsh and severe, even to her; true, from him she could expect no consideration for her wishes or for her feelings; but yet he was her father, the one whom she was bound to love and to obey; and her own heart would not altogether acquit her, even though love pleaded eloquently on her behalf. I have said that she thus felt and suffered for that one day; for, as will be seen hereafter, a strange and sudden change came over her, and, with no apparent reason, she soon gave herself up unboundedly to the full influence of her attachment. The human heart is a strange thing; but very often, for visible effects which seem unaccountable, there are secret causes sufficient for all.

CHAPTER V.

THERE are men who rise from a low station to a throne; and it certainly must be a grand and triumphant sensation which they experience when first they sit in the seat of sovereignty, and feel their brows pressed by the golden circlet of command, with the great objects of ambition all attained, the struggle up the steep ascent to power accomplished, and the end reached for which they have fought, and laboured, and watched through many a weary day and night. But the exultation of that moment, great as it may be, is nothing to that which fills the heart of youth in the first moment of successful love. The new throned usurper must be well-nigh weary of repeated triumphs; for the step to the throne is but the last of many a fatiguing footfall in the path of ambition. He, too, must foresee innumerable dangers and difficulties round; for the experience of the past must teach him that in his race there is no goal, that the prize is never really won, that he may have distanced all others, but that he must still run on. Not so with the lover in the early hours of his success; his is the first step in the course of joy, and the brightest because the first. Fresh from all the dreams of youth, it is to him the sweetest of realities; unwearied with the bitter task of experience, he has the capability of enjoyment as well as the expectation of repose. The brightness of the present spreads a veil of misty light over all that is threatening in the future; and the well of sweet waters in the heart seems inexhaustible.

With what a different step Ferdinand of Altenburg trod the halls of the castle on his return; with what a different view he looked on all things round him! The gloomy towers, the shadowy chambers, the long cheerless corridors, seemed full of light, and there was a gay and laughing spirit in his heart which had not been there since love first became its tenant. He could have jested, he could have sported like a child; but, alas! there was no one to jest or sport with, for not more than five or six men were left in the castle after the train of the count and the little band of Sickendorf had departed. Adelaide, too, remained in her own apartments, whither he dared not venture; and none of the two or three girls who attended upon her—and who, with an elderly dame, whose principal function appeared to be to quarrel with the chief butler, formed all the female inmates of Ehrenstein—ventured forth for nearly two hours after his return; Bertha, indeed, looked at him once, as he paced the battlements below the window of

the room in which she sat, but maliciously kept the casement closed, suspecting, perhaps, that he had had enough enjoyment for one day. Anxious to speak with her, and to carry out his plan for making her the means of communicating with her mistress, Ferdinand, as he turned back again, ventured to make her a sign to join him; but Bertha took no notice, and plied her busy hands on the embroidery frame where she sat, without seeming even to see him. The poor lover's first happy day promised but a dull passing. Those were not days of many books, and perhaps, in the whole extent of the castle, not more than four or five were to be found; but Ferdinand could not have read, even had they been to be procured, for his whole thoughts were in that busy and excited state, in which it was impossible to fix his mind with attention upon anything but his own fate and projects. He went the whole round of the castle. Then he saw that everything was in order. He spoke to the men, who were in the execution of their daily duties; but often, as he went, he fell into a fit of thought, where fancy rapt him far away, wandering in bright sunny lands, side by side with her he loved. At length, returning to the corridor above, through which he knew that both Adelaide and Bertha must pass, if either came forth from the lady's apartments, he stationed himself at one of the windows, and continued to gaze out over the wide extent of forest, and hill, and dale which the prospect presented. All was silent and quiet. A dreamy stillness hung over the whole place; the sunshine itself seemed to sleep quietly over the motionless masses of the trees, and never was there an hour or a scene in which a young lover might indulge the glittering visions of imagination with less to distract or interrupt his thoughts.

The last four-and-twenty hours had been busy ones in Ferdinand's life; busy in emotion if not in action, and they had been varied too by many a change of sensation, by much despondency, by awe and fear, and by hope and joy. But, if the truth must be told, it was only on the hope and joy that his mind dwelt. The strange and fearful scenes through which he had passed the night before, were forgotten, or, at least, not thought of—the sorrows that were past gave but a sort of shadowy relief to the bright aspect of the present—difficulties, impediments, dangers, were unheeded or unseen.

For not more than half an hour, however, was he suffered thus to dream; for at the end of that time, the door at which he had looked up as he passed on the preceding night, was opened and closed; and turning quickly round, he saw Bertha gliding down the corridor towards the top of the staircase. She laid her finger on her lips as she passed him; and, without speaking, he followed where she led.

The gay girl took her way to the battlements on the shady side of the castle, to which few of the rooms of the building were turned. There she paused, and looked gaily at Ferdinand, with her dark eyes sparkling, and her pretty little lip curling with fun and malice. "Imprudent young man," she said, as he joined her, "how can you do such things? first singing a love song under my window, and then making me a sign to come and join you. I am a great deal too good-natured and too tender thus to indulge you. If our lady were to find out that we are lovers, she would tell her father, and then we should soon both be sent out of the castle."

She spoke as gravely as she could; and her gay look might give

some indication of what was passing within, yet Bertha's eyes were always such merry ones, that Ferdinand felt not a little embarrassed how to answer what perhaps might be a jest, but which might yet be serious also. She enjoyed his perplexity for a moment or two, and then asked in a sharp tone, "Well, sir, why don't you speak, if you have anything to say?—If you don't, I must give you something to talk about.—Tell me, sir, what is it has made my mistress so sad since she went out and met you in the wood?"

"Sad, is she?" exclaimed Ferdinand alarmed, "I know nought that should make her sad."

"Well, she is," replied Bertha; "for she is shut up in her own room; and Theresa compassionately looked through the keyhole, and told us she was weeping."

"Good heaven!" exclaimed Ferdinand, still hesitating whether he should acknowledge that he had met Adelaide or not; "nothing I have ever done could give her pain."

"Well, don't look so terrified, sir lover," answered Bertha; "there are a thousand other things beside pain that make women weep: sometimes joy—sometimes fright; and perhaps it is the last in this case."

"But why should she fear?" asked Ferdinand.

"Nay, that you know best," replied Bertha; "you've neither of you thought fit to tell me anything about it; but you had a great deal better; for if you don't, depend upon it you'll get yourselves into all manner of difficulties and dangers. You are both of you as imprudent and as ignorant of such matters as if you were twelve years old; and I should not wonder if you were to have yourself strangled for making love to your lord's daughter, and to get her either shut up in a convent, or married in haste to some fierce old baron, who may maltreat her, as my good and noble lord, the count, used his poor wife."

"Nay, now you are trying to tease me, pretty Bertha," replied Ferdinand of Altenburg. "As I see you know a great deal, I may as well tell you all; and I will, if you can be serious; but if you go on in jest with me, I will jest with you, and may find means to tease you too."

"Nay, I am not jesting at all," answered Bertha more gravely; "all I have said is true enough; and I can tell you, I have been in a great fright for you both for some time; for during the last month I have been terrified every day, lest others should see what was plain enough to my eyes. Do you consider what it is you are doing, and what sort of a man our lord is,—that he would no more hesitate to put you to death in the castle-ditch than to eat his breakfast?"

"He dare not," answered Ferdinand boldly; "he may do that with a serf or a vassal, perhaps; but I am neither the one nor the other, and as noble as he is."

All women love daring, and the youth's answer pleased his companion well; yet she could not help jesting with him a little upon what she called his pride. "Oh, yes, you're a gentleman born!" she said; "you have made us all know that; but now, Ferdinand, talk a little reason, and don't pretend to say what our lord dare do, or dare not do. He dare do many a thing, and as before now, which perhaps neither I nor you dream of. But in a word, young gentleman—for I must not stop long—I have seen for some time all that is going on here, and would

have given a great deal to stop it, but I did not know how; and now it is too late. The only thing to be thought of at present is, what is to become of all this—on my life, my knees shake when I think of it—and I am not apt to be afraid of a little adventure either. What is it that you two propose to do?"

To say the truth, this was a question for which Ferdinand was not at all prepared with an answer. He had laid out, indeed, no distinct plan of action. Youth and love are strange reliers upon circumstances, and he replied simply, "To go on loving, I suppose."

"Oh, that plan will never do," answered Bertha, laughing; "you can't stop there. In the first place, you would neither of you be content to go on loving like a couple of turtles in two separate cages all your lives; and besides, things would soon happen to drive you out of such idleness of love. Any day of the week, my lord may think fit to marry his daughter; and what would she and you do then? I must think of some plan for you, poor things; for I see you are not fit to devise any for yourselves."

"The only plan, my pretty Bertha, to be followed at present," answered Ferdinand, after a moment's thought, "is for you to befriend us and give us help as far as you can, in whatever circumstances may occur; to let me know every thing that happens to your lady that I do not see; and I will take care that you shall know every thing that occurs to me, in order that it may be communicated to her. I am sure it is your wish to serve her, Bertha; she loves you dearly, and has such confidence in you that she told me I might trust you implicitly."

"I would serve her with my heart's blood," replied the girl, warmly; "though Heaven forbid that I should have to do so," she added, laughing; "for I would a great deal rather have that heart's blood where it is, and see her happy too, poor girl. But heigho, I don't know how that's to be done; and if I am to be the messenger between you, Master Ferdinand, there will be nothing for it, but for you to make love to me,—or at least get the people of the castle to think you are so doing."

"Oh, that won't be a very difficult task, Bertha," replied the young man, with a gallant air; "and all we can do is to watch events, and take advantage of them as they arise—at least till we have further counsel from Father George as to how we ought to act."

"Oh, is Father George in the secret?" cried Bertha, clapping her hands joyfully; "then there is hope. The lord of the abbey against the lord of the castle will always beat in the end. But what says the good father?"

"He says every thing to encourage us," answered Ferdinand; "and, unlike you, fair Bertha, nothing to discourage."

"He knows more than I do," replied Bertha; "more than any of us; and he has some reason, I'll warrant. I wish to Heaven I could see him; but I dare not go down so far, for fear I should be missed. He was with our poor lady in her last hours, and doubtless could tell a tale, if he would.—Well, well, men are strange creatures. I wonder women are such fools as to make themselves their slaves. I'll never marry, not I; for I never yet saw the man that was not as soft as a dormouse while he was courting, and as hard as a hyena when he was married. But there comes old Sickendorf riding up through the wood; I must away, for he's the greatest old tell-tale in the world,

with the gossiping tongue of a grandmother, the spite of a monkey, and the heart of a wolf."

"Stay, stay, Bertha!" cried the young gentleman; "if we are to seem lovers, you know, it is as well that the old man should see us; and if he catches sight of you walking here with me, without perceiving who it is distinctly, he may fancy it is Adelaide, and make mischief there."

"Well, then, keep at a little further distance, Master Ferdinand," replied Bertha; "for though I don't mind that people should say I listened to a love-tale, there being no great harm in that, I would rather they did not think it too warm a one; for women have a character to lose, though men have none worth keeping."

"But then, dear Bertha, it is understood that you will befriend us," said her companion; "and will keep our secret, and give us all sorts of information and advice?"

"Ay, ay," answered Bertha, "and I must risk putting my hand into the bee-hive and being stung to death, to get you two the honey. I am older than either of you, and ought to know better; but you are two such poor foolish imprudent things, that if I did not help you, the one would die of a broken heart, and the other of a broken neck very soon; so I must even run the risk. But I must have some talk with Father George very soon; for if he does not give me some assurance and comfort, I shall dream of nothing but being strangled every night. Here they come, here they come, Sickendorf and his gang. Heaven and earth, what have they got all those horses loaded with; they must have been plundering Neustadt. Now cannot you make me a fine speech, Master Ferdinand, swearing love and eternal constancy, such as you men tickle poor girls' ears with, just to let old Sickendorf see you in the act of protestation?"

"I will give you a kiss, pretty Bertha," replied Ferdinand gaily; "and that would do better, but just now you told me not to come near."

"Oh, that would be too close a great deal," answered Bertha, laughing. "There, he sees us; hark, he is calling out to us! I will run away as if in a fright, and let him see my face as I go."

She did as she proposed; and in a moment after, the old knight came riding along under the battlements, calling up to Ferdinand with a loud laugh, "Ah, ha, you young dog! That's what you stayed at home for, to chat with pretty Bertha on the walls!"

"No great harm in that, Sickendorf," replied Ferdinand, leaning over to speak to him; "I dare say you have done such a thing before now yourself, and will do it again many a time. Both she and I like a walk in the free air better than being stifled in the castle all day long; and why shouldn't we take it together?"

"If that were all, why didn't you go on the other side, where folks could see you?" replied the old man, still merry. "No, no, youngster, I'm too old a campaigner for that. However, it's no business of mine. —We've made a glorious forage: the rogues did not expect to be called upon in such a hurry; so that all the capons were strutting before the doors; ay, and the geese too. How many geese have we got, Martin?"

"Nineteen, sir,' 'answered the man; and the old knight was riding on when Ferdinand called after him, laughing, "Why that's just the number of your troop, Sickendorf!"

The other shook his fist at him, good-humouredly enough, for his

heart was expanded by the success of his expedition; and, to say the truth, Bertha had done him but scanty justice. He was a thorough old German knight of the times—a character which had generally more or less of the reiter in it: as ignorant as a boor of every thing but war, brave as a lion, superstitious in a high degree, bloody when enraged or opposed, rapacious as any beast of prey, and holding fast by the old maxim, that anything is justifiable in love or war. Far from thinking the worse, therefore, of Ferdinand, if he had made love to all Adelaide's maids together, he would only have considered it a very laudable method of employing his idle hours, and would never have thought of reporting it to the count as a matter of blame. He looked upon deceiving a poor girl with tales of love, or beating a boor nearly to death who resisted any unjust demand, as one of the privileges of a soldier and a gentleman, which it was not only just but expedient to exercise from time to time, to keep such rights from falling into desuetude; and after he entered the castle, turning his thoughts to other affairs, he gave no further attention to the proceedings of Bertha and Ferdinand, only jesting the young man for a moment upon his love-making, and declaring he had shown bad taste, for that Theresa was by far the prettier girl of the two.

"That's because you are as black yourself as one of the andirons," answered Ferdinand, "and therefore you think every fair-faced girl with flaxen hair a perfect beauty. I dare say you've said sweet things enough to Theresa; and therefore I wouldn't for the world try to spoil your game, if you won't spoil mine."

"Pooh, nonsense, I've given up love these twenty years," said Sickendorf; "but I won't meddle with your affairs. I wouldn't mar a nice little plot of love for half the lands of Ehrenstein; so go on your own way, I'll not interfere."

"Upon your honour?" asked Ferdinand.

"Upon my knighthood," replied the old man. "So long as you do your duty as a soldier, I'll not meddle with your love-affairs. But on my life I am mighty hungry, for I've had nothing but a flagon of wine since I went, and I can never wait till supper-time."

"Oh, I made the cook put by for you at dinner," answered Ferdinand, "the whole of a roast chine of roebuck, though Metzler and Herman loked at it as if their very eyes would have eaten it. I knew you would come home like a wolf."

"That's a good boy, that's a good boy," answered the old knight, "I won't forget you for that; you shall have the skinning of a fat village, some day, all to yourself; but I'll go and get the reh-braten, for I could eat my fingers."

And away he went to satisfy his appetite, which was at all times one of the best.

CHAPTER VI.

An hour or two went by, and it was drawing towards night, when Sickendorf, after having appeased the cravings of hunger, was walking up and down the ordinary hall, for want of anything else to do. Indeed, the piping time of peace to a soldier of his stamp was a very

dull period, especially at that season of the year, when many of the sports of the field were forbidden; and any little incident that broke the monotony of the castle-life was a great relief. There was nobody in the hall but himself; and he was cursing the slow flight of time, and thinking the count very long upon his road home, when the lifting of the latch of the door made him turn his head; and he instantly exclaimed, with a hoarse laugh, "Ah, who are you looking for, Mrs. Bertha? Ferdinand is not here."

"I was looking for you, sir," answered Bertha, with perfect composure, at the same time walking up to him. "I do not think my lady is at all well," she continued; "she has been moping by herself all day, and says her head aches."

"Ah! that's bad, that's bad," answered Sickendorf. "No one should have a head-ache but a boy of sixteen who has been drunk overnight. But what can I do, pretty Bertha? I'm no leech, and am more accustomed to bleeding men than bleeding women."

"Ay, but, sir knight, you can send down to the chapel in the wood, where one of the monks will be found. They all know something of leechcraft; and if Father George is there, he knows a great deal."

"But it's growing dark," said Sickendorf. "The gates must be shut in ten minutes, and we want all the men we have about the place. Better wait till the count comes back; and if she should be very bad, I'll tell you what you must do; mull her a pint of zeller wine, put plenty of spice in, and a spoonful or two of honey. Let her drink that down at one draught—that will cure her—it's just what cured me the only time I ever had a headache."

"Ay, but what would cure you might kill our lady," replied Bertha, who did not at all approve of the prescription. "I pray you, Herr Von Sickendorf, send down one of the men to the good Father. What would you say, if this were to turn out a fever, after you refused to send for help?"

"A fever!" cried Sickendorf; "what has she done to get a fever? She has neither ridden fifty or sixty miles in a hot sun, nor lain out all night in a damp marsh, nor drank three or four quarts of wine to heat her blood. Well, if I must send, I must. But mind, I do it with no good will, for I don't like to send any of the men out after gates closing." Thus saying, he put his head out of the door, calling, till the whole building echoed again, "Martin, Martin—Martin, I say!" and then returning to Bertha's side, he continued, "I don't think much of the monks. They can't be such holy men as people say, else they'd keep the wood clear of spirits and devils, and things of that kind. Why, one of the men, who was looking out from the turret during the storm last night, vows he saw some kind of apparition just down below the castle chapel, fencing with the lightning, and playing at pitch and toss with balls of fire. Then all in a minute it vanished away.—Ah, Martin, you must go down to the chapel in the wood, and tell the priest to come up and see the Lady Adelaide, who is ill. So let him bring his lancet with him."

"Nonsense," cried Bertha; "she will need no bleeding. You soldiers think of nothing but blood."

The man Martin dropped his head, and did not seem at all to like the task; but then gave a look up through the window to the sky, and

walked away, grumbling something which was heard by neither the old knight or the young damsel. Bertha having performed her errand, was then tripping back; but Sickendorf caught her hand, saying: "Stay a bit, my pretty maid, and chat with me as you did with young Ferdinand this morning."

"No, indeed," cried Bertha, trying to withdraw her hand; "that was in the free air and sunshine, not in a dark hall—let me go, sir." And the next moment her eyes fixed upon something at the farther end of the long room, and she gave a loud scream and started back.

Sickendorf let go her hand, and turned round to look in the same direction, where two doors opened into the opposite sides of the hall. Both apparently were closed, but yet, from the one to the other, he distinctly perceived a tall, shadowy form, clothed in long garments, stalk slowly across and disappear. The old man, who would willingly have confronted a whole host of mortal enemies, and plunged his horse into a forest of pikes, now stood rooted to the ground, with his teeth chattering, and his knees shaking, a thousandfold more terrified than the young girl beside him. Bertha seized the opportunity to hasten away to her mistress's apartments; and Sickendorf thought the line of her retreat by the door behind them so excellent, that he followed as soon as he could regain strength to go.

Never in Sickendorf's life had he so eagerly desired companionship as when he quitted the hall; but companionship he could not find of the kind and quality which befitted his rank and station. The old ritter would have felt himself degraded by associating with the common soldiers or any body who had not Von before his name; but Ferdinand he could not find. His companion, old Karl von Mosbach, had accompanied the count, with all the other persons of gentle birth who filled the various anomalous offices which then existed in the household of a high nobleman; and not even a crossbow-man, who, as was generally admitted, had a right to sit down to table with a knight, could be discovered by our worthy friend as he went grumbling through the castle. "Hundert Schwerin!" he exclaimed, "to think of my seeing the ghost! Sancta Maria, who'd have ever fancied it would have come into the hall! it looked mighty like our dear poor lady that's gone, to me, only it had a long beard and was six foot high.—I wonder if our good lord did put her out of the way, as some people think. What could it want in the hall?—Very saucy of an apparition to show itself there, unless it were at meal-times, when, poor thing, it might want something to eat and drink. It must be cold and hungry work to go shivering about all night in vaults and passages, and to sneak back to its hiding hole at daylight—I'd rather stand sentry on the north-east tower in the middle of January. I wonder if I shall ever be a ghost—I shouldn't like it at all—I'll have this one laid, however, if it costs me five crowns out of my own pocket; for we shan't be safe in our rooms, if it goes on in this way, unless we huddle up five or six together, like young pigs in a sty.—Donner, where can that young dog Ferdinand be?—I won't tell him what I've seen, for he'll only laugh. But I'll call him to talk about the Lady Adelaide—he's very fond of her, and will like to hear about her being ill;" and raising his voice, he called up the stairs which led to the young gentleman's room, "Ferdinand, Ferdinand, I want you, scapegrace!"



The Ghost.

LONDON: JOHN MORTIMER, ADELAIDE STREET, 1845.

"What is it, ritter?" answered the voice of Ferdinand from above. "I'm busy just now—I'll come in a minute."

"But I want you now," answered Sickendorf, who was determined not to be left longer without society than was necessary; "come hither and speak to me."

Ferdinand said a word or two to some one above, and then came unwillingly down the stairs. "Ah, wild one," said the old knight, "what would you have given to be in my place just now? I've had a chat with pretty Mistress Bertha, just between light and dark, in the hall."

"Indeed!" answèred Ferdinand: "I dare say it was very innocent, Sickendorf, and so was my chat with her on the battlements. But what might she want with you?"

"Why the Lady Adelaide is ill," replied Sickendorf.

"Ill!" exclaimed Ferdinand, in a tone of much alarm; "what! the Lady Adelaide? She seemed quite well this morning."

"Ay, but women change like the wind," said Sickendorf, "and she's ill now, however; so I've sent down to the chapel for the priest to come up and to say what's to be done for her."

"Why, Father George is in my room now," replied Ferdinand, "giving me good counsel and advice."

"Send him down, then; send him down quick," answered Sickendorf, "and then come and talk with me. I've a good deal to say."

Ferdinand sped away with a much quicker step than that which had brought him thither, and returned in a few seconds with the good priest, whose face, as far as Sickendorf could see it in the increasing darkness, expressed much less alarm than that which the lover's countenance had displayed.

"'Tis nothing, 'tis nothing," he said, after speaking with the old knight for a moment on the lady's illness; "some trifle that will soon pass. But I will go and see;" and accompanied by Ferdinand and the old soldier as far as the door of Adelaide's apartments, he went in without ceremony.

While he remained—and he stayed for more than an hour—Ferdinand and Sickendorf continued walking up and down the corridor, or only went beyond it to order the hall and the passages to be lighted; but as their conversation would probably not be very entertaining to the reader, we will pass over the particulars till the good father's return. By this time, to Sickendorf's great comfort and consolation, there was as much light shed through the corridor from a great cresset at one end, and a lantern at the other, as the passages of the castle ever displayed. It was not very brilliant, indeed, but sufficiently so to show that Father George's countenance was perfectly cheerful and calm; and in answer to the eager questions of Ferdinand, and the less anxious inquiries of the old knight, he said, "Oh, the lady is better; 'tis but a little passing cloud; and she will be as well as ever ere the morning."

"Have you let her blood?" asked Sickendorf.

"Nay, no need of that," answered Father George. "Her illness comes but from some mèlancholy fumes rising from the heart to the head; that I have remedied, and she is better already; but I must hasten back, for I may be needed at the chapel."

"Stay, stay, good father," cried the old knight, "I have something to ask of you. I will go with you to the gate." And walking on with Father George, he entertained him with an account of the apparition he had seen in the hall, and besought him to take the most canonical means of laying the unwelcome visitant by the heels in the Red Sea; or if that could not be done for a matter of five or ten crowns, at least to put up such prayers on his behalf as would secure him against any farther personal acquaintance with it.

Father George smiled quietly at the old knight's tale, and assured him he would do his best in the case after due consideration. Then hastening away, he passed down the hill, and had just reached the door of his temporary dwelling when the sound of many horses' feet coming up from below announced the return of the count to Ehrenstein. Father George, however, did not wait to salute the nobleman as he passed, or to communicate to him the fact of his daughter's illness, but entered his little cell and closed the door, listening for a moment or two as the long train passed by, and then lighting his lamp.

In the mean time the count rode on, with somewhat jaded horses, and at a slow pace, looking to the right and left through the dim obscurity of the night, as if he too was not altogether without apprehensions of some terrible sight presenting itself. More than once he struck his horse suddenly with the spur; and not one word did he interchange with any of his followers, from the time he crossed the bridge till he arrived at the castle gates. He was met under the archway by Sickendorf and Ferdinand, with the *schlossvogt*, or castle-bailiff, and two or three of the guard. But he noticed no one except the old knight, whom he took by the arm, and walked on with him into the hall.

"What news, Sickendorf?" he said. "Has any thing happened since I went?"

"Ay, two or three things, my lord," replied Sickendorf. "In the first place, the Lady Adelaide has been ill, headachy, and drooping like a sick falcon."

"Pooh, some woman's ailment, that will be gone to-morrow," replied the count.

"Ay, so says Father George, whom I sent for to see her," answered Sickendorf. And finding that his lord paid very little attention to the state of his daughter's health, he went on to give him an account of his foraging expedition in the morning, dwelling long and minutely upon ducks, capons, geese, sheep, and lambs, and dilating somewhat at large upon his conversation with sundry retainers and vassals of the count, whom he had summoned in the course of his ride to present themselves at the castle on the following day.

Such details were usually very much desired by the count, whose jealous and suspicious disposition made him eager to glean every little indication of the feelings and sentiments of the people towards him; but on the present occasion Sickendorf's long-winded narrative seemed to weary and irritate him; and after many not very complimentary interjections, he stopped him, saying, "There, there, that will do; there will be enough, doubtless, both of geese and asses, capons and boors;" and he remained standing, with his eyes fixed upon the ground in thought.

"I fear, my good lord," said the bluff old soldier, who generally took

the liberty of saying what he liked, "that you have not been very successful in your expedition, for you seem to have come home in a mighty ill-humour. I suppose the money is not so much as you expected."

"No, no, it is not that," answered the count. "I never expected any till this morning; so it's all pure gain, and a good large sum too, when it arrives. Heaven send it come safe, for Count Frederick has not brought it with him, but trusted it to some of the lazy merchants of Venice. No, no; it isn't that, Sickendorf. But there are things I love not about this place.—By heaven, I have a great mind to take a torch, set fire to yon old rafters, and burn the whole of it to the ground."

"Better do that to your enemy's mansion than your own," answered Sickendorf, drily, and a good deal surprised at his lord's vehemence.

"Ay, but my enemy has a house that won't burn," answered the count. "You can't burn the grave, Sickendorf—that's a vain effort. What I mean is, that these stories of spirits and unearthly beings wandering here and there around us oppress me, Sickendorf. Why should I call them stories? Have I not seen, do I not know?"

"Ay, and I have seen too," answered Sickendorf; "but I never knew you had, my good lord."

"Why, this very night," continued the count, grasping his arm tight, and speaking in a low tone, "as I came through the woods, wherever I turned my eye, I saw nought but dim figures flitting about amongst the trees; none distinct enough to trace either form or feature, but still sufficiently clear to show that the tale of the peasants and the women is but too true."

"Peasants and women, sir!" cried Sickendorf; "knights and soldiers too, if you please. Why, within the last two months ghosts have been as plenty in the castle as holyberries on the hills. 'Tis but this very night that, as I stood talking to Bertha about her lady's illness, here where we now stand—just in the twilight between day and night, a tall, lank figure, in long, thin, flowing robes—it might be in a shroud, for aught I know—crossed from that door to that, and disappeared. We both of us saw it, for her scream made me turn round. So you perceive this very hall itself is not safe. There should always be a tankard of red wine standing here, for I've heard that spirits will not come near red wine."

"Methinks we should soon find plenty of ghosts to drink it," answered the count, with a bitter laugh. "But it is very strange. I have done nought to merit this visitation."

"Something must be done, my good lord, to get rid of it," replied Sickendorf, "that is clear; or now they will drive us out of this hall as they drove us out of the old one. That's to say, I suppose it was the ghosts drove us out of that; for though you did not say why you left it, all men suspected you had seen something."

The count took a step or two backwards and forwards in the room, and then pausing opposite to Sickendorf, he replied,

"No, my good friend; I saw nought but in fancy. Yet was the fancy very strong. Each time I stood in that hall alone, it seemed as if my brother came and stood beside me, walked as I walked, and when I sat, placed himself opposite, glaring at me with the cold glassy eyes of death. It was fancy—I know it was fancy; for once I chased the

phantom back against the bare, cold wall, and then it disappeared, but yet the next night it was there again. Why should it thus torment me?" he continued, vehemently. "I slew him not; I set on none to slay him; I have done him no wrong!"

And he walked quickly up and down the room again; while Sickendorf followed more slowly, saying, "Well, my good lord, it's clear something must be done to stop this, or we shall not get soldiers to stay in the castle. The rascals don't mind fighting any thing of flesh and blood, but they are not fond of meeting with a thing when they don't know what it is. So I thought it the best way to speak with Father George about it, and ask him to lay my ghost, at least. I've had enough of it, and don't wish to see such a thing any more."

"You did wrong, you did wrong, Sickendorf," answered his lord. "I do not wish these monks to meddle. They will soon be fancying that some great crime has been committed, and putting us all to penance, if not worse. We must find means to lay the ghost ourselves—spirit or devil, or whatever it may be."

"Well, then, my good lord, the only way is to laugh at it," replied Sickendorf. "I dare say one may become familiar with it in time, though it's ugly enough at first. One gets accustomed to every thing, and why not to a ghost? We'll jest at him; and if he comes near me, I'll throw the stool at his head, and see if that will lay him. I am sorry I spoke to Father George, if it displeases you; but, however, there's not much harm done, for the grey gowns of the abbey know every thing that goes on, and the devil himself can't conceal his game from them."

"Too much, they know too much," answered the count: "they are the pests of the land, prying and spying, and holding their betters in subjection. We are but the vassals of these monks, Sickendorf; and if I had my will, I'd burn their rookery about their ears."

"Ah, here comes Karl von Mosbach!" cried Sickendorf, glad to escape giving an answer to his lord's diatribe against the monks, for whom he retained all the superstitious veneration of an earlier period. "Ay, and the Lady Adelaide too. Why, bless your beautiful eyes, yon girl there told me you were ill, fair lady."

"I have been somewhat indisposed, but am well again now," answered Adelaide, advancing to her father.

The count, however, took little notice of her, calling Bertha to him, and making her give an account of what she and Sickendorf had seen.

"Fancy, fancy, my dear father," cried Adelaide, when the girl had done, laughing much more joyously than was her wont. "These tales are told and listened to, till the eyes become accomplices of the imagination, and both combine to cheat us. Bertha came down in the grey twilight to say that I was ill, and, I will warrant, went trembling along the dark passages, and taking every suit of armour, and every shadow through the window of soldier or warder passing without for a grim spirit in a shroud."

"Nay, nay, dear lady," cried Bertha, and was about to defend herself, when the count cut her short, turning to his daughter, with a smile and saying,

"So these tales have not infected your fancy, Adelaide? You have no fears of ghosts or spirits?"

"Not I indeed," answered the lady. "First, because I have never seen them; and next, because I know they would not hurt me if I did. If they be unsubstantial, they cannot harm me; and if I be innocent, they would not seek to do so, if they could. I fear them not, my father; and I only pray that if any are seen more, I may be called to behold them too."

The fair girl spoke more boldly and more lightly than she usually did; and through the rest of the evening the same cheerful spirit did not leave her. Seated with her father at the last meal of the day, she cheered him with conversation, and asked many a question regarding Count Frederick of Leiningen, and those he brought in his train.

"There is none that will fit thee for a husband, I fear, my child," replied the count, who had caught a portion of his daughter's gaiety; "they are all bluff old soldiers, like Sickendorf or Mosbach there. Even his very jester is white-headed, and his dwarf like a withered pippin."

"Methinks it would not be easy to jest if one were old," said Adelaide. "Gravity and age I have always thought twin-sisters."

"No, no," replied the count; "that is because you know nought of the world, dear girl. Why, Count Frederick himself is just the same gay, joyous soul as ever, and he's as old as I am, or a year older. Now, I dare say, to your young eyes, I seem to have reached a vast antiquity; for it is only in looking back that space seems short. To me it appears but yesterday that I was a boy."

"Nay, I do not think you so very old," replied his daughter, smiling; "when I set you against Sickendorf, you seem but a youth."

"But when you compare me with Ferdinand," replied her father, laughing, "I am quite an old man: is it not so, child?"

Adelaide neither answered nor coloured, as might have been perhaps expected, but smiled faintly, and fell into thought; for it is wonderful what a vast chain of associations is very often spread out before the mind by a few very simple words; and those associations are, nine times out of ten, totally different from any that the speaker intended to awaken.

Before she had roused herself from her reverie, Sickendorf had taken up the conversation, saying,

"And so, my good lord, Count Frederick is as gay and jovial as ever? I remember you and him, and the late count your brother, all curly-headed boys together, two merry ones and one grave one—for you were always more serious than the rest."

"Because I had less cause for merriment," replied the count, with a cloud coming over his brow. "They wanted to make a priest of me at that time, Sickendorf, and it was not to my taste. But do not let us talk of those days, the past is always a sad subject. You will see our friend to-morrow, for he will be here ere night-fall, and may stop a week, or more; so that we must have all things prepared. The great hall, too, must be made ready; for we shall not have room here. The casements must be mended early to-morrow, and the dust cleaned off the walls and banners."

Sickendorf did not answer, but looked at the count stedfastly, with an inquiring air; in reply to which his lord nodded, saying,

"It must be done."

"By my faith, my good lord," cried Karl von Mosbach, "you won't get many people willing to do it; for every one says that the hall is haunted, and we love not even passing by the door."

"We will have it sprinkled with holy water," replied the count, somewhat bitterly; "but do not tell me, that any of my men will refuse to obey my orders, or I will shame you all by a girl."

There was no reply; and the count demanded angrily, addressing himself to none in particular,

"Are you afraid?—Here, Adelaide, will you undertake to deck the hall with flowers, and strew the floor with rushes?"

"Willingly, willingly, my dear father," answered the fair girl. "And you shall see how gaily I will trick it out."

"I beseech you, my lord, to pardon me," said Ferdinand; "but I am not afraid at all to obey any thing that you command; and I can very well spare the Lady Adelaide the trouble in the hall, if she will but wreathe the garlands for me."

"You have a heart of steel, good youth," replied the count: "what if I tell you now to go and bring me the banner which hangs between the shields, at the farther end of the hall?"

"I will do it at once, my lord," replied Ferdinand, rising.

The count fixed his eyes upon him, and Adelaide also gazed at him earnestly. The young man's cheek might lose a shade of colour, but still he seemed perfectly willing; and his lord nodded, saying, "Go."

"I must take a light, or I may not be able to get down the banner," replied Ferdinand.

"The moon shines clear through the casements," answered the count. "You will want no other light."

The young man made no reply, but drew forward his sword-belt a little, and walked calmly to the door. One or two of the men followed him out of the room, not with the intention of accompanying him, for none of them very much liked the task, but merely with the idle curiosity of seeing him cross the passages and enter the hall. In a minute or two they returned; and one of them said,

"He has got in, my lord; but whether he will come out again I can't tell."

"Got in!" repeated the count, "what do you mean, Ernst?"

"Why, we watched him from the stone steps," replied the soldier, "and he lifted the latch and shook the door, but at first it would not open. After a while, however, it was suddenly flung back, and in he went."

"Did he close it behind him?" asked the count; and Adelaide gazed anxiously on the man's face, in expectation of his answer.

"Some one did," replied the soldier; "but I can't tell whether it was he or not."

Thus saying he took his seat again at the table; and all remained silent for several minutes, waiting with different degrees of anxiety for the result.

"The boy is mad," murmured Sickendorf to himself, after two or three more minutes had elapsed; and then he added aloud,—

"Hundred thousand! we must not leave this lad to be strangled by the ghosts, or devils, or whatever they are, my lord?"

"I will go myself," replied the count, rising from the table; "let those who will follow me."

"Stay, let us get some torches," cried Karl von Mosbach.

But just at that moment there was a clang which shook the whole castle; and while the party assembled gazed in each other's faces in doubt and consternation, the door of the hall in which they were was thrown quickly open, and Ferdinand entered, bearing a banner in his hand. His face was very pale, but his brow was stern and contracted; and advancing direct towards the count, who had come down from the step on which his table was raised, he laid the banner before him.

His lord gazed from the banner to his face, and from his face back to the banner, which was torn and soiled, and stained in many places with blood.

"How is this?" he exclaimed at length; "this is not what I sent you for."

"This is the banner, my lord," replied Ferdinand, "which was hanging between the two shields at the farther end of the hall, over your chair of state."

Old Sickendorf bent down over the tattered silk, on which was embroidered a lion with its paw upon a crescent; and as he did so, he murmured, with a shake of the head,—

"Your brother's banner, sir, which he carried with him to the East."

"What have you seen?" demanded the count, sinking his voice, and fixing his eyes upon the young man's countenance.

"Not now, my lord," replied Ferdinand, in the same low tone; "another time, when you are alone, and have leisure."

The count made no reply, but seated himself again at the table, and leaned his head thoughtfully upon his hand for a moment or two; while the rest of the party remained in groups around, some gazing from a distance at the banner, some looking at it more closely, but none speaking in a louder tone than a low whisper. It was not indeed that they were kept silent by any ceremonious respect for their lord; for those were days of much homely freedom of demeanour, and that distance and reserve did not exist between a chief and his followers which a higher and more fastidious state of civilization has introduced; but there was a feeling of awe, approaching to terror, in the bosoms of all, which oppressed them in their speech. Each asked himself, what could this mysterious event mean? how had the banner come where it was found? what did it all portend? for none in those days of superstition doubted that the event which had just taken place was an omen of others yet to come. The pale cheek with which Ferdinand of Altenburg had returned, too, and his grave, stern look, as he stood by the table where he had lately been sitting, attracted observation, and led every one to believe that there was more to be told, though they had not heard his reply to their lord's question.

At length, however, to the surprise of all, the count suddenly shook off his gloomy and abstracted look, and pushed across the flagon of choice wine, which stood at his right, to his young follower, saying with a laugh,

"Come, drink a cup of wine to me, Ferdinand the ghost-queller. By the Lord, there is not a braver man amongst us than thou art, boy! Would to heaven that all here would follow thine example! I, for one, will do so, and think no more of these strange things than if they

were but the whisperings of the wind through the trees. Drink, good youth, drink!"

Ferdinand filled a cup, and drank to his lord; and the next minute the count rose again, exclaiming,

"Now to bed, to bed. We must all be up by cock-crow for our preparations. I will sup in the old hall to-morrow, if all the devils on the earth or under it should be its tenants.

And thus saying, he left the room, followed quickly by Ferdinand, who did not choose to undergo the questionings of his comrades. The others remained for a few minutes, shaking the wise head and commenting gravely, and then, by threes and fours, quitted the hall and retired to rest; but there was much oil burned in the Castle of Ehrenstein that night.

THE RETURN FROM BATTLE.

BY MRS. PONSONBY.

"Open the window, mother dear! let the bright sunshine in;
The joyous shouts are drawing near, I hear the trumpet's din.
Unclose these curtains round my bed, the air is soft and mild;
Oh! mother, throw the casement wide!" "Be still, be still, my child."

"I love to see the soldiers pass, in all their proud array;
Their glancing spears, their prancing steeds, their banners broad and gay.
I love to see the soldiers pass—" "Thou canst not see them now;
Thy chamber window is too high—thy couch of pain too low."

"Then, mother, tell me who returns, as rank by rank they come.
Does my dear father fill his place? comes my young brother home?
Ah! mother, I can see your brow flush with a sudden joy."
"Yes, God be praised! my husband comes—home comes my noble boy!"

"The men at arms have all passed by, loud peals the trumpet's strain;
I hear the charger's clattering hoofs; oh, mother! look again:
Dost thou not see our gallant guards? do they not proudly ride?
Our valiant emperor at their head, my lover by his side.

"Bareheaded rides our emperor, methinks I see him now,
His casque of steel and burnish'd gold hangs at his saddle-bow.
Bareheaded too my lover rides, he lifts his standard high;
The conquering eagles soar aloft, the silken streamers fly.

"Let me arise and braid my hair, my weariness is past,
The languor leaves my beating brow, my strength is coming fast,
And I shall live,—for *he* returns to lead me forth again
Where summer dews and cooling airs shall soothe my burning pain.

"Oh, mother, mother! do not pause, the sunlight blinds mine eyes;
I see the banners waving high—on high the eagle flies.
Oh, mother, mother! is he there?" "My child, I look in vain,
But lay thee down and take thy rest, for he may come again."

"No, mother, no! thy cheek is pale; I know you look in vain;
My dear one lies in distant lands, he ne'er may come again.
Mother! I sink—I faint—I die—my hope, my life is o'er!"
"Yes, faint, my child! and *die*, my child! thy lover comes no more."

CÆSAR BORGIA.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WHITEFRIARS."

CHAPTER IV.

"I blame not him who discredits, for indeed, with the proof in my hand, myself could doubt it."—*Truth's Troubles.*

"GRAMERCY, our Lady!—gramercy, good sir monk!—fie, to be a monk with an arm like thine, which could bear down a stand of pikes," exclaimed Sir Reginald, panting for breath, and unclasping his gorget. "My cousin, fair Alice, must surely be praying for me now, to bring thee so in the very nick."

"Your horse, sir knight, is in this instance the wiser animal of the two; he feels the danger coming," replied the monk, hurriedly. "The torrent-wind! the torrent-wind!—call to your companions to make to the shelter of the rocks on this side, for I see it is tearing up the water along the whole line of the river to the left."

Singular as was this intimation, the commanding tones and gestures of the monk induced Le Beaufort to act as if he clearly understood the nature of the approaching danger. He shouted and waved to his friends to quit the centre of the stream, and join him behind the projecting rocks, to which the Dominican had forced his courser to retreat. They had barely time to act upon the counsel, ere a rushing roar, louder than the noise of the cataract, which seemed as if the mountains were rending in an earthquake, broke upon their hearing. Rider and horse stiffened alike with amazement and terror, for while the air where they stood was scarcely sufficient to lift the manes of their horses, a whirlwind of prodigious violence, which must have hurried them over the abyss, had they stood in its line of advance, roared along the left shore of the river, and drove the waters before it like a herd of snow-white bulls rushing over each other in mad confusion. Wind and waves thundered on to the edge of the cataract, where a singular phenomenon, sometimes observed in the mountainous regions of the north, took place. The wind, pursuing its impetuous career over the torrent, cleared away the mist which overhung it, in a circle, and for a few moments revealed a scene of great beauty and grandeur. The torrent might be seen foaming wildly down among vast rocks, until it reached the bed of a river which flowed through a narrow but richly wooded valley formed by an amphitheatre of rocks, the bases in their turn of mountains which towered above, until lost in blue sublimity. The amphitheatre opening directly in front, revealed an immense plain, bounded only by the Mediterranean, the waters of which were distinctly visible, rolling of a dark violet hue against the bright line of the sunset.

Midway down the ravine, through which the torrent thundered, although the eye at first scarcely noticed it, the rocks projected and receded in such a manner as to allow space and verge for the monastery of which our travellers were in search. A wall running round the edge of some cliffs, and two old gray towers, were all that was visible of it among the windings of the rocks, and the shadows of the overhanging pine and beech trees. A bridge formed by a single arch, bare and undefended, spanned a narrow neck which the opposite cliffs formed below the monastery, and no other means of approach could be discerned. But the whole landscape vanished almost immediately, for when the whirlwind had passed, the mists again arose in their cloudy masses.

"They will feel this wind, ere many hours elapse, on the sea," said the Dominican, as if following with his gaze the career of the tempestuous visitor.

"The Holy Virgin have pity on mariners then," said Le Beaufort, crossing himself.

"And on all men; all need it," returned the monk.

"Surely the devil rode in it, with his whole sabbath of witches," continued the astonished English knight. "But how, brother, by what rare gift did you behold this wind coming?"

"Nay, 'tis a four-footed beast that sees the wind," replied the monk, somewhat churlishly, for he spoke without the least appearance of jocularity.

"Holds the proverb true of your red Italian pig?" said the knight, good-naturedly smiling. "Howbeit, I am your debtor, and I pray you take this gold chain of thirty links, and hang it on your holiest shrine, an offering from Reginald Le Beaufort. Nay, 'tis no unlawful plunder, but a reward given me by the noble Duke of Ferrara that day his son and I kept the lists at Fossombrone, against all comers, for one mortal rise and set, without once being worsted. What ails the man that he will not take it?"

"I am a humble brother of the beatified Dominic, and not of the Carthusians, who inhabit this solitude, to whose saint your offering is due," replied the Dominican, glancing at his white habit. "But you may well mistake these bedabbled robes for russet. From Ferrara? Methought your Italian rung with a touch of the tramontane iron in it. You and these gentlemen are doubtless of France?"

"St. George forbid, or that I should mate with caitiffs who fly at the blast of an English trumpet, as if it were Roland's," exclaimed Sir Reginald. "And foul fall the day when any Englishman shames to say as I would in the world's teeth—I am one. These gentlemen, my friends, are worthily approved Italian knights, belonging to the Duke of Ferrara."

"How say you, sir? when one is a black Knight of St. John, the other an ecclesiastic," exclaimed the monk.

"True, I had forgotten, my brains are whirling on a mill-wheel," muttered the English knight, confusedly; and the canon, who had several times made an effort to break the conversation, although the roar of the waters prevented his hearing distinctly what was said, hastened to the rescue.

"We are all on a holy vow to the jubilee," he said. "But methinks we shall be starved, or blown to death, or murdered by ban-

ditti, on the road, unless some Christian will guide us in mercy to a shelter."

The priestly knight's hood was blown back by the wind, in his rapid advance, and the Dominican surveyed him as it seemed with a particular degree of attention from the depths of the cowl in which his own countenance was so completely shaded as almost to baffle scrutiny. But the singularly fiery gleam of his eyes, the haggard outline of the features duskily discernible, his great stature, and the musical depth and sweetness of his voice, were potent challenges to curiosity.

"I will do my endeavour, for I seek some such matter myself, brother," returned the monk. "More especially as—but that it is well known that Monsignor Don Alfonso has crossed the Alps, I could almost have dreamed, despite that sacred habit, that I beheld the prince himself in the weeds of a knight hospitaller."

"Nay, there are many gentlemen in Italy who resemble the good Duke Ercole, for I never heard that he was a hater of the fair," said Messer Bembo, hastily interposing. "But prithee how is this convent to be reached, for we have already been disappointed in a castle, where we had made up our minds to sup and sleep? but man proposes —the proverb rhymes."

"But is surely not often true, or where are we to look for refuge?" replied the Dominican, in a mournful and musing tone. "I was seeking a path in these rocks by which to descend to the valley below the torrent, in which the convent is situated, when I heard your horse's struggles. But there is a truer proverb than yours, Messer Canonico, that, what strips the sheep clothes the hedge, for 'tis an extreme misfortune to a noble gentleman which has brought me hither to be your guide."

"What hath happed, I pray you?" said the canon, with great eagerness.

"I bear news which will spread a general consternation in Rome," replied the Dominican. "A most noble gentleman of the Orsini family, passing through these mountains with few attendants, on a secret mission, 'tis said, from the confederated barons to our Holy Father, has been seized by banditti, and his retinue murdered. Yesternight, returning from Loretto, I was surprised by a party of the same band, who would have forced me to grant them absolution."

"And you refused, brother?" interrupted Bembo, startled at the magnanimity of the deed.

"Yea, though they threatened to roast my feet off at a slow fire," replied the Dominican, calmly. "Finding that I was inflexible, they offered me my liberty on condition that I took a message from them to Rome, demanding a ransom of ten thousand gold crowns for their prisoner's redemption. At first I refused, whereupon they blindfolded and led me to some cavern in these rocks, known only to themselves, where they have confined the Orsino. After showing him to me at a distance, chained to a rock, in which was sculptured a colossal crucifixion, the captain of the robbers, or disbanded soldiers, for I know not which they are, swore to me that until some messenger, and but one, returned with the ransom, the unfortunate gentleman should neither taste of food nor drink, were it to be but one day or all time."

"Monsters without faith, hope, or charity!" exclaimed Messer Bembo.

"Why then pause you even for an instant, brother?" said the Knight of St. John.

"It is not long since they released me, after vainly attempting to move them to mercy; and, as I have told you, I cannot find the way to the valley below," replied the monk.

"Can you not guide us to the place where these banditti await their ransom; I bear one in my scabbard," said Le Beaufort, with his characteristic impetuosity.

"Your ancestors, indeed, have fought at great odds, but not as one to forty," said the Dominican.

"We are more than muster here," replied Le Beaufort. "A wind of my horn summons twenty stout fellows, whose flesh hath borne iron so long, that it something partakes of its qualities."

"It were in vain; the brigands know all the passes of these mountains, and could easily elude our search, and would perhaps murder their prisoner in their rage," said the Dominican. "But I will tell you a strange imagination which haunts me. How we entered the cavern I cannot divine; they bandaged me high up in the mountains, and when they suffered me to remove the fillet, I found myself in a craggy cleft, overlooking the hollow rocks which form the cave. But I noticed a yawning mouth of granite at one extremity, and from the foaming clouds which every moment rushed in, and the infinite uproar, I imagined that it was below the fall of some torrent. Moreover, the crucifixion helped to kindle my suspicions."

"Suspicions, brother, in so blessed a sign?" interrupted the canon.

"Hear me out, master canon," said the Dominican, in the same imperturbable narrative tone. "The disciple of St. Bruno, who, three hundred years ago, founded a convent of his order in these mountains, was an anchorite who abode in a cavern over which this torrent falls—a blessed silence compared with the distracting tumults of the world. With his own hands he struck a crucifixion out of the solid rock, which is recorded among the good deeds which enabled the church to canonize him among her triumphant warriors. He died one night alone in his cell, and when the Carthusians came to bury him, they found that his body was gone, and only a heavenly perfume remained, as if angels had been there. Many pious pilgrims came to visit the cave, but as no other means of entering it were known but by passing through the cataract, so many lost their lives in the attempt that it was at length forbidden by a papal bull to make it. Yet, I cannot help thinking, there must be some secret entry to the cave, which the Carthusians may have concealed, as there were rumours raised that the saintly founder was assassinated on account of the extreme severity of his government, and which the robbers may have accidentally discovered."

"'Tis a strange tale, indeed, to be true," said Messer Bembo with a slight sneer. "But if matters stand thus, I would advise you to hasten on your journey to Rome."

"The Orsini have good reasons for keeping their treasures out of Rome, and I doubt if, even in this exigency, and to redeem the heir of their great house, they could raise ten thousand gold crowns anywhere nearer than Venice—too late to save the young lord from his menaced doom!" returned the monk, eyeing the Hospitaller with keen attention.

"The heir of the Orsini!—what, Signor Paolo?" exclaimed the

latter with visible interest, adding in a colder tone, "Why, since the Borgias intend him for their son-in-law, the rusty ducats of the Vatican will surely be forthcoming were the sum ten times to be told."

The monk laughed, but it was gloomily and derisively, without the least tinge of mirth.

"If you listen to the little birds singing, an' they be wise, ye will hear them say little on that matter," he said. "'Tis known what remarkable love the Borgias have as yet shown to their sons-in-law, and I see not why they should display less tenderness towards one who is also the great strength of their rebels against them, whose subtlety, if any can above ground, matches their own."

"In the plain vulgar tongue, brother of St. Dominic, tell us what you mean?" adjured the canon, with a bewildered stare.

"Moreover, Duke Valentino is at Faenza, carrying on his siege there, and the Pope is not so headstrong and fierce as of old, and does nothing without direction," returned the monk, apparently avoiding a direct answer.

"Is not Cæsar's lieutenant, Don Remiro, that wolf of justice who hath so nigh extirpated the Black Bands, to be found in Romagna?" said the Hospitaller. "Tut, tut, there is always a long stream of blood flowing from his abode whereby to find him."

"Force were of no avail; they will flee and take their secret with them," replied the Dominican. "Moreover, Paolo is probably at this moment dying of cold, hunger, and terror, in the dismal cavern below. But I marvel not that friends to the Duke of Ferrara should be willing to let his son's rival perish, even by so terrible a doom."

"Now, by our Lady's tears at the cross, I will not leave these mountains until I have redeemed Paolo Orsino, or shared his fate," exclaimed the generous Hospitaller, with sudden vehemence.

"And as we are the very cow and calf of knighthood, by the same, I will not leave you until this matter be determined," said Sir Reginald; and, raising his horn, he blew a cheerful blast: but he had no great occasion for that expenditure of breath, as the men-at-arms, wearied and alarmed at the long delay, came straggling into sight.

"It is a profane and heathen tempting of Providence, a wicked oath, from which I absolve you both," said the canon, infinitely alarmed; but without heeding his dehortation, the knights entreated the monk to endeavour to recollect if he had no clue by which to guide them to the adit possessed by the robbers. He shook his head mournfully.

"Then let us even take the blessed saint's own way, and clamber up the torrent," said the gallant English knight.

"It is possible the Carthusians may have some tradition left, which may be easier to follow than you might find it to climb a rope of water," replied the Dominican. "At all events, the night is coming, and you will need torches. Moreover, your armour must be laid aside in such an attempt, for it requires the litheness of the serpent to glide among those slippery chasms, where a false step is perdition. Therefore let us in the first place find out our way to the monastery,—and yonder methinks—nay, 'tis certain—is the cleft for which I have been searching so long."

CHAPTER V.

"By the pricking of my thumbs
Something wicked this way comes."—*Macbeth.*

The sun was now completely set, and the shadows of the rocks had shifted, so that some which had been concealed projected, and others vanished into darkness. A red glare down a pile of massy rocks crowned with pines of immense height, the trunks of which were so weather-stained as to seem of old rusty iron, revealed a steep and very narrow defile, which, after ascending for a short time, apparently broke off abruptly in mid air.

But on reaching the summit, under guidance of the Dominican, the travellers found that the path continued, descending through a sloping forest, which clothed the sides of one of those wild sierras. Thence, by a winding succession of precipices over the torrent, they emerged on a species of platform of bare rocks, on which one side of the bridge rested.

To cross this bridge, which was scarcely wide enough for a single passenger, which had no parapet, and which seemed to shake with the thunder of the cataract, whose white waves rolled at a ghastly depth below, appeared scarcely a possible feat for a horseman. But Le Beaufort, laughing at the canon's exclamations of terror, set spurs to his horse, and crossed the bridge at a gallop, waving his hand in triumph when he reached the opposite ledge. The Knight of St. John followed more leisurely, but with even greater coolness, for he checked his steed in the centre of the bridge, and surveyed the cataract with calm attention.

The waters, rushing in a vast body over the highest pile of rocks, fell in one headlong sheet to another which jutted considerably, and on which they dashed themselves into a sea of foam, rolling over in a hundred separate torrents, which in their turn were flung and torn to pieces on the precipices they encountered in their descent. The hollow darkness below the projecting rocks of the second fall, marked the entrance to the cavern; but the Hospitaller's attention was caught by a strange red glow on the impetuous waters which rolled over it, as if from some fire within. As he gazed, it died out, and he was left in doubt whether it was an illusion of his imagination, or some phenomenon peculiar to those volcanic regions.

Meanwhile the canon was shouting lustily to him to cross and leave the way clear, for although in mortal trepidation, there was no resource but to follow. The canon's mule took the bridge steadily, while he himself endeavoured by stretching both arms to assist in keeping the balance. But whether from the force of imitation, or from some good reason of its own, the mule paused directly in the centre of the bridge, and in spite of all the canon's earnest entreaties and caresses, for he dared not provoke it to open mutiny by blows, would not stir a single inch until William of Bampton, who followed, pricked it boldly in the haunch with his spear. Setting its tail, and uttering a shrill cry, the

mule then tremblingly advanced, and, by slow degrees, during which the canon crossed himself a hundred times, they reached terra firma in safety. The men-at-arms followed in an orderly file.

The Dominican brought up the rear, and as the twilight had now deepened into darkness, the knights awaited his passage with some anxiety. Both the Hospitaller and Sir Reginald perceived him reach the middle of the bridge, where he too halted, as if struck with some object before him, to which he visibly pointed. The knights looked in the direction indicated, and again observed the mysterious glare lighting up the torrent with extreme splendour, for an instant. When they looked round, the monk had disappeared.

All united in declaring that he had not crossed the bridge, neither had any one observed him return, or fall. Exceedingly alarmed and surprised, the two leaders dismounted and crossed over the bridge in search of their guide, but could discern no traces of him, nor obtain any reply to the shouts with which they almost overpowered the unceasing roar of the waters. If he had fallen over, he must certainly have been instantly dashed to pieces, and his shattered carcass hurried away by the rapid stream. But those black depths denied all means of ascertaining, and the only contrary hope which they could devise, was that the monk had taken panic at the prospect of the enterprise in which he had engaged them, and had withdrawn from any share in its prosecution. With this thought, however, mingled a superstitious feeling, which, although none avowed, all felt, and which both the appearance and disappearance of the stranger were well calculated to excite.

Engaged in sombre rumination on their adventure, the travellers at length proceeded on their way, guided by the distant chaunt of the Carthusians at vespers, and reached a massive gate between two high cliffs, formed of slender pine-boles, welded together with iron. A twisted brass horn, finely polished, hung as at the drawbridge of some giant's castle in old romance; which, when Sir Reginald blew it, gave out a singularly wild screeching blast, being probably fashioned so as to utter a shrill cry which could be distinguished amidst the noise of the near waters.

There was a short pause, and then an old monk made his appearance, after withdrawing two vast wooden bolts. He wore the dull red Carthusian garb, fastened round the waist by a rope, to which hung a wooden cross; but true to his obligation of silence, he made no reply to the knight's request to be allowed shelter for the evening, beyond pointing to the monastery which was immediately in front.

With this tacit permission they continued their road, and arrived at a narrow causeway, by which they ascended to a still narrower portcullis, above which, piled among the rocks, and sometimes perhaps cut in their substance, arose the monastery. Knocking with their spears at the gate, a monk appeared at the window of a tower above the portcullis, and after reconnoitring, set some machinery in motion, by which the portcullis was raised. They then found themselves in a long narrow yard, cut in the rock, on each side of which were caves artificially excavated, and which were probably intended to be used by travellers as stables. Immediately they had entered, the portcullis was lowered behind them, and having performed this duty, the janitor himself descended.

The monk was a lay brother, and seemed to be exempt from the periodical fit of silence to which the Carthusian rule subjects its members. He received the travellers with bland courtesy, regretted the badness of the accommodations which he had to offer, especially as the best at his disposal were already occupied by a numerous company of soldiers, escorting the ambassador of Florence to Rome. He added, that the prior was at vespers in the chapel, but would see them as soon as he had concluded his devotions; pointed out what premises were unoccupied in the rock-stables, and where they might find straw for their horses, and invited the commander to follow him into the monastery forthwith. He then led the way up a very steep succession of stairs, cut at intervals in the rock, and ushered them into the great hall of the convent.

As this apartment had formerly been a natural cavern, it presented an exceedingly gloomy aspect, being of great extent, with windows only on one side, hewn in the solid granite, and set exceedingly deep. It was crossed at intervals by archways, marking the termination of many flights of stairs, leading by galleries to the upper parts of the monastery. In the centre of the hall was a long stone table, with benches of the same material immoveably fixed, for they were cut in the rock. A pulpit, supported on a pillar, was similarly sculptured in the wall, from which a monk usually read some passages of the Scriptures or homilies during every meal. Five or six pinewood torches were stuck in holes at far intervals in the granite, and shed a dismal swarthy light, the gloom of which was not diminished by the enormous pile of red embers which glowed on the hearth in a cave, or rather chimney, at the extremity of the hall.

The travellers found here the party with whom they were to share the hospitality of the alpine fathers. In addition to several long-bearded, silent Carthusians, who were engaged in attendance on their guests, the stone table was occupied by some thirty men-at-arms, feeding on a kind of black barley bread, cheese, curds and milk. Beside each man, crossing the table, lay a spear nearly double his own height, its point barbed like a fish-hook, so that on being withdrawn from a wound the flesh must be fearfully lacerated: their armour was at once strong and rich, bright from the smithies of Milan, and apparently manufactured in imitation of the ancient Roman military garb—greaves of polished steel, bare knees, short kilts of quilted steel, breast and back pieces of gleaming plate, helmets surmounted by silver eagles with outspread wings and sun-soaring upward gaze. A round shield with a spike in the centre, a short sword, and a massive mace intended to knock those on the head whose armour denied the sword access when overthrown, completed the uniform.

It needed not the additional emblem of Cæsar Borgia's motto encircling the arms of the church in their mantles, to inform the newcomers that they beheld a detachment of the terrible guard of that leader, known throughout Italy for their cruelties and valour. He had selected this body from almost all the nations which battled in Italy, and principally of those whose ferocity and crimes had rendered them outcasts even from the direful armies which disgorged them, and whose wild wolf natures he alone had found it possible to control. Accordingly their complexions presented almost every hue, from the sable Moor to the white-haired German; but all were men of great stature,

and remarkable for thew and muscle only to be acquired by lives of toil, and the fierce exercise of war.

Seated in a vast wooden chair, a seat of distinction usually appropriated to the superior of the monastery, for all the other seats were stools, basking as it were in the warm refulgence of the fire, sat a personage whom this formidable escort attended. He was a man in the prime of life, of a good stature, somewhat spare in flesh, with sharply defined, but handsome Italian features. His eyebrows had an habitual curve downward, as if accustomed to brooding thoughtfulness, the mouth in repose had an expression of singular unhappiness; and yet, whenever breaking from this musing calm, the eyes and features lighted up with a satirical, and yet jocose brilliancy, and his smile was full of humour and vivacity.

This personage wore a long crimson cloak, probably the ensign of some dignity, for the rest of his garb was of dark velvet, and, for an age delighting in rich garnitures, exceedingly plain. He was apparently amusing himself with watching the gambols of one of those unhappy attendants on ancient grandeur, whose office it was to entertain their rude lords with the vagaries of their disordered and reckless wits, whose brightest sparkles indeed were supposed to be caused by the flaw in the understanding, as a broken mirror distorts and splinters the light into effects more curious and brilliant than the smoothest surface.

The fool or jester in question, however, was evidently no ordinary member of the hairbrained fraternity. His figure, as displayed in his motley garb, was remarkable for its grace and suppleness, and although not powerful, and of common height, yet its exceeding limberness and serpent-like vivacity of movement would have made even a gladiator pause with the feeling with which the strongest eye any animal of the reptile species ere attacking it. His features, as well as could be ascertained amid the grotesque daubing and patches which covered it, were fine in outline and almost femininely delicate in finish. His mouth might have been called beautiful, but that, when at rest, it remained parted with a slight, but very odious expression of bloodthirstiness. But the eyes were the most singular; they were set very deeply under his perfectly arched brows, and might without any exaggeration have been compared to diamonds in sparkle and infinite variety of tint — sometimes aglow merely with unmeaning glitter, at others flaming with strange wildness and the multitudinous feverish fancies of a mind diseased.

The jester was busied in playing with or rather teasing two enormous bloodhounds which shared the hearth with him, endeavouring with many antic tricks and allurements to induce them to put their great paws into the hot embers to draw out some chestnuts which he was roasting. The dignitary was so absorbed in laughing at this dangerous sport, that he scarcely noticed the arrival of the new guests, until the clank of armed feet startled him. Glancing round, and observing the chivalric strangers, he arose to salute them. The fool stared at them with a lacklustre gaze, and then shaking his shaggy red hair over his face, as if the matter in nowise concerned him, resumed his divertisement with the dogs.

"Have I really the happiness, in this step of my painful pilgrimage, to encounter your worthiness, Messer Machiavelli of Florence?" ex-

claimed the canon, in a tone by no means so joyful as his words, but perceiving that subterfuge would be in vain, and that the ambassador had immediately recognised him.

"And if *he* pleases not your reverence, there is only another to send for," said the jester, pointing downward with a very expressive gesture, then giggling vacantly he stirred the embers with an iron pole kept for the purpose.

"Mean you the devil or Cæsar Borgia, lad?" said the ambassador, smiling. "But do I behold the mirror of Parnassus, the quintessence of all learning and ingenuity, the Hercules of theology, in the person of Messer Bembo of Ferrara, lean canon of a fat cathedral?" he continued, in a highflown but somewhat ludicrous tone of compliment. "If I obtain no other reward for my journey across the Apennines, this is sufficient. But surely your party is not so much in favour at Rome, my dear Pietro, as to render a penitential journey thither of any particular advantage to your affairs?"

"I do not go to solicit a benefice, signor," replied the canon rather testily. "Neither are faith and good works so altogether out of date as to make mine and these noble knights' journey to Rome at this season so marvellous a miracle as to stare a man's eyes out. But how chances it that the secretary of the magnificent signory is on his way to the capital of the enemy?"

"We want not the Medici home in the republic, and as all the rest of you are making your peace with the church, I see not why we should be so unchristian, not to say so mad, as to hold out alone," replied the ambassador. "And this their magnificences have deputed a plain man to say to the Holy Father. But what are the latest news to the north? I warrant they scent as far down the wind at Ferrara as in the Val d'Arno."

"All I know is that I go to Rome for my sins, and on no embassy, unless I find occasion to apologise for our young prince's unavoidable journey to France," replied the canon.

"Nay, troth, he is better there than with t'other Don Alfonso, among the worms," said the zany, staring with his glittering and yet vacant eyes on the Knight of St. John.

"Why, if you bring your sins to Rome, where are all the pretty damsels we might expect to see in your train, master canon?" said the Florentine, laughing.

"It makes no matter how many; there is room for all the world at Rome, and his wife, as well as paramour," continued the fool. "And then if Rome should sink with the weight of you, the bottomless pit would be long in filling, uncle—but, however, they would make room below, for they are very polite people there, as right they should be, being chiefly courtiers and great personages that have left their names in chronicles—such as your king, your great general, your wit, and your poet—folks that would be knocking their heads against the stars."

"But have you faithfully, brother Pietro and schoolfellow, no business in Rome but to do your soul good?" said the Florentine, with an acute gaze.

"And if I had, brother Niccolò, I have been your schoolfellow to more purpose than to let my secrets flutter to every wind," replied the canon, with affected cheerfulness. "Yet truly I am glad to see you

safe from the lion's den, as I call Monsignor Borgia's camp. 'Tis a comfort to remark even one returning claw-print in the sand."

"And truly I am sorry to hear this news of your prince's running away from the gorgeous alliance offered him with the Cæsar's sister," replied the Florentine, with a vexed look. "The Orsini will have it all their own way, and if they conclude their marriage—woe to Tuscany."

"Yes, yes, let the bear try what sort of a wedge his paw will make," said the fool, laughing and chuckling. "Did his reverence the fox see aught of the Orsini claws in the sand, when he looked which way the beasts were going?"

"Now, by'r Lady, for a fool you have hit well in the bull's eye with a random bolt!" exclaimed Sir Reginald. "Do but hear, Signor Ambassador, what we have discovered, and judge if Cæsar's friends be any safer than his foes."

"Why, what history is this that hath a Miserere before it?" said Messer Machiavelli, with an expression of sudden and strong interest; and even the fool leaned forward, but almost instantly resumed his careless attitude. "Now for a good tale, or let it not be about the Borgia; for our palates are high-seasoned with the tidings we hear of him at every step," said Machiavelli, with a glance at the jester, who joggled his head about, making the little silver bells ring a very gay and musical peal.

The canon was about to commence the narrative of their late singular adventure, when he was luckily spared the trouble of repeating it to two sets of listeners by the entrance of the prior and a long train of Carthusians, from their devotions. The monks all advanced in solemn silence, their heads sunk humbly on their breasts, the superior himself so worn with vigils and fasts, that his gaunt and powerful form seemed like that of a huge skeleton. He was the only one of the group who uttered any word of welcome to the new guests, yet he received them with a grave austerity which could scarcely be called so, and a general air of apathy which age and solitariness might well contract.

Machiavelli abruptly terminated the canon's oratorical request for hospitality by demanding the details of the circumstance relating to the Orsini to which he had alluded. Messer Bembo began a very eloquent narration, but Le Beaufort, wearied of his discursive progress, broke in, and told the story in as many words as the former intended to have used sentences. He concluded by requesting the prior to inform him if he knew any means by which the cavern might be searched, and the truth or falsehood of the information they had received ascertained.

"Did ye all dream this at once, or did one fool make many?" said the jester, with a strange laugh of derision. "What needs it, uncle Niccolò, to take me as a present to the pope, when these gentlemen are going of their own accord?"

"A civil tongue keeps a sound skin, fool," said the Florentine significantly.

The prior, whose brows had been gradually darkening, now observed, "All this is impossible, that you have been told—some wandering maniac's dream! No one among us has ever heard of any other means of access to the saint's cell but through the cataract, in which enterprise so many of the faithful have perished that it has long been prohibited."

"I have heard, when I was a novice," faltered out an ancient monk, bent nearly double with the weight of a hundred years. "I have heard . . . what have I heard?—some way to the cave among the rocks . . . Father Ambrosio could have told . . . . but he has been dead sixty years and odd, come Candlemas again. The winter was very cold, and he had long had a cough—poor man, he died very hard—Amen!—I mean, Saint Guidobald keep his soul."

"Perchance they have seen the Bad One in the likeness of that blessed saint, to put them all on breaking their necks," suggested the jester, with a look of great gravity and deliberation.

"The holy hermit, Saint Guidobald!—'tis not the first time that men have seen his likeness wandering about the cave where his canonized bones repose," said the centenarian. "But he appears only to men in mortal sin, to warn them of their approaching end."

"Nay, for he that appeared to us wore not the Carthusian habit, but that of learned Dominic," said Messer Bembo, with a shudder. "You learn to speak and think very dismally, brother, among these great, sprawling, ghostly pine forests."

"We learn to die," said the prior, with melancholy austerity.

"Alas! it is an art which we all acquire at the first trial," replied the canon.

"What ye took to be the white robes of a Dominican, were, in truth, the folds of his shroud in which they wrapped our saint ere the angels came," said the ancient monk, with the obstinate fidelity of age to its opinions.

"Then, perchance, Saint Guidobald is at last tired of his neglected grave, and would have his bones brought to the monastery, to be enshrined and work miracles like another," said the Florentine.

"Deem you so, signor?" returned the prior, obviously struck with a fancy which chimed in harmoniously with the dominant ideas of the age. "And truly, as to bandits—none have been seen or heard of since Don Remiro was podestà of Romagna, for they must all either hang or enlist under the duke's banner."

"But we saw with our own eyes the carcasses of the Orsino's men, on the spot where was once Jacopo Savelli's castle!" exclaimed Le Beaufort. The prior looked at him somewhat incredulously, and then observed, "If it be so, let us wait till daylight, for else it were dangerous lest the robbers resist."

"To-night, to-night! not a single instant will I delay," said the Hospitaller, impetuously. "To-morrow may be too late; they may remove or slay him. Let every Christian man among you take a torch and follow me!"

"What say you, fool, is not this an enterprise for thee to meddle in?" said Messer Niccolò.

"Nay, I will look on and see fair play; strike away, boys, ye cannot hurt me," returned the buffoon, with a listless yawn.

"If you are resolved, our brothers shall lend you such assistance as may be," said the prior; "but you will find your undertaking is impossible."

"Let us then to work, and I pledge my knighthood we will do nothing that is impossible, father," said Le Beaufort, himself setting the example by snatching a blazing branch from the fire. Even the good Carthusians awakened from their usual apathy, and set to work with

eagerness to kindle torches, and the ambassador's escort looked at him with the eyes of hounds in the leash.

"Yea, since all Christians are to be aiding, let your cutthroats loose, uncle," said the fool; and it seemed they needed no farther permission, but riotously joined in the enterprise. All the conventuals, except such as were disabled by extreme age, also followed the knights to the yard where the English soldiers were engaged in stabling their horses, leaving the ambassador and his fool nearly alone in the hall.

"Come, master, let us be mad with the rest; 'tis not enough to be fools this weather," said the jester, after pausing for some moments as if in thought, and seizing the ambassador's long cloak, he danced fantastically after him down the hall, as if officiating as a train-bearer.

Messer Niccolò seemed to take little notice of his elvish attendant, until they had passed the outer gate of the monastery, and beheld the glare and smoke of the torches vanishing and appearing in the windings of the rocks which descended to the bed of the torrent. He then paused, and turning with a smile of unutterable meaning to the jester, and changing his tone to one of profound respect—"What says your grace?" he observed in a low voice. "Will this turn out aught but a sick man's dream?"

"I shall begin to believe in miracles, Niccolò, an' it do; I that deal in them!" replied the other, in a tone of sarcastic levity. "Migueloto seldom half does his work; he has but one vice which is not useful to me—he is avaricious, Niccolò, avaricious!—But he is a sponge which, when full, I may, perchance, take a fancy to squeeze into my treasury; for without money, Niccolò, without money we can do little good in this world. Let us take our seat on the bridge, and watch these fools tumble down the precipices. But where are my hounds?—Ho, Sylla and Marius!"

"They are gone with the rest; they scarcely know you in your fool's garb, my lord," said the Florentine.

"If I thought the fiend would not, I would sooner die in it than in a monk's," returned the jester; but he seemed scarcely pleased with the desertion of his dogs, and whistled and called them for some time in vain ere he appeared to think it was so. Meanwhile Messer Niccolò had quietly quitted the path followed by the torch-bearers, and turned into that which led to the bridge.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DISCOVERY.

Commanding a view of the whole scene of operations, the ambassador and his jester could scarcely have chosen a better point whence to contemplate them than the centre of the bridge, which spanned the river like an arch of darkness. The noise of the torrent made conversation difficult; but neither seemed much inclined to indulge in it, both watching with interest for the appearance of the explorers. All was as yet darkness below, for although the sky was perfectly clear and set with innumerable stars, its feeble shine could not penetrate those mighty depths.

"'Tis a grim height," said the jester, after a pause, during which he seemed to be calculating the possibilities of success in the enterprise.

"And this were no ill place to be alone with one's enemy; 'tis so easy to slip accidentally. Why look you so stealthily at me, Niccolò? I know thou art my friend."

"Monsignor, I was but considering, that even with all the advantages of suddenness and treachery, such sports might be dangerous," replied the Florentine. "But Signor Paolo was your friend too; at least you embraced him and called him your brother."

"Why, so he meant to be," replied the jester calmly.

"I see not into the depths of this policy very clearly," continued the Florentine. "At this time, when it is of so much consequence to your lordship to conciliate the Orsini and their faction, to destroy him on his way to Rome with proposals of peace?"

"I will destroy them all either by force or fraud, fair weapons both against their treachery and rebellion!" returned the jester fiercely. "Were it the sea, I would empty it drop by drop rather than sit down and fold my hands in despair. Moreover, can I prevent men that travel as they deem by stealth, without adequate attendance, from being murdered by banditti? Know you not, that he departed for Rome rather by my father's invitation than by my will? And shall I tamely lose the recompense of all my toils because an old man grows timorous and full of fantasy?"

"Indeed if Donna Lucrezia should wed an Orsino, the barons must be restored to their usurpations," returned the ambassador.

"And what were then my dukedom of Romagna? a trumpet sound full of bravery without substance!" said the jester, tossing his false hair impatiently back from his eyes.

"And where were then your kingdom of Italy?" continued the politic Florentine, in a low but very emphatic tone.

"You jest with me, Niccolò, but fate shall not!" replied the motley, with a fierce sparkle of his brilliant eyes, and clutching his delicate hand as if it already held the sceptre. "I would I could see again that withered old wizard of Padua, half madman as he was, who was wont to assist me when, being a visionary school-boy at Pisa, I studied the magic art while our long-bearded masters imagined I was lost in the dust of Augustine and Bernard!"

"He did show you a vision, methinks, I have heard it said, in a mirror formed of one vast amethyst?" inquired Messer Machiavelli in a slightly mocking tone. "At least so it is vulgarly reported in Italy, and that the skilful greybeard was the devil himself. But now they appear! Look how their torches light up the waters like a hot stream of hell!"

"Didst thou go thither to school, that thou rememberest it as clearly as Dante, Niccolò?" replied the motley. "Yea, and with as yearning a melancholy as a Swiss clown the green valleys and snow-diademed hills of his land? But what do the peasants prattle that the wizard showed to me by his felonious art?"

"A skeleton in a royal crown and mantle, offering to your kneeling form his sceptre," returned the ambassador.

"It is false, and I will bake in a furnace him who says so!" exclaimed the motley with fierce vivacity. "It was a shadow wearing the imperial crown and mantle of Charlemagne, as we see his effigies in the chronicle books, offering me his sceptre and sword twisted together in the likeness of a serpent."

"Your grace has read the lesson then, well!" replied Machiavelli.

"And I know thou thinkest that thy master has learned thee all his tricks, being his favourite pupil, as the ancient boxer taught his," said the jester with a peculiar smile. "Yet beware that, like him, he has not reserved one which may foil thee at last. Yet when I have made my crown something more than this fool's bauble which I wear, Niccolò, my subtle Niccolò—when I am Cæsar indeed, what shalt thou not be to me?"

"Thy Brutus!" replied the Florentine, with a peculiar flashing glance at his companion.

"My Sejanus, thou meanest rather, dear Niccolò," said the motley, with a smile in which lurked a dark and deep underthought, "for thou art ever ill at comparisons."

Machiavelli made no reply, beyond raising his furred cap half ironically as if accepting the office, and reverted his eye to the spectacle below, keeping, however, a sidelong note of his companion's movements. The great mass of light, now brought to bear, revealed a grandly picturesque and singular scene. Along the bed of the stream, leaping from rock to rock in the rapid waters, appeared the knights and men-at-arms, and the Carthusians with their shaggy beards, all waving their torches, shouting to each other, and peering among the rocks forming the bosom of the gulf which received the torrent in its tempestuous overflow. Under this illumination the waves flew and eddied in wide streams of silver, and the cascade sparkled in infinite showers of diamonds.

But it seemed that the search led to no result, and the jester laughed aloud when, gathering into such groups as the rocks permitted, it was even apparent to those above that they were engaged in despairing consultation. But while gazing thus, both the ambassador and his attendant started at a play of crimson light from the mouth of the cave before them. It vanished instantly; but was evidently noticed by the throng below, for they raised a shout which rang above the confused roar of the torrent.

"There is murder, surely, in yonder cave, that will out," said the Florentine with a slight shudder, and an acute glance at his companion.

"Murder hath no skill at kindling fires, to guide men to his haunts, that ever I heard," replied the jester, coldly. "However it be, they must needs retire, and have their labour for their pains."

"Yet wherefore are the knights stripping off their armour?—what can be meant?" returned the ambassador. "See you, the grim English squire is taking his lord's cuishes, and the canon is wringing his hands; what has he done with his torch?"

"Let it drop in the waves—I saw it go hissing down the current," replied the motley. "But where are the hounds?—I do fear their instinct more than these men's reason."

"Now, by St. Julian! the madmen intend to climb yon slippery precipices!" exclaimed Machiavelli. "See you, sir?—they take opposite sides of the cataract . . . well leaped, fool of the sun!—he is a whole rock above his compeer. Hark! how he laughs and waves his hand in triumph!—San Zanobi, it cannot be so difficult as we imagine hence to climb those rocks!—See how contentiously they keep pace with

each other! All the fiends! they mount as if they had scaling ladders."

"No, no,—ha ha!—look, yonder fellow slips—slides—the holy knight!—he will be dashed to pieces—well, what is that to thee or me, Niccolò?—ha, he has caught by yonder drooping water-larch!—he is safe now," ejaculated the motley, watching the hazardous descent of the Hospitaller, whose feet had slipped among the precipices, and who only saved himself from falling the whole height which he had ascended, by clutching at a dwarf pine which grew out of a cleft in the precipices. As it was, only with extreme difficulty and at imminent hazard of being engulfed beneath the masses of water, did he gradually regain the bed of the river.

"Where is the English savage now?" exclaimed the motley, after watching with breathless attention the perilous descent.

"He is lost in the cloudy foam!—there, there!—see you him not, like a sea-gull in a storm?" returned Messer Niccolò.

"Would the other were where he stands!—I like his face the worse of the two," said the jester. "And truly he intends to follow, finding that destruction could not meet him on the other side!—but he is not so lithe of limb!—he has slipped three times! Now, by the fisherman's keys! the English madman stands upon the rock before us—drenched and drowned as a rat; and yet with but a leap to place him in the cavern's mouth, or in the ravine below! By heaven, his glorious courage makes me wish him success, though it be to save one of that detested brood!"

"The rock trembles beneath his feet; he means to leap!—Sir knight! 'tis madness—return!" shouted Messer Niccolò.

"Let us not grieve too much; he will leave inheritors, no doubt," said the jester, relapsing into his usual tone. "But look you—he dares not—he hesitates—he dares not!—nor any man in his senses; the mere weight of the water would beat him down."

It seemed as if those below also perceived the desperate position and design of Le Beaufort. The Carthusians set up a confused miserere; the Hospitaller, the canon, and all the men-at-arms joined in wild shouts to him not to attempt the imminently dangerous leap before him. They saw him wave his hand exultingly, as if he discerned some advantage which they could not below—and he leaped!

The Florentine closed his eyes with a shudder, but opened them at an exclamation from his companion, not of horror but of extreme surprise. The mysterious light again arose, and by its glare the figure of the knight appeared as if within a wall of water formed by the curve which the cataract made in pouring over the upper rocks.

"He will be murdered doubtless the moment he enters; some will be there to do the honours of the cave, if one may judge by yonder light," said the motley, hurriedly.

The figure of the knight disappeared.

There was another pause of profound and aghast silence, and then the Hospitaller was observed rushing rather than climbing up the rocks, followed by the English soldiers. But the latter, embarrassed with their armour, could make but little progress, although animated by the most resolute desperation at the disappearance of their young leader. Anon the Hospitaller reached the projection from which his brother-in-arms had leaped, which was separated only by a chasm of

roaring water from the marble buttress which broke the torrent into its first fall.

"What ails him?—dares he not follow?" said Machiavelli, breathlessly. "And now, look you, he is bending forward as if listening to some one speaking within the cavern!"

"Perchance 'tis the knight yelling for aid!" said he of the motley, leaning forward, as if he too would endeavour to catch the sound. "And now the priest hath got the better of the soldier in him! mark, how like a man pursued by wolves he is hurrying down the precipices as if tempting fate to pitch him headlong into death."

"He has joined them—tells a breathless tale—and see you they are all rushing to the rocks on your side!" said the Florentine, whose companion was seated a little further on the bridge towards the shore opposite to the convent. At this instant the deep bay of bloodhounds discovering a scent, was heard.

"What has happened?" exclaimed the motley, hurriedly, and gazing intently below. Men-at-arms and monks seemed alike rushing in delirious excitement over the shallow river, and vanishing rapidly one after the other in a dark fissure of the rocks.

"My life on it, they have discovered the saint's road to his hermitage!" exclaimed Machiavelli.

"Migueloto, if thou hast deceived me!" muttered the jester, springing up like a startled tiger, and leaping with the agility of the same animal over the Florentine, who still lay on the bridge, he hurried down the rocks. Messer Niccolò followed more leisurely, but the jester continued to hasten along, striding with such rapidity that on reaching the shore he nearly overthrew Messer Bembo, who was wringing his wet clothes and distractedly chaunting a hymn of thanksgiving.

"What is discovered? what hath happed?" exclaimed the Florentine.

Messer Bembo could merely point to the opposite rocks, and then he laughed hysterically, wiping the tears from his eyes at the same time.

The nimble jester waited not to learn what might be the precise cause of this excitement. He vaulted from stone to stone across the river, and reached a yawning fissure in the rocks up which the glare of light, the distant shouts, and the continued howl of the hounds, convinced him that there was a way discovered. This passage in the rock had probably existed ever since the earthquake which had reft a way for the torrent itself, and ascended in a frightful zig-zag, sometimes completely closed in by a kind of natural arch of huge marble blocks, at others cloven to a vast height so as to admit a pale streak of light. After winding as it seemed for a great way through the dark entrails of the mountain, the passage terminated in the cavern below the torrent.

A singular spectacle awaited the gaze of the eager jester. The cavern was of great extent, composed of enormous masses of rock tossed together in chaotic confusion, and glittering all over in the blaze of the innumerable torches as if with serpents of coloured light, so singularly brilliant and twisted were the stalactites and petrifactions which clustered on it. One rock indeed there was in which a strong effort of the imagination might shape some resemblance to a crucifixion. Fastened to this by an iron rivet, a chain, and a belt round his waist, lay the figure of a man palpitating and struggling like a fallen horse,

while the two knights, the Carthusians, and the men-at-arms, in a delirium of excitement, were endeavouring to break the massive links with blows, with their teeth, with exertions of main strength! Some embers of dry drift wood still burned near the prisoner, and had probably been the means by which he kindled the flames which had encouraged his deliverers to his aid; and but just in time, to judge by the cadaverous paleness of his features. The two hounds, which had evidently been beaten from their scent, stood licking their jaws and howling at a distance.

THE MOORS AND THE STUBBLE;

OR THE

12TH OF AUGUST AND 1ST OF SEPTEMBER.

By FREDERIC TOLFREY,

Author of the "Sportsman in France," and "Sportsman in Canada."

THERE are two great days in the year—a pair of goodly anniversaries. With reverence and devotion do we hail their coming, and confessing as we do to have been born under the influence of a *shooting* star, we welcome with an intensity and earnestness which none but the real sportsman can appreciate, the advent of the 12th of August and 1st of September.

No annual epochs, birthdays not excepted, are looked forward to with such irrepressible delight and joyful anticipation by the enthusiastic shooter. These national anniversaries are held as sacred by every true knight of the trigger, as the 30th of January is by her Majesty's servants of the patent theatres.

From time immemorial the 12th of August has been a day of destruction to the grouse, and the crusade against the partridges invariably commences with us on the 1st of September.

We have watched with no little attention and anxiety for some years past the operation of the Game Laws. They have undergone revision by the legislature on more than one occasion; and, Heaven knows, at the present day they require amendment more than ever. The game bill, as it now stands, has not effected the purpose for which it was enacted, viz., the annihilation of poaching.

Has not the Bill, on the contrary, materially assisted the poacher in carrying on his nefarious trade, by affording him an open market for his unlawful spoil? No doubt the sale of game is extremely convenient to *some* bankrupt landed proprietors, and by such needy gentlemen the present game laws are viewed with indifference; for so long as they can covertly supply Leadenhall market, they will tacitly lend their aid to uphold this unsportsmanlike legislative enactment.

Let any person, sportsman or not, examine the greater part of the game exposed for sale in the shops of this metropolis; he will then find that nine birds out of ten, and hares in the same ratio, have not fallen by the gun; as he will not be able to discover the marks of shot, or those imprinted by the teeth of a dog; for on inspection it will be evident that the birds have been netted and the hares wired.

It is but too well known that the poachers adopt these methods of

ensnaring game; and game so taken being comparatively uninjured, the poulterer will give a longer price for it, in consequence of the birds not spoiling so soon as when brought down by the gun. The Act, therefore, as it now stands, instead of counteracting the system of wholesale plunder, affords it every facility, and to all intents and purposes encourages it; and it is an indisputable and undeniable fact that, ever since the present Act was passed, poaching has increased in a frightful degree.

One of our oldest and best sportsmen has taken up the subject, and in the House, as well as in a pamphlet remarkable for good writing and an admirable analysis of the laws, has suggested the only effectual remedy for the existing evils; and we, in common with every sportsman in the kingdom, most devoutly hope that the hints and advice so forcibly and clearly offered by Mr. Grantley Berkeley, will meet with the attention they deserve and that the case demands.

We would with submission suggest that a discretionary power should be vested in the magistrates of every county, to regulate the commencement of the shooting season according to circumstances.

In this variable climate it may so happen that the harvest is not over on the 1st of September; and in all backward and unpropitious summers, when cold or rain has retarded the process of incubation, the birds or rather "cheepers" ought to have a respite for three weeks or a month.

They manage matters differently, and decidedly better, in France. In every "*commune*" or district of every "*departement*," or county, on the other side of the channel, the mayor is empowered to postpone the "*ouverture de la chasse*," if the whole of the corn from off every farm and estate within his jurisdiction is not safely garnered. Consequently there is not any fixed period for the "opening day," and we hold this to be a very wise and wholesome regulation. We have lived much in France, and have had frequent opportunities of observing the benefits resulting from this judicious law. In certain localities more favoured than others, and with the natural advantages of superior soil and propitious climate, the campaign is permitted to commence on the 1st, but it more frequently happens that the day fixed upon for exterminating the partridges is postponed until the middle of the month.

During a short residence in Upper Normandy, in the year 1841, we had the opportunity of enjoying four "first days" consecutively in four different districts or parishes. The 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th, were the several "firsts of September," as an Irishman would say, and even then some patches of grain were still standing. This was in the neighbourhood of St. Aubin, not far from the upper "grande route" leading from Yvetot to Havre. As we have already remarked, climate, soil, and local peculiarities should be taken into consideration, and it is little short of folly to establish as a rule, and authorize by law, the commencement of the shooting season on a particular day all over England. It is an oversight, to say the least, and one that should be looked to; for it does not require a conjuror to tell us that there are many degrees of difference, as well as difference of degrees, between the climate of Devonshire and that of Northumberland or Yorkshire, and that when the harvest is over in the one county the sickle is not even in requisition or thought of in the others.

We do not hesitate to assert that nine years out of ten we shoot

too early, and our opinion has been formed in that best of all schools—experience. We have no little pride in stating that in this we are borne out by that emperor of sportsmen and universally beloved individual—the "*beau ideal*" of a British officer and English gentleman—Colonel Hawker.

We had the pleasure of canvassing the subject with the gallant colonel not long ago in the "*sanctum sanctorum*" of the Reverend Bishop of Bond Street; the snuggest and best appointed room in the metropolis; where, with the worthy prelate's permission, all the cognoscenti of the day do congregate to discuss matters appertaining to shooting, and where the facetious and fascinating Bishop does business in the gun way to no small amount, as agent to the renowned Westley Richards. In his imperishable work on guns and shooting, Colonel Hawker has, in a few words, pointed out the principal evils which call for revision and amendment; and coming as they do from such high and influential authority, we most piously hope that they will meet with due attention in the proper quarter, and, by being acted upon, defeat the mischievous attempts of those whose only aim is to excite discontent, create an ill-feeling in the minds of the humbler classes towards their superiors, and strike at the root of an Englishman's first and noblest amusement.

If we can spy into futurity a little, the year 1845 will deserve a notch in the sportsman's calendar. The early part of the year was peculiarly favourable to the young broods of grouse, partridges, and pheasants. In certain swampy localities under the Yorkshire hills, the Sheffield moors, and a very few Scotch, an epidemic exhibited itself for a short period amongst the grouse, but it was as slight as partial, and the packs were not thinned to any extent. The most favoured quarters were spared this unwelcome visitation, and, as we have observed, there is no lack of birds. We have a letter before us from a gamekeeper and dog-breaker who is engaged by a party in Inverness-shire, and he tells us that the season is unusually propitious, and that the grouse are not only in abundance but marvellously strong on the wing. From Wales, and in Yorkshire too, the accounts are equally favourable.

Grouse-shooting differs materially from partridge—or as it is commonly termed by the sportsman—bird-shooting, for the fatigue attendant upon, or rather consequent to, this description of sport is inconceivable. It will be in vain to *enjoy* grouse-shooting without a little previous training, and unless the amateur exercise himself and quadrupeds *à la* Mountjoy or Captain Barclay, for some time previously to the "opening day," he will be sorely discomfited and disappointed. We would, in the spirit of good fellowship, recommend all enthusiasts to take a constitutional walk of a few miles before breakfast, over hilly ground, and as near the proposed scene of action as possible; that shooter in particular who is inclined to corpulence and obesity will derive no little benefit from a three weeks' probation. He will get himself and his dog into wind, and both will be in better trim for the campaign, by a knowledge of the surrounding country. Amongst the "*élite*" of our London men we have some first-rate sportsmen, but the round of amusements, the engagements and the dissipation attendant upon a town life, preclude the possibility of an intimacy springing up between themselves and their dogs. How then, we would ask, can any mutual good feeling or even understanding exist between them? and

without this kind of freemasonry it is next to impossible to command success. A really good sportsman, and one who thoroughly understands his work, will make a friend and companion of his dog; a feeling of self-interest alone—should no other exist—would dictate the policy of keeping up something like good-fellowship between man and dog. We speak from experience and observation. We remember, not very long ago, when on a particular moor in Yorkshire, falling in with a very gentlemanly companionable "brother chip" from this demoralized metropolis, armed with one of Purdey's first-rate doubles, and accompanied by a remarkably handsome likely-looking setter. The "*Lunnuner*" happened, unfortunately, to be surrounded by sportsmen, and as there was not any intimacy existing between himself and his quadruped, he did little or no execution. The dog not being familiarized with his master's voice was always at fault; the whistle was equally useless; and as we happened to be the nearest "*compagnon d'armes*" to the denizen of St. James's, his dog was repeatedly running to us whenever we fired, which desertion called forth curses both loud and deep from his exasperated master; and yet we have no doubt the gentleman in question never imagined that he, by wilful negligence, had brought all the disasters upon himself. Our St. James's friend, in short, cut but a sorry figure, and was not a little jealous of the manifest advantage we maintained during that and every succeeding day. He was an intelligent and well-informed person enough, and had a smattering of Shakspeare to boot, ever and anon indulging in a quotation, for at every "*contretemps*" he was heard to "*curse the fate that gave him to the Moor.*"

It is a generally received opinion that too many guns spoil sport. This to a certain extent may be true, but a few do good and materially assist each other. The more sportsmen there are in moderation, on a given number of thousand acres, the better will be their chance of success, for this simple reason, they drive the birds to one another. We need only mention, in corroboration of our assertion, that a friend of ours, an excellent sportsman, had permission to shoot over a private manor, not far from the spot where we were enjoying ourself in Yorkshire. There was no lack of birds, but they were exceedingly wild, and although provided with excellent dogs, he seldom succeeded in getting within shot of them. After two blank days, or nearly so, he crossed the country to the position we had taken up. He was somewhat staggered at first on seeing so large a field of guns, but found out, to his astonishment, that the numbers contributed to his sport, and materially assisted each other.

The dress of sportsmen in the present day differs materially from the costume adopted some quarter of a century or thirty years back. We have now such an infinite variety of woollen materials, light in texture, and of such excellent fabric, yet warm and waterproof withal, that we beat our forefathers out of the field. Their heavy, clumsy, ill-cut shooting jackets were a load in themselves to carry, and then the short "tights," or rather tight "shorts," with closely fitting leather gaiters and "high-lows," impeded the free exercise of the muscles, and the pressure at the knee, calf, and ankle was but too apt to add to the fatigue attendant upon every description of shooting. We are convinced that many of our brother sportsmen, in common with ourself, have experienced this discomfort; more particularly in a country much

intersected by ditches, and in fens and marshes, where gullies and similar intersections have to be jumped. Of late years the loose trowser has become of universal adoption; and a blessed relief it is. In the early part of the season, dark, unbleached, Russia-duck, or coloured jean, will be found the best casing for the extremities; and in winter the good old fashioned corduroy. On the cut of a shooting jacket the comfort of the shooter materially depends, and we may go the length of adding, his success in the field as well. This is, probably, a subject that has not received the attention it deserves. Every *sportsman* knows what we mean, but it is not every one who carries a gun (whatever his individual opinion may be,) that is entitled to this honourable appellation. To those, therefore, who are serving their apprenticeship to the gentlemanlike, yet laborious and difficult trade of shooting, who have not got beyond the "*pons asinorum*" in their acquirements and studies, and who wish to become "first-class men" in their vocation, we will take the liberty of offering a few hints. We all know, or ought to know, that the sixteenth part of an inch, the width of the edge of a shilling, in fact, in the length of a stock will cause a variation in one's shooting, that is, the shooter will find out the difference when firing at any given object, for a "miss," when least expected, will be the result. Any one accustomed to a particular length of stock must have found this out, if by chance he has shot with a strange gun. No matter how or where the additional length is given, so long as the "reach" from the shoulder to the trigger is increased, the evil will be found to exist. Now for an example.

Supposing your tailor—(and ninety-nine of these ninth parts of men out of a hundred know no more how to make a sportsman's habiliments properly than an Esquimaux would a steam engine)—send you home a slangish, gaudy-looking shooting-jacket, double-breasted, padded, and buckramed, you would find on putting your gun to the shoulder a sensible increase in length, amounting to an inconvenience—so much so indeed as to make it a certainty that a very good shot would miss four out of every five birds he might fire at. The cut and make of a shooting jacket form a most important feature in the wide field of a Schneider's acquirements. Amongst the accomplished artists in this focus of fashion and taste, London—but few, very few, know how to make a shooting jacket; although it is one of the most difficult and, we might add scientific, branches of their useful calling.

A shooting jacket, "*suivant nous*," should sit easily yet closely; the arms must have full play; the collar ought to be thin, low, and narrow; and above all it should lay flat, and as far from the tip of the shoulder as possible. All padding, wadding, and buckram should be studiously avoided, for the reasons we have stated. None but the thinnest possible lining is admissible; and the material of which the jacket and waistcoat are composed should be previously soaked in water, that no shrinking can take place. Nothing approaching to a lapel or a double-breast can be permitted in either jacket or waistcoat, both of which should be of a dark and subdued colour; a tinge of green for fishing, and the shade of the heather intermixed for the moors.

In former days our builders of shooting jackets used to perch the buttons of the waist underneath our shoulder blades, and by way of superadding to our misery, placed the various side-pockets under our very arm-pits—an inconvenience that makes us shudder to this very hour.

Not a pocket should be *above the elbow*: we can then help ourselves to all the etceteras the sportsman requires in the field, without the probability of dislocating the shoulder, or converting our anatomy into the ungraceful shape of the letter "K" or a *crooked* "*P*."

As our success in the field, the consequence of good and steady shooting, depends upon the ease and comfort of our dress, we have been induced to dwell somewhat at length on the subject of the shooting jacket. An ill-fitting shoe or boot, tight gaiters or shorts, or a jacket that confines the arms and prevents the free use of the limbs, will mar a day's sport and destroy all enjoyment. The hints we have taken the liberty of throwing out may be the means of affording additional comfort to some of our younger brother sportsmen.

Although we have condemned the breeches and gaiter system, we are no enemy to the "high-low." A laced boot, if well made, is a good support when the ground happens to be heavy and rugged. A high shoe and leather gaiter reaching only about the ankle, are preferred by some old stagers; but the stubble *will* force itself up the gaiter occasionally, however broad the under-strap, and cause much annoyance; and in wet weather the laced boots have decidedly the advantage.

Some of our friends shoot in stout, easy-fitting Wellingtons, while others uphold the use of button-boots, either of leather or cloth. "*Quant à nous*," we invariably wear the high-low or laced boot.

Return we now to the grouse. If, as Colonel Hawker has so judiciously recommended, the partridge shooting should be postponed until the 1st of October, we would with submission suggest that the grouse shooting should also be deferred until the 1st of September. We will state the grounds upon which we advocate the plan. In the month of August—at least the early part of it—the young birds, in hot weather, lay like so many stones; the old ones rise first, and the hen bird is, nine times out of ten, knocked over; the mischief then done is incalculable; for where the breeding hens are thus wantonly destroyed, the race must in the course of time be ultimately exterminated; when, by the exercise of a fortnight's patience, the evil would be remedied. There is another grievance which we will point out as one which calls loudly for reform, and that is, the manner in which the grouse shooter but too frequently forwards the birds he has shot to his friends. No care whatever is taken in packing them up, and scarcely any in the shooting of them. The greater number of the grouse which drop to the gun in August are the young ones, and they are killed at such very short distances, in consequence of the over-anxiety of the shooter, that they are blown to ribbons; in this state they are crammed into a close pocket or game-bag, and when taken out are usually a mass of putridity. This will account for the many *living cargoes* imported into this country from the moors. We do not go the length of saying that this is universally the case, for a good sportsman will allow his bird, young or old, to attain a certain distance before he fires; but the novice is too eager to behave with the requisite coolness. We remember a striking instance of this in the person of a particular friend of ours, an excellent shot, but who banged away right and left as soon as the birds rose.

We were down together on a very good range of hills; he bagged seventy brace of grouse on several occasions, but we could almost take an affidavit that he seldom brought home on any one day more than half a dozen birds which were presentable; some of the birds were literally blown to atoms, and fit for nothing but "*salmis*" or pies; for

roasting them was out of the question, as they would scarcely hang together. Instead of jamming the mutilated birds into the game bag "*en masse*," we would recommend their being attached separately by the heels to the waist-belt of the followers and attendants; by adopting this simple plan the birds will be kept sweet.

Where the grouse are found in the hollows and the soil is boggy, the birds must inevitably fall into puddles or on swampy ground when shot; under such circumstances they should be wiped thoroughly dry with a towel or handkerchief. Before the sportsman packs up his birds in the boxes which he intends to forward to his friends, he should direct his "*major domo*," in addition to swaddling them in hops and heather, to dust the birds all over, especially under the wings and where they have been shot, with plenty of coarsely ground black pepper; the fly will not then go near them, and the grouse will be eatable as well as presentable when they reach their destination. Another precaution, (and an excellent preservative it is too,) exercised by some of our friends, is to insert a corn of allspice in each of the eyes, two or three in the beak, and the same number at the vent; these and the sprinkling of pepper will keep the birds sweet for a fortnight, in proof of which, we have only to state that last year, while residing in Devonshire, we received from Inverness-shire and Ross-shire, a distance of six hundred miles, several boxes of grouse, and they were as sweet and fresh as if they had only been killed the day before.

As this is the 1st of September, or more correctly speaking, and to the letter, as this little paper will be read on the 1st of September, (for we are writing on the 15th of August,) it behoves us to say a word or two "*anent*" the forthcoming partridge season. We have the satisfaction of being enabled to assure the readers of *Ainsworth's Magazine*, many of whom are doubtless devoted to the sports of the field, that no season on record ever held out a fairer prospect of sport than the present. The accounts we have received from our friends in Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Kent, Surrey, Sussex, Buckinghamshire and Berkshire, are of the most promising description.

The young birds are unusually forward, the coveys large, and above all there are plenty of them. We can confidently congratulate our brother sportsmen on the certainty of their enjoying some extraordinarily good shooting this season. On the road between Reading and Newbury we saw several large coveys, and for the time of year the "cheepers" were very forward and strong on the wing. We shall be amongst them on the 1st, or soon after; as we have been offered some of the best shooting in England in that quarter, and we hope on the 1st of October to give an account of our bagging. We intend also to speak of two recent inventions, the self-priming and self-capping guns; the former by Mr. Needham of Piccadilly, and the latter by Mr. Hett of Conduit Street; and we shall also say a word or two as to the relative merits of pointers and setters. For the present we must lay an embargo on our pen, as our limited space cries "Hold, enough." We cannot conclude, however, without wishing most devoutly, and expressing in all sincerity the hope, that our sporting readers may realize the expectations we may have led them to indulge in; and may their hands be steady, their heads cool, and their powder dry; may their barrels shoot straight, and may we live to record their feats in heather and stubble through the columns of this Magazine.

THE MALOCCHIO.

By Captain Medwin.

In the ancient city of H——, in Germany, close to what was of old a monastery of Benedictine Friars, and still devoted to Catholic purposes, at the date of this tale, stood, if such an expression can apply to the decayed and tottering edifice where its scene is laid, the ruins of a convent, which bore the marks of having been struck by lightning. This, and want of funds—the property of the *Stift* having been confiscated during the French revolution—for repairing its ravages, had reduced the place to a very miserable condition; and in process of time, as had happened to several religious houses of the same character, it was put up to auction, and, strange fate, sold to a Jew. He was the sole bidder. It was indeed a far from desirable residence. It had been marked out by the hand of God himself for destruction—the churchyard in its centre was no very cheerful or agreeable object, if it did not give it the name of being haunted by the unquiet spirits of the sisterhood.

There was, I forgot to mention—though no fact is so important—on the south side, a square tower of colossal size, several stories in height, which, though rent and split by the electric fluid, was still habitable, and that, in the words of the poet,

"By its own weight stood steadfast and immoveable,"

though not "looking tranquillity." The walls were thick and massive; and small windows, not much larger than embrasures, were let into them, reminding me of the Tower of Carathis, in Vatheck, and seeming fitted for such occupations as employed that *amiable* personage.

It was not here that the Jew took up his abode, but in some chambers looking into the *Gotte's Acre*, as the Germans call the Place of Skulls. These chambers, which scarcely deserved the name of a house, though it certainly was one, for it had doors and windows, some of which latter admitted but a little light, some of them no light at all, choked up with the accumulated dust of half a century, were connected by strange little dark winding passages. Deep closets (some shut, and some open, and hanging by one hinge), as if constructed for hiding places, either for persons or property, were arched here and there. A little squalid furniture of the most antique form, the refuse of a curiosity shop which its proprietor had once kept, lay scattered about, and corresponded well with the appearance of the man, who seemed to belong to other times, and might have sat for the Wandering Jew, when he descended into the vaults of Mount Carmel—nor could he have been a more misanthropic, dark-featured and dark-souled being. As there is always, or ought to be, a heroine to every story, so belonged to this Jew the heroine of ours. She was about eighteen or nineteen years of age, a relation of the old man's, though apparently too young to be his daughter. She possessed, with oriental beauty, much of that talent and strength of character which often marks that oppressed people, combined with the eastern glow of soul still retained by the descendants of the once God-favoured—now cast-off—Israelites. Unsoured by the slight of the world, with which they have so frequently to contend, Esther smiled with a sense of conscious worth, if not of conscious supe-

riority, upon all around her. She knew nobody, because her father—for so she called him—was shunned by all, though she clung to him as the only living thing she had on earth to cling to.

The view from this tower was of magical beauty. Here it was that she hailed the first dawning of spring, the first delicate green that sprouted from the willow, the first bursting forth of the purple blossoms of the laburnum. Here she watched the rising and setting of the sun, basked in his mid-day brightness, marked the lengthening shadows of evening, the first and last dropping leaf, the hoar frost that followed the death of nature, the deeper shroud of snow that winter spread over the scene. Year after year she saw these things, and they were the most remarkable and interesting events in her existence. Still she was happy: the consciousness of being, the sun, the air, her bible—for she could read—some little song which she had caught from a casual itinerant musician, her knitting—that solace and employment of a German woman—were her recreations; the arrangement of her father's humble board, and the duties this arrangement brought upon her, the business of her life.

Thus passed the days of the fair Esther. Sin and misery marked the features of the father; innocence and peace spoke eloquently in those of his dark-eyed daughter. One December night, as they sat shivering over the embers of the fire, he said to her, "Child, thou art happy because thou hast a peaceful conscience; keep it ever; it is the only valuable possession thou wilt ever have; prize it as the best of jewels; secure it well in thy bosom, nor permit any being of earth or hell (he muttered the word low and tremulously) ever"—to wrench it from thee, he was about to have added, when a single and very loud rap at the door interrupted the conclusion of the sentence.

"Why dost thou shudder, father?" inquired the girl, who, nevertheless, herself started a little at the very unusual circumstance of a visitor.

"Go quickly to the door, child!" anxiously, hurriedly, uttered the old man. "Perhaps fortune has at last favoured us; perhaps a lodger is arrived; 'tis many a year since the placard has hung unnoticed on the gateway, and four empty stories speak the sad truth. Open quickly," he added, seeing that Esther still hesitated.

"But, father!" she rejoined, not willing to advance, "the hour is late; thou art an old man. Suppose—suppose it should be a robber—thou hast no arms." Here the knock was repeated, single, but louder and more imperatively even than before.

"Go! at once, child!" he added. "We have nothing to fear, for we have nothing to lose: all that is of value is lost to me."

Esther obeyed: she undrew slowly the bolt, when a third knock, accompanied by a rude push, ensued; and a stranger entered, who, as the Jew had conjectured, was in search of a lodging. He was closely wrapped up in furs, and his hat was slouched over his thickly-bearded face, so that, by the dim light of the lamp, it was impossible to judge much of his features and figure. Of both hereafter. For the present we will accompany him—but not through the apartments of the tower, which, one by one, were proposed for and inspected in vain. Staircase after staircase was mounted; he seemed perfectly acquainted with the localities, and was not satisfied till he came to the very highest story. The windows were partly papered up, and the wind rushed freely in;

the walls were damp, and the bed had not been slept in for some years; but the stranger seemed to overlook such *trifles*. He *tutoyèd* the Jew as if he had been an old intimate. But he seemed insensible to the cold, agreed without bargaining to the somewhat exorbitant terms asked, made his retreat, and soon after returned with a porter carrying a small portmanteau, and fixed his abode in the attic.

The life which the Count, and so he called himself or was called, and they are as common in Germany as Doctors, D.M.s, D.L.s, or D.P.s, led at this university town was as singular as he was himself mysterious. He came provided with no letters of introduction; he made no acquaintances, but at the table-d'hotes, to no one of which he was constant, but visited them all round without reference to their fare or respectability. There he entered freely into conversation with the *habitués* of all classes, and was alike on free and easy terms with the student, the *philister*, or the boor. Politics were his favourite topic. He had travelled all over the world; was perfectly read, not only in ancient history, but in the events of our own times. He had at his fingers' ends the institutions of all countries, the forms of all governments; nor that alone, but he was *au fait* on the notabilities of all statesmen, their lives, public and private. He spoke without the slightest reserve of kings, potentates, and their ministers. Sometimes one would have taken him for a fiery liberal, at others for a thoroughly-baked aristocrat. Though he fraternized with the lower classes, the high opinion he entertained of his own rank transpierced the flimsy veil of his republicanism, and showed that he was playing a part, and *acting* solely to bring out others. One might on such occasions perceive, that whilst he pretended to chime in with the opinions of those with whom he conversed, there was always an under-current of his own—his words had always a double meaning—there was a latent sneer in his clap-traps; and when he spoke in good set phrase and rounded periods of patriotism, virtue, or religion, it was evident to a nice observer that he considered them but names—things to be put off or put on as occasion served. He was a cynic in the complete sense of the word, and a snarling one too. He had been but three months in the city, when he became familiar not only with the names of all the citizens, but with their opinions and the secret histories of their families and connexions, however humble. No gossip was too low for him, no scandal too highly coloured, no calumny too glaring; yet strange to say, out of his public resorts, he never by more than a nod, or a look, or a stiff, formal, cold bow, meant for respect but implying the very reverse — a bow peculiarly his own — acknowledged the acquaintanceship formed there; and save and except during a very few hours in the day, he passed his time in the solitude of his tower. What his studies were is not known, for he never read a book; but he had a very numerous correspondence and a widely-spread one. I was supplied by the postmaster with the names and addresses of his correspondents. Among others which he gave me I find the following:—a Mr. Astan, of New York; Monsieur Deville, of Paris; D. Levi, in London; Dr. Tenfel, in Berlin; a Hong merchant of Canton, of the name of Sin; one Fra Diavolo, of Naples; and even at Otaheite, a certain Ohibo; and a pundit of Benares, called Rami Mohun Sheitaan. Some of these personages may suggest, from their metonymes, that they were all of one family, and that like the Calomeros, who on

settling in Tuscany translated his name to Bonaparte, they had done the like. To his European correspondents he wrote in cypher, and to the others in their own language; for he knew more than the Cardinal Mezzofanti. What the subject of these letters could have been has not transpired; but it may be easily supposed that they were not confined to the occurrences of so insignificant a place as H——.

One very remarkable thing of the count was that he never slept, or but for a very short time, and that during the day. At night, when other mortals enjoy the blessing of rest and divine sleep, he was in the habit of walking about the wild and heathery mountains that overhang this picturesque town, or diving into the deepest woods—and this not in the summer alone, but it is averred during the winter. Once, though the snow was deep on the ground, and had drifted high on the untracked path, he was observed to enter the Hebrew burying-ground, and there remain among the tombs longer than would to most persons have been *agreeable* when the thermometer was seven degrees below zero. In his tower, when not occupied in these mysterious nocturnal peregrinations, he would often walk for hours with that heavy slow tramp peculiar to the man, and hold soliloquies with himself of as great length as are to be found in Shakspeare. Nor this alone; I have been assured that another voice of the same *timbre*, but deeper in its intonation, was heard in reply, and that this dialogue frequently lasted till daybreak. In fact, there never was so complete an enigma, and in the eccentricity of his habits could be found none to match him but an Englishman.

I have as yet spoken but cursorily of his personal appearance. He was apparently of middle age, not above the common stature, and of a figure rather stout than corpulent. He was enveloped closely in furs of great rarity, such only as the Emperor of Russia gives in presents to his courtly favourites; and with his rough hide, his large paw-like feet and hands, and voice between a grunt and a growl, he looked as though he had been, in a former state of existence, a bear, or was about, in a new metamorphosis, to become such. There was one particular about him, which I have, like a lady's P.S., reserved to the last, as a *Haupt Sache*, or distinguishing characteristic of the count. It was his eye. There is a "Bridgewater Treatise" on the hand—why not on the eye? Much has been said of the glare, the stare, the ogle, the goggle, the leer, the glear. All these are natural to the organ, and discourse with a most eloquent language; but though one and all of these characteristics were applicable to the count's eye, none of them fully expressed it. I use the singular number, because he had but one. He was indeed what the Germans call *Einaug*, and the Greeks did Cyclops. But it *was* an eye. There was in it a concentrated fire; it was like the focus of a burning glass. But it would have been a *jet* of gas thrown upon lime had it been revealed in its naked brilliance; it was a mercy that it was veiled, covered up not only in front with a lens of pale blue colour, but had attached to it, at the sides, blinkers of green silk, that prevented its rays from even obliquely escaping. These spectacles he never at any time removed; they seemed to form as much part and parcel of him as the proboscis of an elephant, or the pipe of a student. As far as could be judged, this was not a black eye, it was not a brown eye, nor a blue eye, about which lovers have talked so enthusiastically, and poets written, but it was of a fiery colour not

to be described or made intelligible in words—something that was and was not an eye, or at least no eye such as should belong to a human being. It was singular—neither Lord Byron or Talleyrand could endure any allusion to their club feet—that the subject of eyes always produced a horrible and fiend-like agitation in the count, which commenced by a violent rolling of the orbit in its socket. Now it was darkened with excess of light, then in an instant it blazed out sparkling and glaring, and sending forth a flame that seemed to say, in the language of the greatest of dramatists,

"Would
I were a basilisk to strike thee dead,"

such terror and horror did it excite in the beholder. Strange rumours were afloat as to this eye. One was, that like the philosopher of old, who blinded himself in order that he might be more self-abstracted, have a clearer mental vision, so, that the count had extinguished one of his in order to increase the power of the other. It was even whispered that he had sold to the evil one an eye, in order, like Lorenite in the Curse of Kehama, that he might obtain for the other those qualities that distinguished the Malocchio of the Witch; nay, that Satan had exchanged, doubtless for a good consideration, eyes with him, but afterwards repenting of his bargain, in a violent scuffle had got back one, and left, instead of the count's other eye, a blind one. But the world will be malicious, and perhaps these *on dits* were but inventions not uncommon in German towns, renowned for their scandal-mongers. One thing was, however, remarkable in this eye, that it was *nyctolope*, that its pupil, like that of the tiger, had the property of dilatation in the dark, that he could see his way through the most intricate passes during the pitchiest darkness, that he required no light to read by, and that when he was met in the gloomy passages of the convent, it emitted sparks like those of a cat. He was in short, a man whom I should have avoided by day; but had I met him during his nocturnal excursions he would have been the death of me.

Poor Esther! Margaret, that loveliest of Göthe's creatures, never felt for Mephistophiles a greater repugnance than thou for this mysterious lodger. Equally distinguished as thou wert by singleness of heart, absence of all artifice, by maidenly gentleness, and childlike simplicity, to what could his selection of the Jew's house as an abode be attributable but thee. If he were a Russian, such a choice could in no other way be accounted for, for in that country that sect are universally despised, following as they do trades which no Christian would, and making persecution recoil upon their persecutors by usury, smuggling, false coining, sweating of ducats, and such like arts. But beauty and innocence are of no caste or religion, and doubtless the charms of Esther's person or mind were the count's loadstars, and her seduction his end and aim. At first he treated her with an assumed tenderness, a hypocritical complaisance—taxed her services with unwillingness—rarely called them in requisition—apologized for so doing—entered into familiar conversation with her—tried to win her confidence—to shake her religious belief—to persuade her to elope with him.

A native of H——, an author, from whom I derived many of these particulars, has suggested—and his satanic majesty has entered so

largely into the machinery of all German works of fiction, become so familiar to the German reading world, that my friend may be considered an authority—has suggested I say, that without being in love with Esther, and such a man would seem insensible to the tender passion, the count might have hoped, in a contract with the evil one, to have gained great advantages to himself, by making over to him so young and innocent a creature, and this supposition may give a sufficient clue to his design. He was also frequently closeted for hours with the old Jew. What the subject of their mysterious interviews might have been has not transpired, but the name of the Jew's wife was, as overheard, frequently introduced, and the day before the catastrophe they parted with high words. Mystery is the soul of romance. But to return to the count and Esther.

A year had passed by, and, foiled in all tried weapons, the count now changed his tactics. It seemed that his object was to make her situation in life as irksome to her as possible, and thus induce her to fly to any alternative in order to better it. Poor Esther! and hadst thou, for the sake of the miserable pittance which the Jew extorted from his lodger, to be at his beck and call at all hours—hadst thou to mount day and night the four stories of that gloomy tower to satisfy the demands of this not-to-be-satisfied guest? Do what thou wouldst, it was in vain thou toiledst. Up stairs and down stairs heavy were thy loads, and heavier still thy wearied eyes and limbs. Could not thy beauty, thy grace, thy fragility, prevail to draw one feeling of pity from thy harsh taskmaster? would not thy parent, though in all other respects kind to thee, remonstrate to save thee from the bitter drudgery? Poor Esther! and yet thy sweetness, thy amiability, never forsook thee. Thou didst shed tears, but they were not tears of rage, or spite, or resentment. Thy bible, that book so dear to thee, was on these occasions resorted to, and in it thou didst find, in comparing thy lot with that of thy forefathers in their Egyptian and Assyrian bondage, consolation and peace. Long banished sleep then visited thy pillow, and morning beams brought smiles on thy innocent countenance. But thy health became undermined, an inward and consuming fire seemed to be drying up the sources of life, preying on thy very vitals.

Blind to these symptoms, deaf to all remonstrance, the Jew, if he were not indifferent to the poor girl's state, took no steps to alleviate it. The filthy love of lucre swallowed up all his better feelings, if such he possessed.

"Child," he one day answered, when suffering extorted from her an appeal to his heart; "we may not, we dare not complain of our destiny—it is cast for thee and for me;—but keep thy conscience—thy faith, and all will be well at last. We are a persecuted, God-abandoned race, and are born to suffer."

"For any other, perhaps," said Esther, "I might endure what I suffer—might die in bearing it, uncomplaining—but, father, not for this one, this terrible one, father! Oh! I cannot tell thee how the very sight of him makes my blood run cold. I feel kindliness of heart for all human beings, but him I detest—I abhor. I loathe him as though he was some venomous reptile, against which one has a born antipathy. When I enter his room a shuddering creeps over me. I know not which are more odious to me, his former flatteries or his present superciliousness. Once he was all mock tenderness to me,

now he receives me with an air of mockery and a half scowl, and a face dark with evil passions kept down; and that eye of his—that dreadful eye."

"Mention it not, child," said the Jew, in a whisper, and looking round him, as though fearful that the count was listening. "Speak not of it. Not a hint of it, I charge thee, make again. Thou art safe from injury in the shield of thine innocence—watched by the eye of Heaven."

"But," replied Esther, meekly, "it does injure me, that terrific eye, father! I feel it burn upon my cheek and brow. It will eat my life away. What must it be if—"

"Silence, child!" hastily interrupted the Jew. "Your mother—" here he was about to make some revelation, when he stopped short and said, "Hear'st thou not the voice of the count in anger? go quickly, and heed his behest. As thou valuest my love, name not again what thou hast been so idly prattling of."

And Esther took the lamp and totteringly mounted, step by step, not without stopping many times from fatigue, the stairs of the tower. She found the count pacing, with hurried steps, the vaulted room that echoed with his tramp. Esther trembled, it was evident that something had occurred more than ordinarily to ruffle his temper, nor was it long before he gave utterance to his excited feelings in these words —"Girl! what hast thou dared to say—what mean you by my eye? What horrible calumny hast thou concocted with that old villain of a father of thine, respecting my eye? Call you it a dreadful eye? How does it differ, but in its superior brilliance, from thine own?—its colour is the same, its size. It is the very counterpart, as it should be, of thine own. Of that shalt thou judge—yes, it shall be unveiled to thee in its nakedness. Thou shalt then tremble to have called it the evil eye."

As he with rapid delivery thus gave vent to his wrath and indignation, he slowly and deliberately raised his spectacles over his dark bushy brows, and directed his eye with full glare on Esther, who, uttering a piercing shriek, retreated into the corner of the room the furthest removed from the object of her horror. In vain did she endeavour to withdraw her gaze from the count. There was an attraction in the orb—a fascination as in that of the rattlesnake—an influence like that of Medusa. Yes, there she stood with stony stare, her whole being concentrated on the eye of the count; when the old Jew, who on hearing her cries had hastened to render her assistance, darkened the door. One only object also riveted his gaze—the Malocchio blazing with its terrific and fulminating splendour. It fell blightingly upon him—no lightning flash was more rapid and deadly. It pierced like an arrow his brain, and on the very threshold he sunk and lay a lifeless and blasted corpse.

In the morning Esther was found wringing her hands over the blackened remains of her beloved sire. The count had disappeared, none knew which direction he had taken. His arrival and departure were alike a mystery; and this *feature* might furnish a new chapter for Hauff in his Memoirs of the Devil.

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Such were the impressions under which this tale was written; but as in the Ghost Seer, Schiller explains away, though somewhat tediously, and too much in detail, all the magic, so in this instance I am enabled

to deprive "the Malocchio" of much, if not all its diablerie. I met at the baths of Ems last year a Russian prince—they are as common there as blackberries—of whom I made inquiries respecting his compatriot, and who by a singular good fortune, enables me to supply some passages in his history, not unimportant to my readers, or at least to myself. He laughed much at the idea of his being the evil spirit in disguise; though he confessed that he was a restless and unquiet one, a man of disappointed ambition, very eccentric in his habits, and given to misanthropy. The prince had been at that university with the count about twenty years before, and though he had not renewed any acquaintance with him, which he strenuously disowned, they had met in many of the capitals of Europe. As to his eye—which was averred to have been gifted with such diabolical influences—it seems that there was nothing extraordinary in it, but its nyctolopic dilatation. He wore spectacles in order to improve his personal appearance, and conceal in some measure the deprivation of the one which he had lost in a *schlager* duel with a brother student; that duel having arisen from jealousy—a quarrel respecting the wife of the Jew, a woman of remarkable beauty, and of whose virtue the scandalous chronicle of the day did not speak very favourably. She died it was said in childbirth, and that child, and the date corresponds well, was doubtless Esther. This will explain the choice of the Jew's dwelling, the count's nocturnal visits to the Hebrew burial-ground, and more than all, the attempts he made to persuade her to elope with him, knowing that her supposed father would never have consented to part with her. Her hatred of him—a retaliation for her mother's wrongs—was natural. In order to mask his views he had assumed a still greater eccentricity than he really possessed; part of which mystification was the letters which he addressed to his feigned correspondents. I learnt also on my return to H——, that the Jew, of whom an autopsis had been made, had died of apoplexy from mounting too rapidly, at the screams of Esther, the staircase of the tower, and not of ignition; and moreover that the count's disappearance after the catastrophe was no supernatural one, but owing to an order of the police, who strongly suspected him of being a Russian spy, without which there is no town in Germany, however small.

I was curious also to know something of the fair Esther, who not only recovered from her swoon, but whose health was by the absence of the count soon re-established. She became it seems a great heiress, for in one of the old escritoirs belonging to the Jew was discovered a secret drawer that contained jewels and gold to an immense amount. Great heiresses in Germany are as much in request as elsewhere. She was no longer the despised and rejected, but found an admirer, and soon after a husband in the person of a young D. L. in the university, the only son of a rich diamond merchant of Frankfort on the Maine, where she is still living, with little lost of her original beauty, and forming a distinguished ornament of the Rothschild circle.

I have lately learnt that the prince was mistaken as to his noble compatriot's having lost his eye in the duel. It afterwards recovered, and was finally poked out with a knitting-needle by a lady who caught him in the act of peeping at her at an hotel through a key-hole of her chamber.

A STORY OF A STRANGE CHILDHOOD.

BY ARNHELDT WEAVER.

I was not reared as other children are. I had no father, no mother, no playmates, no home. It was not home where I was sometimes allowed to shew my pale, thin face; where, sometimes, as my aunt's good or ill temper predominated, I had a meal bestowed on me, or, as more frequently happened, was sent famishing to bed. *That* was not home. Other children had homes. I had none.

My earliest recollections are all unfavourable. My hair was uncombed, my face unwashed, my clothes were ragged, dirty, and much too large for my poor weazen body. I was the most wretched object in all the parish, and not one child, not even the offspring of a beggar, would play with me. As for the grown people, I saw them shrug their shoulders as I passed. If I attempted to address them, they would turn away, as it seemed to me, with hatred and contempt, and hurry into their houses. The very dogs appeared to avoid me.

On the outskirts of the village where my aunt dwelt, there were several fields with footpaths leading across them. In one of these fields, at some distance from the path, there was a pond containing silvery-scaled fish. Around the brink were many shrubs and trees, and a mossy bank sloped from the water's edge, which, being overarched by the boughs of the trees, and shaded by the shrubs, formed a choice retreat during the summer months for the children of the better class, whose parents resided in the neighbourhood. The boys would sail tiny ships in the pond, and angle for the fish, (though that was forbidden,) while the girls would bring their needlework or their books, and pass whole hours in reading or sewing. The poor children of the village came to look at them, and were sometimes invited to perform little offices, which they gladly did, esteeming it in some sort as a privilege; but if I ventured to appear amongst them, the girls shrieked and gathered up their books and needlework, while their brothers or cousins hurled stones at me, hitting me cruel blows, to escape which I ran away as fast as my legs would carry me.

What was the reason of this? Why was I different from the other poor children of the village? I knew not.

I remember the morning well—God never sent a brighter out of the heavens. It made me glad. But few things rejoiced me in my childhood, and that summer's morning was one of them. I bent my steps towards the pond in the meadow, trusting that Heaven would soften the children's hearts on such a day, and that they would at least let me look at them, from a distance.

There was no one there. But as I cast my eyes around, I saw two girls crossing the field, and advancing towards the pond. The elder was perhaps eighteen years old, while her companion was a mere child. I recognised them immediately. They were orphans, like myself. I crept quickly amongst the shrubs, for I knew that they would retreat if they saw me. I prayed in my heart that they would come and sit directly beneath me, and they did so.

I am an old man now, but I remember well what beautiful faces they had. They were orphans, as I said, and I seemed to myself to love them, because they were as I was. I kept quite still, not so much as causing a twig to bend or a leaf to rustle. Soon, the elder girl began talking to the child,—soon she made affectionate mention of their parents' memory, and expressed a hope that they might both rejoin them. I could bear it no longer: I also thought of *my* parents. "Oh God!" I cried aloud, "let me go to my mother and father, for every one hates me here."

The girl shrieked at the unexpected sound, and snatched her little sister from the bank, while she looked with alarm to the spot whence my voice had issued. She saw my face peering amidst the shrubs; but she did not recognise me.

"What do you there?" she said. "You are one of the village children. Why do you hide yourself? We shall not harm you."

Oh, no, she did not recognise me!

"Ah! will you let me come?" I asked quickly and joyfully.

"Yes, to be sure," she replied, in the sweetest of voices.

I lost no time in quitting my position. I stood before her. Great God! it is true! she caught the child in her arms, and fled with all her speed.

I hurried home. I resolved to entreat my aunt to solve this mystery,—why all, even the gentlest and loveliest, even those who would turn aside in their path rather than tread upon a worm, should fly from me, a poor child, who would also turn aside rather than crush a worm or an insect.

My aunt beat me cruelly, and bade me quit her sight for ever. Child as I was, I resolved to obey her. Wherever I go, I thought, I can but be beaten and shunned.

I remembered having heard her speak of a relation, who was a maker and vendor of fishing rods and tackle, and who dwelt in Fetter Lane, London. Thither I determined to repair. I did not know the name of my relative, or our respective degrees of affinity. I believed him to be very poor, inasmuch as my aunt, though possessing a little independence, was needy enough, and because I had ever been forlorn and wretched to a depth below appreciation.

I have not space to relate all the shifts I used to reach the metropolis, or how I subsisted on the road. On the morning of the 7th of September, 1786, just after sunrise, I beheld from the top of Highgate Hill the ball of St. Paul's, which glittered like an orb of fire in the rays of that glorious planet. About noon of that day I found myself in Fetter Lane.

I passed upwards of an hour in looking into and pacing to and fro before the doors of the two or three fishing-tackle shops that were then to be found in this locality. The houses were so tall; the windows were, to my fancy, so imposingly decked out, and I was so dirty, and wretchedly clad, and was withal so shy and fearful of meeting with a frown or disdainful stare, that it was long before I could resolve to cross the threshold of either of them.

I summoned sufficient courage at length. I entered that which appeared to be the *poorest*—for still I could not believe my relation to be, in the world's phraseology, well to do. A man, who stood behind the

counter, eyed me with surprise and distrust; for the little mendicants and street-sweepers had a more aristocratic appearance than I had.

I told him my name, and the village where I had lived. I thought he would recognise me immediately, and, if kindly disposed towards me, would at once embrace me. But he only stared with unaffected amazement. Meanwhile I stood pattering my feet on the floor and twiddling my thumbs.

"You young vagabond!" he presently cried, with a burst of indignation, "you want to steal something. If you don't leave the shop directly I'll send you to prison."

I did not wait for him to repeat his objurgation and threat. Another hour passed, and I was still sauntering along, deprived of the necessary courage for a second venture. But at last I repeated the experiment, and this time I selected the tallest house, and the most imposing window. There was a man also in this shop.

I renewed my former attempt at self-introduction. My relation (for it was he) staggered as though a thunderbolt had struck him. The result was, that before dusk of that evening I found myself plunged into a suit of ready-made clothes; my matted hair was dressed by a barber's skilful hands, and my whole appearance became suddenly respectable. Before I went to bed, I related to my uncle,—my mother's brother, for such was my newly discovered relation,—the unaccountable treatment I had endured in the village I had quitted. He listened with profound attention, and sighed deeply as I concluded.

"Yes," he remarked; "mankind is always unjust. What you tell me does not astonish me."

"What have I done," I asked, "that people should always shun me?"

"*You* done? You have done nothing," replied my uncle. "You are punished because——but I must not tell you yet."

"Am I to live with you?" I enquired eagerly.

"Yes, for the present, till——well, for a long time you will live with me; and as you have never received any instruction, you must go to school."

I pass over the next two years, during which I remained with my relation, and went regularly to an academy of some eminence. I was no longer pained by the treatment I had endured at an earlier period of my life. During this time, my uncle, at frequent intervals, corresponded with a party in America, to whom, as I could make out, I was an object of considerable interest. To myself I was shrouded in mystery. I was ignorant of my parents, and of the manner of my first coming into life. My uncle was always taciturn whenever I hinted a desire to know something respecting my origin.

He took me upon one occasion to Westminster, (it was the month of December,) and entering a street in which the houses in their gravity wore a kind of owlish aspect, derived probably from their near neighbourhood to the senatorial wisdom and forensic profundity of the nation, to say nothing of the abbey and its divinity, he halted opposite to a large, gloomy building, and bade me observe it attentively, so that I might readily recognise it again. I did so. I remember it perfectly now, though it has long since disappeared. I should say that its builder had been a morose individual, a rigid

Calvinist, or perhaps a fifth monarchy man. Vulcan might have cursed out his Sundays there, and blasphemed his craft because his forge was idle. The merest glance at it told you that a laugh never echoed within its walls, that no thought was ever born there which enlarged the heart and enlightened the intellect. Of course it possessed a library—it looked as if it did; and what were the books its shelves contained could be decided without a moment's hesitation. The majority of them—you could not doubt it—were unwieldy folios, emanations from the austere spirits of a former time, when judges and lord chancellors believed in witchcraft. It was pre-eminently a house of gloom. The very crickets in the kitchen were silent, and uttered no merry chirp.

"Are you sure that you shall know this house again?" demanded my relation.

I answered readily in the affirmative.

On our way home, my uncle bought at a shop where ready-made clothes of all kinds were sold, a suit that was calculated to fit a boy of my age; the appearance of which puzzled me extremely. It was not greatly superior, save that it was new, to the wretched suit I had discarded on the day of my arrival in London.

When we reached our abode in Fetter Lane, the night had closed in, and the streets and windows displayed their usual stock of oil lamps. I was not long left in doubt as to the intentions of my uncle with respect to the suit of clothes. He bade me with as little delay as possible equip myself therein, and while I did so, he went out, and returned presently, bearing a bundle of links, one of which he lighted. Thrusting it into my hand, he told me to carry the rest under my arm, and hurry off to Westminster, where, as he further instructed me, I was to take up my position at the door of the mansion he had pointed out; and, counterfeiting the character of a link-boy, was to wait there until an opportunity arrived of serving in that capacity the inmates of the gloomy abode.

I did not at first much relish these directions, but I overcame my distaste, and reflected only on the romance of the adventure. I stood a long time near the door of the building, pinched with cold, for it was severe weather, and I was thinly clad. At length an old man, snugly wrapt up, came forth. He called me, and bade me precede him with my link. We went to a celebrated Nonconformist chapel, at the door of which he gave me sixpence, and told me, if I pleased, I could be in readiness to do the like office on his return, when the service was concluded. I thanked him, and hastened to Fetter Lane, for my feet were nearly frozen, and my uncle had not directed me to wait. Nevertheless he was angry that I had not tarried till the old man returned home.

The next night, and the next, and many subsequent nights, I continued to repeat this adventure, until at last the old gentleman, finding me always attentive to his hour of coming forth,—always civil, and better behaved than the other link-boys of the metropolis,—began to ask me questions; when, following my uncle's instructions, which he had expressly given me, in anticipation of such a disposition on the old man's part, I told him that I was an orphan, whose means of livelihood were dependent on the precarious occupation I followed. My Nonconformist found me not uninformed, and after several more

journeys together to and fro, he desired me to come an hour earlier on the succeeding night, and knock at his door for admission.

I shall not easily forget the delight with which my uncle received this intelligence. He patted me on the head, and seemed ready to grant me any favour I might ask. I thought it a golden opportunity to extract from him some information touching my history, and that of the strange proceeding I was engaged in. I prefaced my request modestly, and he promised immediate acquiescence.

"You must often have wondered," he said, "why, when dwelling in ——— with your aunt, you were so despised and shunned?"

"Oh yes," I cried, "tell me about that,—tell me the reason."

"My poor child, it was for your father's sake," he answered.

"Why—why for my father's sake?" I demanded. "What had he done that they should despise either him or me?"

"My dear boy," said my uncle solemnly, "your father was HANGED."

I remained silent with consternation. I comprehended fully why even the fair girl, who desired to rejoin her parents in a better world, should have fled from me.

"And has my present occupation as a link-boy any thing to do with my father?" I asked presently, almost dreading to hear the sound of my own voice, and feeling that I could shrink from myself as others had shrunk from me.

"It has," replied my uncle, "but do not ask further respecting it now. You will know all in good time. Try and ingratiate yourself with this old man. If he asks you to enter his service, consent directly, and be sure you do not make mention of your real name, or of me."

I promised implicit compliance with these directions, and the next night beheld me seated in the old man's library, and reading to him a chapter of the Bible. I had never before had an opportunity of studying his features. He reminded me greatly of the portrait of Richard Baxter, the author of the "Saint's Rest." Undoubtedly a cap of black silk, which he wore, tightly fitting his skull, aided the resemblance.

I pleased him with my reading, and, after questioning me further about my orphan condition, he asked me if I should like to come and live with him, and read to him every day, as his own eyes were failing in vision. Of course, remembering my uncle's injunction, I replied in the affirmative.

"You will keep in mind all that he says," observed my relation, when I brought him the tidings, "and make a strict report to me. Especially watch him when he overlooks your presence, and thinks himself alone. Note then his lightest word—it is likely to be important. Come and see me often."

Thus instructed, I entered as an inmate the gloomy mansion in ——— Street, Westminster,

I could easily see that some secret pang, some terrible memory, was consuming the old man. I could readily perceive—young as I was—that his recollections troubled him like fiends. He feared to be left alone at night, and I shared his chamber. From the time that he fell asleep, till the hour of his awaking, he was borne through long galleries of dreams, which God will keep from every good man's pillow. He often uttered in his sleep fragmentary sentences which I faith-

fully retained in my memory and repeated to my uncle. I was too young to be a worshipper of the moral sentiment, and I did not attach any turpitude to this proceeding.

My uncle always received my reports with exultation, and never failed to commit them to paper, for the perusal, as I understood, of the party for whom he had formerly addressed letters to America, and who had now arrived in London, though as yet I had never seen him.

One day the old man had been more excited than usual. Since I had taken note of his behaviour, I had never beheld him so completely given up as a prey to the unmerciful pangs of conscience. He could not rest in his chair, but wandered to and fro like one whom a spectre pursues. He alarmed me. Fire gleamed from the sunken balls of his eyes. His muscles were twitched and convulsed, as though submitted to galvanic agency. And ever as he stopped opposite to the stool upon which I sat, and fixed upon me a glance that seemed to read my inmost soul, I shuddered with inexpressible dread, for I thought that he knew my business in his house, and how I was betraying the actions of his unguarded moments, and reporting the words that escaped his pillow. Then first I asked myself—was it not pitiful to play the spy upon a sleeping old man? I remember that when he advanced towards me, and clutched my arm, I sank upon my knees, in the very extremity of terror, and implored his pardon.

"*My* pardon, boy," he cried, "what hast thou done that requires MY pardon? I should rather ask thee to pardon me, for thou resemblest one whom I fondly loved and ruined."

I raised my face in supplication, for my conscience smote me.

"Oh, do not look like that," he exclaimed, hysterically, "not like THAT, for God's sake. It is *her* look. Yes," he continued, "SHE looked like that when she prayed me to save her husband."

Like those of old in Galilee, he seemed possessed by a devil. A very lunatic he appeared. I should have screamed, but my terror could not find articulate vent. My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, and my hair literally stood on end.

"See—see," he continued, drawing from his bosom a small red morocco case, which contained a miniature, "that is her likeness, and thou resemblest her. Oh, she might have loved thee as her own son, for thou art like her. Thou art an orphan, boy,—didst thou ever see thy parents? dost thou remember them? Did thy mother's features resemble these?"

He held the portrait towards me. Oh, Heaven—what a beautiful face it was! In the nights when I slept in barns and open fields—when the cupola which is studded with God's stars was my only canopy—*then* I used to dream of such a face!

He was seized with frenzy;—the fiend pursued him so closely that there was no escape.

"Yes," he cried, as he pressed the miniature to his lips, "thou wert my angel, and I murdered thee. Long since, thou hast mouldered to dust, but I hear thy voice still crying to me from the depths of the grave to save thy husband."

The impression produced by that scene wore off, and I did not hesitate to report it faithfully to my uncle.

He was almost beside himself with joy.

"Say to him, when his conscience pricks him so again,"—such was

my uncle's direction—"'*If the dead could return to life, wouldst thou reconsign him to a disgraceful tomb?*'"

Days passed, and the old man was comparatively calm. I had therefore no opportunity to fulfil my relation's injunction. But one day an occasion offered, and I did so.

"No," he replied, not seeming, in his abstracted mood, to think it wonderful that I should so address him, "I would not;—but the hangman's knot is tight. He fastens no insecure cord."

I almost fell a corpse at his feet.

I know not what it was, or from what intelligence it came, but something like a bright ray shot through me, and I knew that he referred to the end that my father had made. I seemed to have become a man, and I said to him fearlessly—with the design of penetrating his soul—and perhaps I was urged on by a power that even at this moment I wot not of—I said to him, whilst my eyes perused his features, as the stars shoot into the flower-cups that unclose at night—

"My father was also hanged."

It might have been the tone in which I spoke—he was electrified. He turned suddenly upon me,—fixed on me an earnest and terrible glance, and fell senseless from his chair.

* * * * * *

I subsequently learned the history of the deed which haunted him, and I will relate it in this place.

Fair as were the daughters of men, in that first age of the world when the Sons of God made unhallowed union with them,—was the woman who became my father's wife. Her beauty was of that sort which makes the beholder glad. The old man,—old even then, at a date ten years anterior to the time of which I write,—saw and loved her. He was then doing business as a merchant, and my father was his clerk.

He tempted her—yes, fiend that he was, he tempted my mother to her ruin. But she did not fall. She spurned the suggestion, proving herself a very woman, and a WIFE. He thought to gain his end, and revenge himself at the same time by removing my father, imagining that he should thus destroy the bar and impediment that stood between him and his purpose. He *did* remove him. He falsely accused him of forgery, produced pretended proofs of his guilt, sent him to his trial, and HUNG him.

On the day of the execution my mother died of a broken heart. My father's little property was disposed of, the old man obtaining possession of a miniature portrait of my mother, which my father had prized above all other things.

In those days the body of an executed felon was delivered over to his friends, instead of being interred within the walls of the prison. The uncle of whom I have spoken as residing in Fetter lane, was the relation to whose charge my father's body was, in due form, consigned. Having asserted this, I shall return to my story.

* * * * * *

On the day following the event recorded above, my uncle instructed me to admit himself and another person at eleven o'clock at night into the old man's house. I could easily do this, as the female servant—the only individual in the house beside her master and myself—re-

tired at an early hour to bed. When the appointed time arrived, the old man was still reading in his library, where I also was seated. I made some pretext to quit the room, and having descended to the hall, I opened the door of the mansion, where I found my uncle and his companion awaiting me. They were muffled up in large cloaks, which enveloped their entire persons. I felt the stranger gently grasp my arm, as if actuated by a sudden impulse, but at a word from my uncle he released me, and I returned to the old man, leaving them to pursue their own course.

I do not think that he had missed me. He suddenly raised his head, and asked me if it was not the twenty-third of January? I replied in the affirmative.

In a moment his whole frame was collapsed,—convulsed. By a movement which was almost involuntary, he slid from his chair, and knelt upon the floor. I saw that he was praying.

I cannot adequately describe my sensations at that moment, but I remember that a presentiment came over me that he was uttering his last prayer, and that he would very shortly pass into the eternity out of which he came.

He arose and stood erect. Beckoning me to him, he stroked my head, and passed his fingers through my hair. I was a prey to strange emotions. I believed that the door would presently open, and that a ghost would enter.

He produced my mother's portrait, (I did not know it then to be my mother's,) and seemed to be comparing my features with those which the artist had carefully limned. Addressing me, he said,—repeating a question he had often put to me of late—

"And you are an orphan, and you know nothing of your parents, except that your father was hanged:—Is it not so?"

I was too frightened to reply.

"It is to-day ten years ago," he continued, "since two brave beings departed from this world. Do you hear, boy? I was their MURDERER. One of them was hanged, and the other died broken-hearted."

I felt my flesh creep at these horrible words. He observed me shrink from him, though I clung to his side the next minute, for I feared that the door was about to open. It *did* open, and my uncle and his friend entered. They had thrown off their cloaks. Though I were to be mortal for a thousand years, I would never forget this scene. The old man fixed his gaze upon one of the strangers, whose appearance was so sudden and startling. He did not notice my uncle. Of the two men standing before him, he observed ONE only. If the whole universe had been assembled in his presence, he would have beheld only that one individual.

His face had become cadaverous and unearthly. He struggled to speak. Faintly he articulated a few words, the meaning of which puzzled me for a long time afterwards. I understand it well enough now.—

"WE WILL SET OUT AT ONCE."

When he had uttered this brief sentence, he fell upon the floor,—a corpse.

* * * * * *

There was found amongst his papers a declaration of my father's innocence, and of the nefarious means he had used to ensure his condemnation, signed by his own hand.

The stranger WAS my father. It was discovered, after his body was delivered to his wife's brother, that life was not quite extinct. I do not pretend to explain this. There are two or three such instances on record. Animation was restored, and he left the country for America.

Such is a true history of my childhood.

THE TWO STREAMS.

THERE are in every mind two streams of thought,
The one flows inward, dark, and deep, and still:
With blasted hopes, and cruel memories fraught,
And doubts and fears which only cannot kill.

But o'er this current of sad truth, in sight
Of the cold world, does Fancy sweep along;
And on its surface sparkle, as with light,
The flash of wit and merriment of song.

Is there not one, of all we meet on earth,
Who can discover where that dark stream flows,
Pierce the false brilliancy of heartless mirth,
And reach the fountain of our wants and woes?

This—this were sympathy—this were to live,
And love, and be beloved—to taste the joy,
The only joy worth tasting life can give,
And death, if Heaven be true, can not destroy.

That Heaven is true, the inmost soul attests,
Else who the parting of the grave could bear?
"I know," the mourner says, "in heaven she rests
Who shared my earth, and I must seek her there."

It is not Pride which drives us to conceal
The deepest, holiest feelings of the mind;
But who would dare those sacred depths reveal
To the unsympathizing and unkind?

By one alone must be that dark profound
Explored—to only one its treasures shown,
Smiles for the world, and words' unmeaning sound,
But truth and soberness for love alone.

A. G.

A REMINISCENCE OF MARSEILLES.

It was on the first day of July that I arrived at Marseilles, in company with my friend Tom Rushton. July and Marseilles! The associations connected with the two words can only be appreciated by those who have visited in that sultry month the Athens of the Gauls, as old Cicero styled the city, which, even in his day, was celebrated, but which now is the most flourishing of French sea-ports. Thirty-two degrees of Reaumur — dust over the ancles without the town, flag-stones on which beef-steaks might be broiled, within it—massive fountains shooting up attenuated streamlets of water into the blaze of sunshine—meagre alleys of thirsty-looking trees—date merchants from Tafilat, fig merchants from Smyrna, Greeks and Levantines, Arabs and Egyptians, in the costumes of their respective countries, drinking coffee and lemonade, and smoking long pipes of odoriferous tobacco, beneath the awnings in front of the numerous and splendid coffee-houses: such is Marseilles in the month of July, when even the dogs cross over to the shady side of the street, if there is one; whilst perspiring clerks toil in darkened counting-houses, and lucre-loving merchants risk a *coup-de-soleil* in traversing the quays and the Canébière on their way to 'Change.

We were returning from a trip to Naples, and paused at Marseilles, as well to see the town as to replenish our purses, which had been considerably lightened by the extortions of hotel-keepers and vetturinos, to say nothing of the cost of various antique gems and cameos, manufactured for the most part in the nineteenth century, whereof friend Rushton had thought it advisable to make the acquisition. Our sojourn at Marseilles was originally intended not to exceed forty-eight hours, which space of time we considered would be amply sufficient to see every thing worth seeing in that city. We arrived in the afternoon; and after calling upon the banker on whom we had letters of credit, and enjoying one of the luxurious table d'hôte dinners for which the hotel des Ambassadeurs is celebrated, we proceeded to the theatre to hear the opera of Belisario, given in very excellent style by an Italian company then at Marseilles. It was their last performance; the house was crowded to the roof, and the weather being exceedingly warm, the heat in the theatre was something unparalleled in my experience. In the course of the evening several ladies were carried out fainting; and the Marseillais by whom we were surrounded, accustomed though they were to the almost African heat of that part of France, declared that they had never known so suffocating a temperature. Nevertheless, seduced by the charm of the music, we sat out the whole opera, a piece of obstinacy, not to say temerity, which had no bad consequences for me, although poor Rushton was destined to pay dearly for it. On returning to the hotel he complained of pain and swimming in the head, and after drinking with avidity a large draught of iced water, he retired to bed. Early the next morning I was summoned to his room. He was suffering greatly, and it was necessary to send for a physician, who pronounced his malady to be a violent bilious fever.

For a fortnight Rushton continued seriously ill. At the end of that time he was pronounced convalescent; and, although at least ten days more must elapse before he could undertake the journey to Paris,

which was our next halting place, he soon found himself able to leave the house and take drives in the vicinity of the town. During the period of his illness, the banker to whom we were recommended had been unremitting in his attentions, constantly sending, and himself daily calling, to enquire the state of the invalid. Monsieur St. Flourens was a man of two or three and thirty, a bachelor, and a very gentlemanly and agreeable person; no mere drudging son of commerce, but a *bon vivant* and considerable epicurean. From the very first day of our arrival he had overwhelmed me with invitations to his house; but I was unwilling to leave Rushton to the care of nurses and hotel servants, and had only once availed myself of his hospitality by partaking with him of that noon meal which the Marseillais designate as breakfast, but which, from its composition and solidity, fully deserves the name of an early dinner. Now that Rushton was better,—well, indeed, with the exception of the weakness which the fever had left behind it, St. Flourens insisted that good living and fresh air were the very things he required, and began planning excursions and parties of pleasure, which, had they all been put into execution, would have kept us at Marseilles till winter. One of his projects, however, we willingly agreed to, and that was a visit to his *bastide*, which was situated about ten miles from the town.

Marseilles was, at the time I speak of, and perhaps still continues to be, any thing but an agreeable summer residence for an idle man. After the first novelty has worn off, when he has visited the port, the Aygalades, the park of St. Pons, and the few other objects worthy of notice in and around the town, the mere pleasure-seeking tourist must either evacuate the place or resign himself to a daily and by no means diminutive dose of ennui, only to be partially mitigated by the perusal of the thousand and one newspapers and periodicals that lie upon the tables at the sumptuous Cercle des Phocéens, or by a stroll upon the *Cours*, where a band occasionally plays, and whither the fashionables of the place resort for their evening lounge. The population of Marseilles is almost exclusively commercial; from eight or nine in the morning till noon, and again from two till seven or eight o'clock, everybody is in the counting-house, buried amongst ledgers and correspondence, and an idler has difficulty in finding any one to talk to, unless he is disposed to content himself with the conversation of a valet de place. The floating population of unoccupied strangers which exists in most large continental towns, is wanting here, few travellers remaining more than a day or two, unless business be the object of their visit. As some compensation, however, for their unremitting attention to money-getting, many of the Marseillais of the more wealthy classes have a bastide, or country house, within a short distance of the town, whither they can repair on Sundays or for an occasional holiday, and where their families sometimes pass the more sultry portion of the summer. These bastides, which vary in dimension from cottages of a very humble description to spacious and elegant villas, are usually surrounded by an attempt at a garden, and shaded by such trees as can be prevailed upon to grow in the parched and arid district adjacent to Marseilles. Long before the end of the summer, however, the foliage is apt to lose its verdancy and become brown and discoloured under the burning Provençal sun, and by the action of the sand and dust which the noxious breeze of the *mistral* sends careering in clouds across the plain. Most of these *maisons de plaisance* are in the occupation of fami-

lies, but some few belong to rich bachelors, who give in them fêtes and dinners to their friends, and occasionally, if report speaks true, make them the scene of festivities bordering upon orgies.

On our acceptance of his invitation, St. Flourens occupied himself in getting together an agreeable party; and when on the appointed day we repaired to his town house, which was the place of rendezvous fixed upon, we found three carriages at the door and nine or ten guests in the drawing-room. Most of the latter were already known to Rushton and myself as friends and intimates of our Amphitrion. To those whom we had not yet seen we were now introduced, and amongst them were two strangers who had only arrived at Marseilles the night before, on their way to Italy, and one of whom had brought a letter of introduction to St. Flourens from a banker at Paris. I was a good deal struck by the appearance of these two gentlemen, who, each in his respective style, were certainly remarkable looking persons. The bearer of the letter of recommendation, a German baron of the name of Von Paukenheim, was altogether one of the most extraordinary figures I had ever set eyes upon. Upwards of six feet high, narrow-shouldered, awkward and shambling, his arms and legs appeared as if they had been badly hooked on his body: his eyes were of a greenish tint, his hair flaxen, and his complexion that of a newly singed porker. His nose had a considerable affinity to the snout of the same animal, and his mouth—but no simile can do justice to his mouth. It reached completely across his face, was garnished with a row of huge carnivorous teeth that resembled proofs of tombstones before the letters, and when he held it open, which he was apt to do with a sort of stupid startled air when any one addressed him, one felt inclined to dart forward and hold on the upper part of his head lest it should fall off.

The companion of this curious description of Yahoo was a Frenchman, named De Bellechasse, a man of seven or eight and twenty, small and slight in person, with regular features, a very dark complexion, and long curling hair of a jet black colour, in which a slight streak of grey was here and there already perceptible. His face was very handsome when in repose, but his smile, or the mere act of talking, greatly took away from its agreeableness. There was then something peculiarly unpleasant in the lines about the mouth and in the expression of the eye; something treacherous, and at the same time cold and cruel, which involuntarily reminded me of a portrait I had seen at Rome of a celebrated bravo of the last century. I at first thought I detected something Jewish in the contour of his features; but as St. Flourens informed me that he belonged to an old and well known family in the north of France, I concluded that this could only be fancy. His dress was plain and gentlemanly, his demeanour perfectly self-possessed, and his whole manner that of a man accustomed to mix largely in society; but nevertheless the sinister look above alluded to caused me to give the preference to the baron, in spite of his desperate awkwardness and ugly physiognomy. There was a *bonhommie* and simplicity about Paukenheim that rather prepossessed me in his favour. Although he must have been a dozen years older than De Bellechasse, I observed that he looked to the latter with a sort of affectionate deference, and seemed to listen and yield to his opinions, an ascendancy which the young Frenchman had probably gained by his more decided and preremptory character and greater knowledge of the world.

At the Bastide St. Flourens, which we reached after a two hours' drive, a most agreeable surprise was reserved for those of the party who had not yet visited it. Instead of the modest cottage, barely sheltered under half a dozen dusty pine trees, which our host had led us to expect, we found a luxurious villa situated in the midst of a small but delightful park. The house, which was raised only one story high, contained on the ground floor two spacious marble-floored saloons, a billiard room, and a pistol gallery, all decorated in the most elegant and fanciful manner. The park, through the shady walks of which we proceeded to stroll whilst waiting for the dinner hour, comprised some three or four acres, and was one large bower of foliage and flowers. The air was scented with the orange blossom; and there were whole thickets of almond trees and groves of olives, the latter looking pretty and silvery enough, although, as I thought to myself, they were no more to be compared with the beech woods and hazel copses of England than the parched soil we trod upon with the elastic green turf of English meadows and riversides. Not that there was here an absolute lack of grass. A stream that flowed through the park had been diverted into fifty diminutive rills, which rippled their way noisily through a paddock "as brightly green" as the emeralds that Tom Moore somewhere talks about. The same small river supplied a fountain, which fell with refreshing splash over the piles of rock-work around it, and sprinkled with its spray the blue and white blossoms of the *pervenches* and other flowering plants that grew about its brim.

On benches at the foot of the trees by which this fountain was shaded, we whiled away some time in an agreeable and desultory chat, which was at last interrupted by a summons to dinner. The repast did infinite credit to the skill and taste of St. Flourens's cook. No huge masses of meat, making the table groan again, and of which the sight and smell, however acceptable to hungry men in more northerly lands, would have been almost disgusting in that climate. Delicious fish from the Mediterranean, ortolans and beccaficos from the plains of Provence and Lombardy, magnificent fruits and vegetables from the Balearic isles, were the more tempting food here set before us, accompanied by the most delicate French and Spanish wines. The guests were gay and well selected, and the sun had set before any one thought of seeking other pastime than was to be found in the lively sallies and sparkling decanters that were kept briskly circulating. Paukenheim furnished us with a great deal of amusement. Without annoying him or making him a butt, one or two persons of the party managed to draw him out and exhibit his eccentricities. The worthy German, not in the least suspecting that he was a subject of amusement, told us his whole history—no very eventful one, by the bye. Possessed of a handsome estate in Westphalia, he had lived upon it, phlegmatic and contented, till his present age of forty-two, his only change of scene consisting in an occasional visit to some petty German court or bathing place. Suddenly, however, he had been bitten by the travelling mania, had left Germany and passed three months in Paris, whence he was now proceeding on an Italian tour.

At last, the company beginning to wax more silent and less thirsty, a move was made, card-tables were spread, and a game at *écarté* proposed, in which the majority seemed disposed to join. I, with one of the Frenchmen, repaired to the billiard table. We were both

enthusiastic lovers of the game, and nearly two hours elapsed before we left off playing.

When we returned to the dinner room, we were struck by the dead silence that prevailed. The card-players were grouped round a table in the middle of the apartment, the windows were all open, admitting the pleasant breath of evening and delightful fragrance of the flowers, and occasionally affording ingress to some heavy-winged night-moth or glittering firefly, the latter of which soon "paled its ineffectual fire" before the glare of the wax lights, reflected fifty fold from the large mirrors on the walls of the apartment, and speedily retreated to flit and sparkle amongst the sombre leaves of the myrtle and arbutus trees. On approaching the table, we at once saw that an interesting game and high play was going on. The stakes, which before our absence were very moderate, had greatly increased, there was a fair sprinkling of gold upon the green cloth, and a few thousand-franc notes; besides which, from some expressions that were used, I perceived that more was being played for than was actually produced. I inquired of Rushton what had been going on.

"A most extraordinary run of luck," replied my friend. "Monsieur de Bellechasse is carrying every thing before him. At the beginning of the evening he was unfortunate, and generally lost, but during the last hour he has kept the cards, and nobody can turn him out."

"*Quel bonheur insolent!*" was at that moment exclaimed close to me by one of the Frenchmen. "*Cela fait douze fois qu'il a passé.*"

De Bellechasse had won again. It was for the twelfth time.

"*Cela ira jusqu'à treize,*" said one of the winners.

"*Impossible,*" cried an opponent, and the bets were made for the thirteenth time. St. Flourens took the place of the man who had just been beaten, those who had backed that side sat near him, and I took a chair in a position that enabled me to see his cards. The players were all more or less excited; St. Flourens especially, perhaps from a dislike to having such high play in his house, but more probably on account of his losses, appeared flurried and discomposed, bungled in shuffling the cards, and made errors in calculating the amount staked. His losses could be nothing really important to a man of his fortune—he was playing stakes of a thousand francs, I think—but persons who are not accustomed to gamble, and even some who are, play less coolly for hundreds than for tens. The only man at the table who appeared entirely free from excitement was the principal winner, Monsieur de Bellechasse, who dealt, played, proposed, or refused, won and took up his money, with the most immovable sangfroid and in difference. Although the night was very sultry, not a sign of heat or perspiratiou was visible upon his dark immovable countenance, and his long slender hands looked as white and cold as marble. Paukenheim was sitting at one side of the table, with his mouth open, looking on in great admiration at his friend's success, and backing him with five-franc pieces.

The game began. De Bellechasse dealt first. The preceding game had been a very hard contested one, but this time, after two hands had been played, St. Flourens had marked four, and De Bellechasse only two. The cards were dealt a third time: St. Flourens played without proposing. De Bellechasse marked the king, made the first trick, and threw down king and queen of trumps. He had won again.

I was sitting, as already mentioned, nearly opposite to De Belle-

chasse. Behind me was the room door, which stood open, and on the wall behind De Bellechasse was a lofty pier-glass, seven or eight feet high. At the moment that the successful player threw down his cards I happened to fix my eyes upon him, in surprise at his good fortune, and as I did so, a sudden and extraordinary change came over his countenance. His lips grew white, his eyeballs were distended, the healthy brown of his complexion was converted into a livid yellow: fear, abject fear, was the emotion unmistakeably depicted on his face; and wondering what might be the cause, I turned my head to seek it. As I was doing so, however, I caught the reflection in the opposite mirror of a person who certainly did not belong to our party, and whose sudden apparition, and the basilisk look with which he fixed De Bellechasse, apparently occasioned the terror of the latter.

The stranger was a short thickset man of middle age, with a physiognomy like a ferret, red whiskers, and quick cunning grey eyes, with a stealthy noiseless pace, and wearing an ironical smile on his sharp features. He advanced to within a few paces of De Bellechasse, and then, standing still, made him a low bow.

"How do you do to-night, Monsieur Levi?" said he.

The words seemed to break the spell that had kept De Bellechasse motionless during the silent approach of the stranger. Starting to his feet in such haste that he upset his chair and a silver candelabrum which stood at his elbow, he rushed to one of the open windows. Before he could reach it, and with a spring like that of a cat upon a fugitive mouse, the stranger had clutched him by the collar. De Bellechasse struggled violently to escape from his grasp, and made an attempt to trip him up, but the other only wrung his bony hand harder into his prisoner's satin cravat, and shook him as he might have done a child. Rendered submissive by this rough handling, De Bellechasse ceased his resistance.

This scene, so strange and unaccountable to all of us, had occupied but a few seconds, and as no one but myself had perceived the stranger till he spoke, there had literally not been time for interference. Now, however, we surrounded De Bellechasse and his assailant, and De Flourens, in his turn collaring the latter, demanded with vehement indignation, who he was, and what was meant by this violence.

"Hands off, Monsieur St. Flourens," was the reply; "and you keep quiet, Master Levi!" was added, as De Bellechasse again gave indications of unruliness. "It will be better for you, I can tell you that." And unbuttoning his long surtout, the man displayed to our astonished eyes the tricoloured scarf of a commissary of police.

"You ought really to be much obliged to me, gentlemen, for saving your pockets," continued the functionary. "They would have been pretty well emptied, I reckon, if my friend here had had his will. Allow me to have the honour of introducing to you Monsieur Simeon Levi, otherwise the Count de Mauleon, otherwise Monsieur Achille de Bellechasse, and half a dozen more aliases besides.—Take a good look at him whilst you have the chance, for if I am not mistaken it will be some time before he is able to appear at your card table again."

"*Mein Gott!*" cried Paukenheim, who, during the commissary's speech had been turning as many colours as a dying dolphin, "*Mein Gott*, who is he then? What is all this, my good Sir?"

"Not much, Monsieur le Baron," replied the commissary drily;

"only that for the last few weeks you have been making your intimate companion of one Simeon Levi, the cleverest and most dangerous *chevalier d'industrie* in France, or perhaps in Europe. I dare say he has made you pay for his society," added he, winking and smiling at the consternation depicted on poor Paukenheim's face. "Well, it will do you good, make you more prudent next time. But come, Monsieur Levi, we must be jogging. This is not the first time I have had the pleasure of escorting you to where you had rather not go."

A significant motion of the hand, indicative of turning a key in a lock, dispersed any possible doubt as to the description of place to which the commissary had already had the pleasure of conducting his reluctant friend.

A very little explanation cleared up every thing. The Baron Paukenheim, it appeared, had become acquainted with the self-styled De Bellechasse in a box at the Paris opera; and imagining, in the height of his Teutonic simplicity, that because his new acquaintance wore clean gloves and a well cut coat, drove a cab, and dined at fashionable restaurants, he must be highly respectable, had soon become very intimate with him. Levi, who was an accomplished and adroit fellow, speedily acquired great influence over the German, and under different pretexts obtained some considerable loans from him, without in the least exciting his suspicions. Had he been satisfied with one victim at a time, he might probably have got safe off to Italy and there pigeoned poor Paukenheim to a far greater extent; but his greediness was his ruin. A well planned forgery, committed on the eve of his departure from Paris, was by a combination of accidents, impossible for him to foresee, discovered almost immediately, and Monsieur Joseph Grippard, one of the most active members of the Parisian police, at once started in pursuit.

Justice and travelling are both more expeditious in France now than they were some twenty years ago. In less than one week after the incident at the bastide, the illustrious Von Paukenheim was smoking his pipe in his baronial halls in Westphalia; and in less than a month his quondam friend Simeon Levi, alias Monsieur De Bellechasse, was expiating his delinquencies with a chain round his leg in the arsenal at Brest.

SEPTEMBER.

BY EDMUND OLLIER.

THERE is a warm, rich glow, devoid of glare,
  September, in thy deep-empurpled sky,—
  Languid, luxuriant, as some beauty's eye
Outglancing between waves of billowy hair.
A gentle silence sleepeth in the air,
  Save when 'tis waken'd by the wood-owl's cry;
  And there's a flush of splendour far and nigh,
Decking the solemn woods with colours rare.

But not alone does Beauty flow from thee,
  Genial September; for at thy command,
    The gates of Plenty open to all things
    That crowd the land, or soar the air with wings:
  Loveliness, Good, and Bounty at thy hand
Wait like twin angels, brightening earth and sea.

THE ITALIAN BOY.

A TALE OF THE LONDON STREETS.

BY CHARLTON CAREW.

"Poor Jocko, poor Jocko! It is very cold and damp. No bed for us to-night, and nothing to eat. Art hungry, Jocko?"

The boy thought of his monkey more than of himself, though fatigue and want of food sorely pressed him. He dragged his weary limbs along for awhile, and sank exhausted under a haystack that afforded small shelter from the piercing wind.

It was a November evening; the moon was up, but a fierce blast tossed the clouds impetuously about. At one moment they chased each other with a mad delight, blackening the earth as they crossed the orb of night; at the next the moon shone forth serenely, and the sky was clear. Again uprose the dark vapours, and their shadows flew across the fields like frightened things. Away! and they were gone.

A portion of the haystack under which the boy and his monkey sank had been cut away, thus forming an angle into which he crept. He was one of those Italian boys who gain a livelihood about London streets by playing on the hurdygurdy, and exhibiting a fantastically dressed monkey. Poor fellow! halfpence were never given him in great plenty; but on the present occasion he had wandered all day without receiving a solitary penny. He had danced and played and kept a smile on his brown face, though his feet were sore, and his stomach empty. Some people looked on awhile, and laughed at his performance, but buttoned up their pockets and walked away when he begged a trifle. Others cursed his "vile instrument," and threatened him with the police; ladies looked curiously at him, and said, as they passed, he was a pretty boy, but too brown; while low urchins, born and bred of the streets, jeered and laughed, threw dirt at him, and screamed with delight if a tear dropped from his eye. Thus hunted from the streets, cold, hungry, and weary, he left the town late in the evening, and sought some shelter in the fields that skirt part of the road to Kingsland. He had picked a few berries from the hedge-side which the monkey ate, but the animal's merriment was gone; he no longer leapt about and gibbered, but cowered shiveringly beneath his master's jacket.

"Poor Jocko!" said the boy, with tears in his eyes, "this is a cruel place for you. There, come closer. Don't shiver so, Jocko; it makes me miserable. Oh, how cold it is!"

The monkey looked up in the boy's face, as though it knew what he said, and crept yet closer to its protector. But the eye was not bright as usual. The animal gave a low, whistling cry, and trembled still more violently. The boy thought his friend was dying: he judged rightly.

"Don't leave me, Jocko, in this dull, cold place," he cried. "Jocko, Jocko, don't die. I'll get some food for you, but oh! don't die."

The animal heard its name, and lifted up its glassy eyes; they fell again—and the monkey was dead.

"He's starved!" cried the boy; "starved to death with cold and hunger."

The poor animal had been his only friend on earth, and the child

"only that for the last few weeks you have been making your intimate companion of one Simeon Levi, the cleverest and most dangerous *chevalier d'industrie* in France, or perhaps in Europe. I dare say he has made you pay for his society," added he, winking and smiling at the consternation depicted on poor Paukenheim's face. "Well, it will do you good, make you more prudent next time. But come, Monsieur Levi, we must be jogging. This is not the first time I have had the pleasure of escorting you to where you had rather not go."

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The boy thought of his monkey more than of himself, though fatigue and want of food sorely pressed him. He dragged his weary limbs along for awhile, and sank exhausted under a haystack that afforded small shelter from the piercing wind.

It was a November evening; the moon was up, but a fierce blast tossed the clouds impetuously about. At one moment they chased each other with a mad delight, blackening the earth as they crossed the orb of night; at the next the moon shone forth serenely, and the sky was clear. Again uprose the dark vapours, and their shadows flew across the fields like frightened things. Away! and they were gone.

A portion of the haystack under which the boy and his monkey sank had been cut away, thus forming an angle into which he crept. He was one of those Italian boys who gain a livelihood about London streets by playing on the hurdygurdy, and exhibiting a fantastically dressed monkey. Poor fellow! halfpence were never given him in great plenty; but on the present occasion he had wandered all day without receiving a solitary penny. He had danced and played and kept a smile on his brown face, though his feet were sore, and his stomach empty. Some people looked on awhile, and laughed at his performance, but buttoned up their pockets and walked away when he begged a trifle. Others cursed his "vile instrument," and threatened him with the police; ladies looked curiously at him, and said, as they passed, he was a pretty boy, but too brown; while low urchins, born and bred of the streets, jeered and laughed, threw dirt at him, and screamed with delight if a tear dropped from his eye. Thus hunted from the streets, cold, hungry, and weary, he left the town late in the evening, and sought some shelter in the fields that skirt part of the road to Kingsland. He had picked a few berries from the hedge-side which the monkey ate, but the animal's merriment was gone; he no longer leapt about and gibbered, but cowered shiveringly beneath his master's jacket.

"Poor Jocko!" said the boy, with tears in his eyes, "this is a cruel place for you. There, come closer. Don't shiver so, Jocko; it makes me miserable. Oh, how cold it is!"

The monkey looked up in the boy's face, as though it knew what he said, and crept yet closer to its protector. But the eye was not bright as usual. The animal gave a low, whistling cry, and trembled still more violently. The boy thought his friend was dying: he judged rightly.

"Don't leave me, Jocko, in this dull, cold place," he cried. "Jocko, Jocko, don't die. I'll get some food for you, but oh! don't die."

The animal heard its name, and lifted up its glassy eyes; they fell again—and the monkey was dead.

"He's starved!" cried the boy; "starved to death with cold and hunger."

The poor animal had been his only friend on earth, and the child

(he was little more) cried bitterly. Was it a foolish act in this boy to show such grief for the loss of a monkey? Let those who have no home and no friends—who, when the world has despised and scorned them, have found that a dumb animal showed its affection by stronger proofs than men—answer this. The Italian boy's affliction for the loss of his favourite was nearer the heart than childish grief is wont to be.

He covered up the body of his friend with some loose hay that lay about, and sat silently looking on the little heap. The chimes vibrated again and again over the lonely fields; the iron tongue of St. Paul's smote the air twelve times, and proclaimed midnight, when two men passed close by the haystack where the boy lay. The moon was out at the minute, and they saw him, but walked on a little way.

"Bilson," said one to the other, when they were a few yards from the place; "did you see that?"

"Ay, a prime 'un," replied his friend. "It'll save a deal of trouble to-night."

"We're in luck," said the first again. "D'ye think he see us?"

"No; but what matters if he did? Come back," added he, returning with his companion to the haystack.

"Halloa, younker," said Bilson; "what brings you here?"

The boy looked up in fear and amazement, and tremblingly answered, "I've no bed, sir, and no home. I'm very hungry and tired."

"Oh, you're tired and hungry, are you? Well, you won't do it no good by stopping here this cold night. If you've a mind to come with me, I'll give you a night's lodging. Jump up."

The boy tried to obey, but cold had stiffened his young limbs; he could hardly move.

"Here, take a drop of this," said the man. "You'd 'a been dead afore the morning, if you'd gone to sleep here. You're better now; an't you?"

The liquor which Bilson had given him soon had its effect; with a little difficulty the boy rose, and casting a wistful glance at the little heap where his favourite lay, trotted onward with the men.

"Where do you live when you're at home?" said Bilson's friend.

"I haven't any home, sir."

Priestley—such was the man's name—winked at the other, as much as to say, "It's all right;" and then continued, "Well, but where do you sleep?"

"Sometimes I get a bed at Shoreditch, sir; and sometimes at St. Giles's," replied the boy.

"Got no friends at all in London?" inquired Priestley.

"No, sir, none."

These kind-hearted gentlemen, who were going to give the boy food and lodging for nothing, again exchanged a wink, and nothing more was said until they reached Shoreditch, when they turned down a narrow lane leading from the High Street — a noxious, filthy place. Fetid odours arose from heaps of half-rotted rubbish lying in the street. Fish skins and cabbage leaves, bones and unclean rags, choked the gutters; while exhalations from out the drains made the air putrid. This in London! Our would-be philanthropists who disbelieve it, and, living in spacious mansions, talk of the wholesomeness and purity of the metropolis, may be convinced of the truth of this statement by simply taking a walk to the east end of the town

The nuisance is a crying evil; let those who have power remove it. Let us not denounce the corrupted atmosphere of half Paris, till we have purified our own. Away with theories, and theoretical discourse; *practise* what is preached; cleanse the poorer streets from the loathsome abominations that now choke them, and you scour foul disease from the metropolis, and destroy the breeding-places of crime.

"This is where I lives," said Bilson to the boy. "'Taint every one as would lodge you for nothing. My old woman an't at home, or I don't know as I could do it for you; but you must be off early in the morning. D'ye hear?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy, who was thinking—poor fellow—of his monkey. I'm very much obliged to you, I'm sure."

"Come along in. I dessay we shall find some grub."

As he spoke, he opened the door of a dingy-looking house with a latch key, and the party passed through the tenement to a room at the back. A little girl, about twelve years old, was sitting asleep in a chair before a small fire.

"Halloa!" shouted Bilson; "why the devil are you up at this time o' night? Get off to bed. It's one o'clock."

"I didn't know it was so late, uncle," pleaded the girl.

"Well, now you *do* know it. Be off."

The girl cast a glance at the boy, and wondered why he was brought there at such a time of night. She made another effort to stay.

"I've had no supper, uncle," said she.

"Get off to bed," shouted Bilson, savagely, "or it'll be the worse for you. Will you go, or won't you?"

Being thus peremptorily commanded, the girl withdrew. She turned when she reached the door, looked hard at the Italian boy, and knit her brows; but it was unobserved by him, and she left the room.

"Now, boy," said Priestley, "we'll have a bit of supper. I suppose you're hungry. What have you had to-day?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Nothing! Well, you couldn't have much less. Are you fond of beer?"

"Yes, sir; but I don't often get any."

"You shall have some to-night, then. Sit yourself down. You ought to be very thankful to us for giving you all these things."

"I am, indeed, sir," replied the boy. "I should be quite happy if little Jocko were here."

"Who the devil's Jocko?"

"My poor monkey, sir," said the boy, with difficulty restraining his tears. "Cold and hunger killed him. I got a good many pennies by him. I shall be very lonely without Jocko—poor Jocko!"

"Bah, never mind that," returned Priestley. "Bilson, will you go out for some beer, and—and—t'other thing?"

"All right," rejoined Bilson; and he left the room. As he shut the door behind him, he fancied he heard a light step on the stairs. He called out, but there was no answer. He listened a moment: all was still.

"If that girl's up to any tricks," muttered he, "I'll stop her windpipe in a hurry."

He ascended the stairs, and softly opened the child's bedroom door. She was in the bed, apparently unconscious of Bilson's presence. The

moonlight streamed into the room full upon the girl's face; the intruder watched her closely for a minute; her eyes were closed, she breathed quietly, and was to all appearance fast asleep. The man touched her cheek with his finger: she moved a very little; that was all.

"It's all right," thought Bilson; "but I'll make sure."

He left the room, locked the door on the outside, and went out for the beer. But the girl was *not* asleep. Strange surmises, things that had of late crept into her mind, (which was not so young a one as her age would imply,) received a fresh impulse this night, from the circumstance of that boy being brought into the house. When ordered from the room by her uncle, curiosity—nay, something more—prompted her to listen at the door. She had barely time to escape upstairs, when Bilson left the room as before related. She feigned sleep, and thus deceived the man: failure in doing so might have been her death. No sooner was the door closed than she rose from the bed, and listened intently. She heard her uncle pass down stairs, and issue into the street. Obeying a sudden impulse, she tried the lock of her own door, intending to leave the room, and to listen over the stairs for Bilson's return. To her unutterable dismay, it was fastened.

"I believe they'll murder him!" she said. "Good God, what is to be done!"

Bilson returned: she heard him wait for a moment at the bottom of the stairs, and then enter the room below. She tugged hard at the lock: it was firm: tried to turn it back with a knife: it scraped along the edge of the bolt, but moved it not. What was to be done? The key still remained in the lock; on the outside of course. A thought struck her.

"I think I can get that key," she said. Obtaining a thin piece of twine, she fastened it to that part of the key which obtruded through the lock, and pushed it gently through. As it fell from the lock, it swayed about for an instant and struck the door more than once. She held her breath in alarm, lest the noise, slight though it was, should disturb them. There was no movement, however, from below, and the girl eased the key down till it reached the floor outside, and with it dropped the piece of twine that guided its descent.

"Now then," she cried, "I'll have the key."

She bent a large pin into a hook, and tied it to the end of the knife. With this instrument she raked under the door, and presently drew the string through. A low chuckle of triumph followed. Too soon, however; the key was large, and the space between the door and flooring not wide enough to allow it to pass The girl pulled, and pulled again, till the twine snapped. Her hopes were annihilated. She fell back on the bed trembling in every joint.

The window!

The idea rushed across her mind quick as the driving clouds that flew frantically over the moon's face. Intense curiosity, no less than a latent hope of saving the boy's life, which she feared would be sacrificed, prompted her to try this means of escape. The thought was action. 'Twas done, as soon as conceived. The room where Bilson, Priestley, and the boy were, was immediately under her own. Some outhouses stretched into a yard at the back, from which she could hear, ay, and perhaps see into the room. Fastening a sheet firmly to the

window-sill, she let herself quietly down to the tiling. In another minute her ear was close to the window, and through a crack in the shutter all that passed within was visible.

Let us return to Bilson and his worthy friend.

"Now, boy," said the former, on his return with the beer; "eat away, and make yourself happy. I suppose you can sleep here on this bit of carpet? There an't nothing else for you."

The poor boy was too happy on receiving shelter, and food into the bargain, not to express his thanks in most grateful language.

"Well," continued Bilson, "I'm glad you're thankful, for it an't every one as would do this for you. Drink away; don't be afraid of the beer. How old are you?"

"Eleven, sir."

"Ah, you're old enough to go a thieving."

The boy laughed; he thought the "gentlemen" were very funny, but then they were very kind too. He ate heartily of beef and bread and cheese, and drank much of the beer with which the men plied him. The drink was getting into his head, and he was merry. Poor fellow!

"Do you sing?" said Priestley.

"Oh yes, sir," replied the boy. "I sing with my hurdygurdy, and Jocko dances. But he's dead; Jocko's dead now."

"When you've done pecking," said Priestley, "you may give us a bit of a tune. I'm wonderful fond of music. So strike up, my boy, as soon as you've done."

The boy finished his supper, and taking the hurdygurdy, danced and sang to its unmusical jingle. He whirled about; jabbered bad Italian, (he knew more of English than of his native language,) and his bronze countenance was lit up with smiles, as the men applauded his performance. Poor boy! he little knew the danger he was in. The very men who shook with laughter at his light-hearted merriment contemplated his death. They made their victim sing, ay, sing the melodies of his country, that breathe of happiness and contentment, and even while they clutched at his life, laughed. Accursed fiends!

"Come, I say," cried Bilson, "it's getting late, and I must go to bed. We'll have a drop of grog afore we go, and then you can take your snooze, boy. Here, this is for you; drink it off."

The boy took the hot liquor the men had mixed for him; and poured it down his throat at a draught. He winced a little, and water came into his eyes. A few minutes more, and he fell back in his chair in a profound sleep. Bilson lifted him up, and laid him at full length on the floor.

"He is such a jolly boy," said Priestley, "it's almost a shame to settle him."

"D—n me if ever I see such a fellow as you are," replied the other. "Every thing's a 'shame' with you. Why, if it was the King or the Bishop of London, you couldn't make more fuss. Here, take summat to drink, and wash that humbug away. It's enough to turn a *man* sick."

"Well, well," returned Priestley, "you needn't be affronted. Let's go out for half an hour, till he's fairly stupified, and then we'll drop him in. What do you suppose he's worth?"

"Oh, a good un like him an't going under ten guineas. I know the place to take him. Come along; leave him there a bit."

So they took their hats and left the house, having previously locked the door and pocketed the key.

These men—*men!* we fear we have disgraced the name of man by so designating them—followed the disgusting occupation of "body-snatching," as it is called. They found a ready market for these "subjects" at the different medical halls, where young professors studied anatomy. The difficulty and danger of ransacking the grave of its tenant, induced these fiends to try the more easy method of murdering —*murdering* for the sake of obtaining a few guineas for the corpse. Tremendous as this may seem, our readers may doubtless recollect the appalling disclosures of 1831, connected with this awful traffic. A trade of murder!

The little girl, Bilson's niece, had for some time suspected strange things; her dreams were haunted; fancies undefinable, but not the less hideous; shapeless thoughts — nothing, but every thing — flitted about her brain when night came on. It was as though the ghosts of those, murdered close by her bed, appealed to her—a woman, though a child—for vengeance. *Now*, she knew the truth. Under the influence of this horrible conviction, the girl surpassed her nature, and became something more than human. And on the roof outside the house, shivering with cold, but her soul quickened by spiritual fire, stood this child, a watchful angel. When the fiends left their victim awhile, she descended the tiling, and passed into the house by a back entrance. But the room wherein the boy was imprisoned was locked; the key gone. With her fist she smote the panel violently, again and again. Its echo was the only answer.

"Boy, boy!" she screamed, throwing herself against the door with frantic passion. "Quick!—wake up!—hide yourself!—boy, boy!"

But he was senseless, and heard her not. She rushed below, and seizing a heavy iron bar—she could not have lifted it at another time —bore it up and dashed it against the door. It quivered under the shock. Again—and it flew open. Despite the noise, the boy lay there unmoved. Running up to him, she shook him violently, shrieking out, "Wake, wake! murder's about! Shake off this sleep—they'll kill you! d'ye hear me? wake! wake! O God, what is to be done!"

With tremendous force she lifted him from the floor, and placed him in a chair. She pinched the boy almost till the blood came, but he showed no signs of animation.

"He's dead!" she cried.

She got water, and threw it over him. He opened his eyes slowly, but he saw nothing, and they fell again. She feared to call the police; she thought her uncle would murder *her* if she did.

"He's still alive!" she cried, dashing more water over the boy. "Rouse yourself!—sleep no more! Death's in the room! There, take hold of me. Quick! don't fall back!—they'll be here directly. O God, will he never wake! Ah! too late—they're here! I shall be murdered!"

She stood glaring out into the passage, as the street door was heard to open, followed by the footsteps of the two men.

"Halloa!" cried Priestley, "what's that! The door's open!"

They rushed into the room, but on the instant started back affrighted on beholding that child's features, transformed with excess of passion. The girl, with a wild scream, made a rush at the door, but Bilson struck her back, and she fell—blood spouting from her face.

"You hell-hound," cried the man, with a terrible oath; "I'll do for *you* first. What brought you here?—speak!"

"Murder! murder!" shrieked the girl.

"Damnation! will you hold your noise?" growled Priestley, striking the girl down again as she strove to rise. She screamed more loudly yet, as Bilson kneeled down and caught her by the throat. But the girl's frantic cries had been heard in the street, and at this moment a violent knocking at the outer door resounded through the house.

"It's all up," cried Priestley; "leave her—quick! or we shall be taken!"

He threw open the window, and dashed through it, followed by Bilson. In another minute the street door was burst open, and several policemen rushed into the room. The girl was senseless as well as the boy, and the police at first thought them dead. Bilson and Priestley had closed the shutters behind them, and by this means deceived the officers as to their flight. The two children were conveyed to the station-house, and, after a time, recovered. It will hardly be believed that this girl, notwithstanding her uncle's attempt to kill her, refused to give any information that might criminate the men. She simply said that her uncle was ill-treating her, and so she cried out murder. She had saved the boy: revenge was foreign to her heart.

The Italian boy's story was a simple relation of the fact of the men's taking him to their home, and treating him, as he said, kindly. He knew nothing more, poor boy! So, for a time, the ruffians escaped.

* * * * * *

About a year after, the Italian boy, who had got another Jocko and was as merry as ever, was passing through Newgate Street at eight o'clock in the morning, when a vast crowd close by the prison attracted his attention. He mingled with it, and saw, erected in the Old Bailey, the dismal scaffold. He heard men talking of "the Burkers." Eight o'clock struck, and a minute after, a terrific yell arose from the vast multitude there assembled. It shook the air. Looking up, the boy distinctly recognised two men who appeared on the scaffold. He turned deadly pale, and felt very sick. They were the same men who entertained him a year before. He turned away his eyes from the awful spectacle; but he did not dance or sing that day.

The girl who saved his life was taken by a relative into the country, and is now a servant in a farmhouse. She fears to enter London: the great metropolis frightens her.

CAPTAIN BOBADIL.

IN BEN JONSON'S "EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR."

BY PAT FOGARTY, OF CORK.

"IMPUDENCE," says Theophrastus, "is a contempt for honour, induced by the hope of base lucre."[a] Behold in this little axiom the key to the character of the illustrious race of the Bobadils. From the earliest ages down to the present, the Bobadils have had but one ambition—money. They have lied for it, cheated for it, swaggered for it, bullied for it, sneaked for it, and at times have even squabbled for it, but money still they seldom got: and though it is their constant pursuit, they are generally as far away from the realization of their wishes as if it was the philosopher's stone. Plutus himself—the blind old god—seems to have made a vow that whoever may be his subjects the Bobadil family shall not be of them. Even a poet stands a better chance than one of this fated race.

Perhaps you will ask how does all this happen? I will tell you. The Bobadils do not know the way to get rich. They walk in a certain path, to be sure, which they imagine leads direct to the temple of riches, but when they have got to the end they find themselves in the temple of contempt. They always mistake the road, and never find their error until it is too late. It is no use to tell them they are wrong. A Bobadil never yet went right, even by mistake.

But who are these Bobadils? In sooth they are a company of potent, grave, and reverend signiors—stout swash-bucklers, whose sole profession is to live pleasantly at the expense of their neighbours. London swarms with them—so does Paris; so does Rome; so does St. Petersburg, so does every great capital. And yet they are neither Jews nor authors. In our own happy land they are generally called "men about town;" on the continent they sport a title, and are called "*chevaliers d'industrie.*"

Destitute of truth, honour, courage, intellect, or any one redeeming quality, the Bobadils live by their ways and means, from hand to mouth, practising a thousand wretched shifts and tricks to impose upon the world, and leading a life that is, from the first act to the finale, a base odious lie. Their whole object is to keep up appearances, and this can be done only by falsehood and sycophancy. Some have great estates and great connexions, but they prudently avoid adding that the first are in Cloudland, and the second somewhere between this earth and the nearest fixed star. Others have splendid expectations, which are just as likely to be fulfilled as those of Tantalus, while some more have played a gallant part in the wars, and can recount to you campaigns achieved under their advice, and cities that surrendered on the mere report of their presence. All these fellows are idle as drones. Their inventive faculties alone show that they live, and it is by these very faculties they contrive to live. Do they meet some young and inexperienced heir of noble or ignoble blood? Do they fall in with some cockney fool who despises the homely manners of the city, and apes the monkey fashions of the court? Then, indeed, a Bobadil is in his

[a] Η δὲ ἀναισχυντία ἐστι καταφρόνησις δόξης ἀισχροῦ ἕνεκα κερδους.—*Cap. IX. Charact. Ethic.*

element. He sticks to the youth like a vampire. He pimps for him, and laughs for him, and flatters him, and swindles him. He will take a hostile message, a billet of intrigue, or brush a coat, with equal pleasure. For the time he seems to have lost all management of his own affairs, and to be thoroughly engrossed by those of his patron. Like the "*Græculus esuriens*" of Juvenal, he will go to Hell or Connaught at his feeder's bidding. Nothing is too difficult for him—except to be respectable.

Bobadil is an essentially dramatic character, and has figured in many plays and novels. Were I to attempt an enumeration of all the pieces of wit and fancy in which he has appeared, I should scarcely ever have done. To the old Greek comedians he was an inexhaustible theme. The Romans too appreciated and painted him. The Thraso of Terence, and the Pyrgopolinices of Plautus prove that the race flourished nobly in the classic ages. The Parolles of Shakspeare, the Bessus of Beaumont, and the Bobadil of Ben Jonson, show that the breed still continued down to the golden era of Queen Bess. Fielding next took him in hand, and gave us his portrait under the title of a "led captain." Under what name he now lives and swindles I am not sufficiently acquainted with the Eleusinian mysteries of the West End to say, but I think he may be discovered lounging in the clubs, sauntering in the parks, cheating in some one of the silver hells that glitter in the neighbourhood of St. James's Palace, and betting perhaps at Ascot and on the Derby. Wherever he may be found he is a noble and philosophic fellow, and I heartily wish him many a goodly goose to pluck—many a fat *pigeon* to devour.

> "Quam facile accipiter saxo sacer ales ab alto
> Consequitur pennis sublimem in nube *columbam*
> Comprensamque tenet, pedibusque eviscerat uncis:
> Tum cruor et vulsæ labuntur ab æthere plumæ."—ÆNEID. XI. 721.

He is the true cosmopolite, and cares little for king or country; his sole desire—and it is a laudable one—being to live, laugh, and grow fat out of the coffers of fools and simpletons, whose money is in an inverse ratio to their brains—the former being as 1000—the latter as 0001. The latest of his biographers was, I think, Theodore Hook; and by that gentleman he is flatteringly drawn, under the character of Jack Brag; whether or not this be a true delineation of the present Bobadil I leave to the author, perhaps Robert Bell, and the other men of wit and fashion about town, to say, but that he has many qualities in common with the older heroes of this school I know. One of Jack's amiable customs is never to tell a word of truth. Nearly two thousand years ago Cicero observed the same little failing in the Brag or Bobadil of Plautus. "*Deforme est*," says he (Offic. I.) "*de seipso prædicare, falsa præsertim et cum irrisione audientium imitari militem gloriosum.*" There are many other nicer shades of character in which they are alike, but in the main point and distinctive attribute of the Bobadil family they are one—and that is what modern politicians have called "enormous lying."

The Bobadil of Ben Jonson is the best modern specimen of this distinguished race—superior to Parolles, and a fellow of finer genius than Captain Bessus. Some have said that the inimitable Falstaff belongs to the family, but this theory is now exploded; and the more correct

opinion seems to be that in Sir John, Shakspeare intended to represent a man of exalted intellect driven to debase it by sheer necessity; neither liar nor coward, but assuming the semblance of both for the purpose of achieving his sole wish,—the amusement of the prince. Viewing the character of Falstaff in this light we blend pity with our admiration; but for such animals as Bobadil we feel only contempt. In every circumstance we find him the creature described by Plautus—

> "gloriosus, impudens,
> Stercoreus, plenus perjurii atque adulterii:
> Ait sese ultro omnes mulieres sectarier
> Is deridiculu'st quaque incedit omnibus."—Act. ii. Sc. i.

He eats, drinks, dresses, smokes, and lodges by lying; and, like the shark that preys upon entire shoals of small fry, makes dreadful havoc with foolish landladies, and unsuspecting hosts. His lodging-house keeper is his every day dish, and he feeds on her voraciously; she has lent him her smock off her back, while his one shirt has been at washing; pawned her neckerchiefs for clean bands for him; sold almost all her platters to buy him tobacco; and meets with ingratitude in the end. He likes to live well so long as he can do so at the cost of others, but can content himself at home on his bench with a cup of his hostess's small beer, for which, as for the forty shillings which she lent him out of her purse by sixpence at a time, besides his lodging, he means to be for ever in her books. His lodgings he keeps a secret from his companions, and swaggers among them as lustily as if he were housed in a palace, when in truth he has just come from a garret, cleanly, indeed, as simple Mistress Tib describes it, but a garret nevertheless; and when they are by accident discovered, he prays Master Matthew in any case to possess no gentleman of their acquaintance with notice of his lodging, not that he needs to care who knows it, for the cabin is convenient, but in regard he would not be too popular, and generally visited, as some are, and confesses that he loves a cleanly and quiet privacy above all the tumult and roar of fortune. He swears the most delicate oaths—"*by Jupiter*"—"*the foot of Pharaoh*"—"*body o' me*"—"*body o' Cæsar, upon mine honour, and by St. George*"—and holds in utter scorn any one who has not a good phrase, in other words, a commendable piece of blasphemy; he never scruples to flatter when he wishes to attain his object—he persuades silly Master Matthew, whose two shillings or so he intends to borrow, that he will make him cunning o'fence, and he addresses Tib as his sweete hostesse, soothing her with compliments for solid dinners, and paying mayhap for his beer and ale in the coin mentioned in the merry old ballad:—

> "For Jillian of Berry she dwells on a hill,
> And she hath good beer and ale to sell,
> And of good fellows she thinks no ill,
> And thither will we go now, now, now,
> And thither will we go now:
> And when you have made a little stay,
> You need not know what is to pay,
> *But kiss your hostess and go your way,*
> And thither will we go now."

In all this how closely he resembles the Bobadils of the present generation—the half-pay captains, and swindling authors, who figure periodically before Mr. Commissioner Merivale, and make poor indeed

the wretched owners of furnished lodgings in the polite neighbourhood of Covent Garden and Drury Lane, and the streets of Surrey, Arundel, and Norfolk. Some famous writer (Dr. Atterbury, we believe) says, that tradition is to be found in its perfection in the plays of children only. He forgot the Bobadils, who live by the identical practices in the 19th century which they practised on the homely people of the first.

Next to Bobadil's cunning is his valour. For this latter accomplishment all of the community are famous. In the dialogue between Pyrgopolinices and Artotrogus, we find the former requesting his companion to enter down in his tablets the number of souls he has sent across the Styx—one hundred warriors in Cilicia, and five hundred Sycolatronidæ, thirty soldiers of Sardis, and sixty Macedonians, all slaughtered by his potent sword and stalwart arm in one day, and the sum total of which the parasite, with a talent for arithmetic that might make Cocker or Joseph Hume stare, declares to be seven thousand! So sweet Monsieur Parolles addresses his noble heroes—"Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals:—you shall find in the regiment of the Spurii, one Captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrenched it; say to him I live, and observe his reports for me," and afterwards adventures the recovery of a drum seized by the enemy, in which he of course like all braggarts signally fails. The heroic Bobadil too has had his feats, and hesitates not to assure his friends, upon his reputation, that at the beleaguering of Saguntum, where in less than two hours seven hundred resolute gentlemen as any were in Europe lost their lives upon the breach, he was the first man that entered the breach, and had he not effected it with resolution he had been slain, if he had had a million of lives. Yet this same rascal suffers himself to be disarmed and beaten by Downright, in the company of those very individuals to whom he has vomited his insolent braggadocios a thousand times, and defends his cowardice by the poor excuse that he was bound to the peace, and struck by a planet from heaven, for he had no power to touch his weapon. And when he introduces himself to the fighting justice, Clement, as a soldier who had been despoiled of his honour, disarmed of his weapons, and rudely laid along or knocked down in the open street, without so much as offering to resist, and demands legal redress, who will not participate in the contempt of the worthy magistrate, and with him exclaim, "O gods precious! is this the souldier? here take my armour off quickly, 'twill make him swoune I fear; he is not fit to look on't that will put up a blow!" And are not the Bobadils of our own goodly days right excellent copies of their predecessors? Where shall we find more honourable men?—more apt at cart and tierce?—more dexterous with sword and pistol?—more ready with card and cartel, and a military moustached friend in a blue Spanish cloak with red lining, and a kill-him-and-eat-him air quite enough to drive peaceable people out of their senses. Breathe but a word against the *honour* of one of these gentlemen, and a courteous invitation to Wimbledon or Wormwood Scrubs ensues. I say *invitation*, for if you accept it—and if you are an Englishman do so by all means, if you are an Irishman do so as a matter of pleasure—the challenger will probably sneak out of it, or go with a fine air to the ground, after having, like the two famous literary com-

batants at Chalk Hill, sent a private intimation of the fun to Bow Street. The Bobadils of our own era are not a whit braver than their ancestors, and they use the word honour as nurses put on masks to frighten little children. Whenever you meet one, treat him like a dog, for a cur he is by nature and education, and if he snarls, kick him out of the room. Do this once and you will never again be pestered by the puppies.

Bobadil too has his humble follower and imitator. His own fantasy has affected another Mr. Matthew, the town gull, whose father is an honest man, a worshipful fishmonger, and so forth, and is greatly surprised that so finished a Coryphæus should lodge with a water-carrier. "I dare be sworn," he says to poor Cob, "he scorns the house. He lodge in such a base place as thy house! Tut, I know his disposition so well, he would not lye in thy bed if thou 'uldst gi' it him." And when at last he is convinced that the brave Captain does indeed reside there, he breaks out, "lye in a water-bearer's house, a gentleman of his havings! well I'll tell him my mind." But the spell of the enchanter is upon him, and when he talks to the Captain, he does not mention the subject. He distinguishes himself by a respectful demeanour towards him, and gives him his last two shillings for a bunch of radish and salt to taste their wine, and a pipe of tobacco to close the orifice of the stomach. From him he has learned to despise every one who is of a rustical cut, and doth not carry himself like a gentleman of fashion; and so much is he under his influence, that even when he is beaten and never resists, he pledges the jewel in his ear, having but two pence left in his pocket, which he reserves for wine and radish. Nay, he even assures the magistrate that Bobadil was bound to the peace, so anxious is he to defend him, and so blind to his cowardice. These are the foolish gulls, on which the Bobadils of all ages have fastened and fed; and many an excellent tailor in town will recognise his own portrait in that of Master Matthew, and his certificated creditor's in that of Captain Bobadil. Το γαρ γιρας ιστι ακιστων, for this is the privilege of snips.

But there is one other characteristic in which the old Bobadils are closely imitated by the young ones, and that is the spirit of speculation; but in writing this word, the latter generally drop the "s." Captain Bobadil's project for sparing the lives of her Majesty's soldiers, is as singular as Swift's strange advice to the Irish people to eat their children, or that curious jesuitical work published in Cork, and entitled "*A Modest Proposal for Shaving Ram-Cats by Moonlight.*" "Were I known to her Majesty and the Lords," quoth he, "I could undertake for the publique benefit of the State, not only to spare the intire lives of her subjects in general, but to save the one half, nay three parts of her yearly charge in holding warre, and against what enemie soever. I would select nineteen more to myself throughout the land; gentlemen they should bee of good spirit, strong and able constitution; I would choose them by an instinct, a character that I have: and I would teache these nineteen the speciall rules, as your *Punto*, your *Reverso*, your *Stoccata*, your *Imbroccata*, your *Passada*, your *Montanto*, till they could all play very near or altogether as well as myselfe. This done, say the enemies were fortie-thousand strong, we twentie would come into the field the tenth of March, or thereabouts, and wee would challenge twentie of the enemie; they could not in their honour refuse us; well wee would kill them; challenge twentie more, kill them;

twentie more, kill them; twentie more, kill them too; and thus would wee kill everie man twentie his day, that's twentie score; twentie score that's two hundreth; two hundreth a day five dayes a thousand; forty thousand; fortie times five, five times fortie; two hundred days kills them all up by computation. And this will I venture my poore gentlemanlike carcass to perform (provided there be no treason practis'd upon us) by faire and discreet manhood, that is civilly by the sword." Alas, poor Bobadil! scarcely hadst thou closed thy lips on this vain boast, when thou wert disarmed, kicked, cuffed, and reviled by thy relentless persecutor, Downright, and thus incontrovertibly refuted in the very midst of thy fancied triumph. All the absurd and ridiculous praise which thou didst heap upon thy skill in using the sword and rapier, thy cut and thrust, thy passada and stoccata, disgraced for ever, and thyself exposed, as thou didst deserve, as the most false and wretched of varlets. Such is the fate which folly and vain pretension always meet.

And here we would take leave to ask, Are the recent projects of recent Bobadils wiser than the foregoing? Are the companies for doing every thing by steam—by gas—by galvanism—by air—by smoke—by humbug, one atom more likely to be successful than Bobadil's grand nostrum? Have not our Joint Stock Banks driven thousands to beggary? How many hundreds are wandering and starving through the country from our knavish Assurance Societies? What is the meaning of the great tunnel just about to be made under Fleet Ditch?—of the marble bridge, of ten millions cost, that is to be thrown across the fishing-brook at Walton? Is there no Bodadil at work in the American Loan, the Spanish Loan, the Cherokee Loan, the Portuguese Debentures, the Central Moon Colonization Company, the erection of National Schools at Sierra Leone? Truly, good people of England, of each and all of them, a Bobadil is the mainspring; and it is only when ye are fleeced to your heart's content that you will discover that the grand plan which was to enrich you all, was started merely to fill *his* pockets by sinking a shaft through yours. But financiers will never be warned, nor capitalists ever deterred by the destruction of those who have gone before them in the same line, and the valiant tribe of swindlers laugh and grow fat as fast as ever. Exult then, O ye illustrious Bobadils!—exult, and be assured that your dynasty is immortal. So long as there are fools to be fleeced, so long will there be rogues to fleece, and from the history of the past we may safely conjecture that the race of both will continue *per omnia sæcula sæculorum*.

A late eminent surgeon despatching an old lady to Bath, who had been his patient for some years, gave her the following letter to a medical friend:—"I send you an old goose which I have been plucking for a long while—do you complete the job, and strip her bare, for she can well afford it." The old lady read the letter on the road, and sent her compliments back to the writer, adding that as old a goose as she was she had yet sense enough to see through his arts, and begged to decline an introduction to his friend at Bath. Would to Heaven that that dear good old goose John Bull would only act with similar spirit, and have wit enough at last to perceive how close to the very skin he has been plucked by the knowing family of the Bobadils.

THE CELL IN THE ROCK.

A LEGEND OF TERRACINA.

BY CHARLES HERVEY.

Beyond the Pontine marshes, and bordering the sea,
There stands a town of great renown in robber history:
As learned Geoffrey Crayon hath told us long ago,
And as some trav'llers may have had ample cause to know.

But Terracina's heroes frequent "the road" no more—
The neighbourhood, tho' far from good, is safer than of yore:
Yet must the passing stranger perforce a tribute pay,
Tho' brigands spare, a lion's share the *Douane* takes away.

How diff'rent from the olden time, when from some mountain top,
Or wooded hill, a signal shrill bade horse and carriage stop:
When men in velvet jackets, with black masks o'er the face,
Ransacked each box, and picked the locks with true romantic grace.

Yes, things are strangely alter'd along this rocky coast,
Where folks were stopped, and ears were cropped, and forwarded by post;
Masked robbers *then* used picklocks our trunks to overhaul,
But not so *these*, who beg our keys, and wear no mask at all.

Not far beyond the arched gate that binds the little town,
Which must have been by tourists seen to Naples going down,
There is a rock o'erhanging the road, so narrow there
That scarce there's room for e'en a Brougham to pass a chaise and pair.

This giant rock is lofty, its polished sides are steep,
So smooth and bare, no footing's there to tempt the wild goat's leap;
Save one long winding pathway the solid mass cut in,
Trodden by none save those who own a rocky home within.

And there, instead of windows to court the sunshine bright,
In the thick wall are loopholes small, which scarce tell day from night;
A door above the pathway affords them entrance, but
It seems the light offends their sight, and so they keep it shut.

Time was, in Terracina a gray-haired miser dwelt,
So stern, so grim, that few for him or love or friendship felt;
He had one child, Francesca, (which Anglicised is Fan,)
Folks thought her much too good for such a horrid cross old man.

She loved him well and truly, but then that wouldn't do,
Tho' of her heart he held a part, that heart had room for two;
And like poor Desdemona, she candidly confessed,
She loved papa extremely, *ma*—she loved Lorenzo best.

Thrice lucky wight, Lorenzo! half *such* a heart to win,
Blest with Francesca's fond caress, and all her father's tin!
Alas! the stern old father dismissed him in a trice;
"Young man, 'twon't do, she's not for you, no, not at *any* price!

"They tell me you're a robber, and lead a shocking life,
No doubt, and yet you think to get *my* daughter for a wife!
A girl like *my* Francesca! Pooh, pooh! this nonsense cease,
Go quietly, and *don't* force me to send for the police."

Lorenzo gave him one look, that made his blood run cold,
Not for his child, so fair and mild, he feared, but for his gold;
Yet not a word in answer the robber deigned to say,
After that look, but coolly took his hat and walked away.

Time passed, Francesca thought it passed slower than before;
Despite her sighs and tearful eyes, Lorenzo came no more:
No more at eve she met him, for, ere he went to sup,
To "make assurance doubly sure," her father locked her up.

'Twas on a lovely morning in bright and balmy June,
Francesca at her casement sat, and hummed a plaintive tune;
When a low whisper'd rumour thro' Terracina ran,
"In yonder cell there's come to dwell, oh! *such* a holy man!"

The rumour soon grew louder, 'twas proved beyond all doubt
A man *was* there in shirt of hair, which he wore inside out;
His long grey beard hung lower than beards in gen'ral do,
Nor wanted much in length to touch the latchet of his shoe.

'Twas said, when others slumber'd a fasting watch he kept,
And lay upon a rugged stone for pillow when he slept;
'Twas said he never tasted fish, flesh, or fowl, or wine,
Content enough on garden stuff and Adam's ale to dine.

In short he seemed a model to follow and admire,
So meek, so good, no penance could his zeal or patience tire;
No wonder then that hundreds of gaping peasants ran
From morn till night to get a sight of such a holy man.

Francesca watched them sadly, and fain herself would go,
"Let me, papa, it isn't far!" but cross papa said "No!"
And bought a lock, so anxious was he his child to snub,
As strong and thick, and hard to pick as any made by Chubb.

He led her to her chamber, and double-locked the door,
Two keys, thought he, will surer be than one key was before;
But when she'd been a captive three days or thereabout,
"Francesca *dear*," she heard quite clear, "I'm come to let you out."

The keys were turned, and sudden the door wide open flew,
And she was free, how could it be? in truth she little knew:
Her father stood beside her, he smiled and looked *so* kind,
She tried in vain to ascertain what could have changed his mind.

'Twas not without a reason her pa had ceased to frown,
That very morn report had borne a tale throughout the town;
Next day from Terracina the holy man must go,
Yet, ere he went, 'twas his intent a portion to bestow:

Not on the haughty beauty, in youthful charms array'd,
For time soon flies, youth's blossom dies, and beauty soon must fade;
Not on the flirt who scattered her smiles among a host,
But on the maid, the good man said, whom *he* admired the most.

"Ho! ho!" exclaimed the miser, "here's luck in store for me,
The holy man *must* choose my Fan, there's none so fair as she;
'Twould be a shocking pity to lose a chance so fine,
The *honour* shall to her share fall, the *money* shall be mine.

"And as to that Lorenzo, he'll never meet her there,
In such a place to show his face I don't think he would dare;
I'll give him leave to-morrow to try—'twill be in vain,
For by the pow'rs, the booty ours, I'll lock her up again."

The last faint rays of daylight still tinged the western sky,
When from the town maids fair and brown the hermit's cell drew nigh;
The foremost paused an instant his saddled horse to scan,
Too fresh, thought they, too full of play for such a holy man.

Beneath the rock assembling the lovely maidens came,
Each dark eye seemed, so proud it gleamed, the prize at once to claim;
Behind them stood Francesca, whose glance's sparkling ray,
Like glow-worm's light, shone forth by night far brighter than by day.

Soon rose a gentle murmur amid that anxious throng,
"'Twas growing late, but they must wait,—they hoped he'd not be long;
Besides, the light was fading, each moment 'twas more dim,
And how could he their faces see, or how could they see him?"

A minute passed, another, and then a whisper ran
From tongue to tongue the crowd among, "'Tis he, the holy man!"
Oh! then, as if by magic, there beamed a witching wile
Soft and yet sly in each dark eye—all smiled or tried to smile.

He came, the hill descending with solemn step and slow,
He paused half way—oh! what would they have giv'n his thoughts to know!
Nearer he came, once looking at each in turn—no more,
As if his mind, to beauty blind, was made up long before.

In vain did Maddalena her fascination try,
Not all her wiles, nor Nina's smiles, could catch the old man's eye:
Red lips, jet locks availed not, white teeth and whiter skin,
And snowy arms were pow'rless charms his icy heart to win.

Francesca gazed, and wondered how he could still defer
His choice, and why he passed all by, yet looked so hard at *her;*
But wondered more to hear him, in quite a lover's tone,
Say "Those bright eyes have won the prize, 'tis thine, and thine alone!

"Come hither, fairest maiden, come hither, thou shalt see
My coal-black steed, 'tis beauty's meed, and such I give to thee;"
"Ha! ha!" laughed Maddalena, "a horse, and nought beside!"
"Oh yes!" said he, "and *somebody* to teach her how to ride!"

He placed her in the saddle, and whispered in her ear
Words heard by none save her alone, which quite dispelled her fear;
Then quickly sprang behind her, tore off his beard so grey,
And patched old gown, and flung them down, and galloped right away.

Bestir ye, gallant horsemen, o'ertake him if you can,
Spur on in chase, don't spare the pace to catch the holy man!
Alas! alas! ye follow the spoiler's track in vain,
For Terracina ne'er will see the robber's bride again.

* * * * *

Now how the slighted damsels abused the happy pair,
And how the miser "piped his eye" for grief, and tore his hair;
And how across the mountains his bride Lorenzo bore,
This we must fancy as we can—the legend says no more.

Yet, reader, tho' abruptly tradition's records fail,
Still your own eyes may recognise the *locale* of the tale;
And while the Pope's officials your bags and boxes scan,
You still, trust me, the rock may see, but not the holy man.

TALE OF A TOE.

BY EDMUND OLLIER.

" Last nighte, when deepé sleepe lay on all menne,
And smallé foules did whist their notés sote,
And everie beaste did slombre in his denne,
* * * * * *
I sawe within my chambre, with this e'e,
The grisliest sighte that ever manne did se."

OCCLEVE.

SOME years since, while living in the country, I became acquainted with an old gentleman who resided next door to me. He is now, I grieve to say, dead; and though I am possessed of a long list of valued friends, I know of no one who can fill his place. He had been, until a very short time before my introduction to him, a great traveller; and many a curious story of far-off lands has he told to me, while sitting nose and knees into a roaring fire in winter, or, on summer evenings smoking, in some green and leafy nook of his garden, a curiously carved German *meerschaum*, for which (being a bachelor) he possessed almost a fatherly affection. And a first-rate hand he was at telling a good tale, whether serious or comic, grim or grotesque. He had a firm, clear enunciation, perfect ease and self-possession, a large share of humour, and such a strong and vivid imagination, that in a few words he could place a scene before you with startling and life-like distinctness. Moreover, he had not that almost universal fault among story-tellers, of prolonging a narrative to so great an extent, with little episodical remarks and constant repetitions, that the catastrophe falls perfectly pointless and ineffective upon the hearer. He just hovered about the outset and middle parts of his stories sufficiently to tickle the curiosity of his auditors; but that was all.

One New Year's Eve, (for it was a regular custom with my friend—would that it were so with every one who has the time and means!—to keep up, with great feasting and jollity, all our old English festivals,)—one New Year's Eve, I say, a small party of ladies and gentlemen, myself among the number, were assembled at the old traveller's hospitable house, to hail the birth of Dan Time's new offspring in copious libations of that glorious, noble, genuine Saxon drink, wassail. And it was real wassail, too, that we had; none of your false, flimsy, meretricious French-wine humbug, (which is a scandalous foreign imposition upon the public,) but the true, legitimate English drink, compounded of true, legitimate English ale and roasted crabs, together with sundry other minor ingredients, of which the real wassailer does not need, and the false wassailer does not deserve, to be told.

It was a bleak and bitter evening; with a shrill, moaning, wailing, restless wind, which seemed to go incessantly round and round and round the house, like some wild beast who had no shelter from the night: raw and misty, too, with a sullen leaden sky overhead, and a thick carpet of snow under foot. It was just the very evening of all others for wassail; and I never beheld a more delightful scene of the

homely kind, (and there is no scenery like that of home,) than when—dinner being over—the whole party drew themselves in a semicircle about the fire, like so many satellites round Jupiter, and a man-servant — the strongest and most sinewy in the house— entered with a gigantic bowl full of the generous liquor. At this appearance, a kind of subdued murmur ran gently through the whole assembly; and the very fire (though it had been any thing but a dull one before) seemed to grow still greater in its life and spirits; for it chuckled, and laughed, and crowed to itself, and threw countless soft lights and shadows into the room, and burst out at a thousand places into nimble flames, some dancing, some gliding, some lapsing, some heaving and palpitating like living things, some twining and coiling round great masses of coal, some gushing upwards from the heart and centre of the fire, and soaring half-way up the chimney. It was, indeed, a cheerful, jovial scene, enough almost to have turned a bigot into a religious man.

When each and all had been served with great goblets of the steaming wassail, mine host said—

"Well, ladies and gentlemen, how shall we amuse ourselves during the long evening before us?"

An old maiden lady timidly proposed a game at "Kiss in the Ring," and inquired of me whether I didn't think it capital sport; to which I replied "Yes;" considering myself bound by the laws of gallantry to assent to any thing proposed by a lady. But this being violently protested against by some young fair ones, and no other suggestion made, I turned to my friend and said—

"As the ladies, with only one exception, have so violent an antipathy to 'Kiss in the Ring,' I do not see how we can be better entertained than by listening to one of your adventures in foreign parts, if you will oblige us by narrating one."

The old gentleman was evidently flattered by this proposal; yet, not wishing to appear to desire it himself, he affected to be modest, and replied—

"My dear sir, you do me great honour by such a wish; and although *you* have often been so kind as to listen to my little narratives, I am afraid that the haps and mishaps of an old bachelor-traveller would be of very little interest to the fair portion of my company."

At this, there was a great cry of "No, no," among the ladies, followed by a loud request from every one present for a story immediately; whereupon, excusing this departure from his habitual modesty before company, upon the plea of its being "impossible to resist the unanimous request of the fair," my friend took a long draught of the generous liquor at his side, and then, casting his eyes for a moment to the ceiling, (in which locality, from some unexplained cause, the ideas of story-tellers are invariably seated,) began as is here set down.

"When I was travelling in Holland and the Netherlands—— But wait a bit. I have two narratives connected with those countries,— one of a ludicrous, the other of a grim nature. Which would you prefer, ladies and gentlemen? Perhaps you had better put it to the vote."

There was not the slightest occasion to do so. From some remarkable appetite for the ghastly existing in almost all people, both young

and old, grim tales are invariably most coveted at the very time when one might suppose they would be least desired,—namely, at night; and especially winter nights. A ghost-story, or any other dismal narrative, is considered totally flat and worthless at noon-day. There is no ghastly sensation to be derived from it; no curdling of the blood, no beatings of the heart; none of those glorious tastes of fear which give such a relish to human company and human accessories. But collect a company of all ages, all classes, and all tastes; bring them together after dark—say about midnight; just give a vague hint of some terrible adventure,—and if there is not an universal desire to know more, why the world is altering very much. Of course there are exceptions; but this, I say, is the rule. And so it was on the occasion of which I am now writing. The "grim story" was carried by one simultaneous and deafening shout.

"Well, then," resumed our host, "when I was travelling in Holland and the Netherlands, I met with a night adventure which, for ghastliness, surpasses any thing of the kind I ever heard or read of." [Here what the newspapers call a "sensation" ran through the whole assembly.] "I was on my way from Rotterdam to the Hague at the time, in company with a friend; but as Delft lay directly in our road, half-way between the two cities first mentioned, we thought we might as well stay a few hours there, particularly as it had the honour of giving birth to the learned Grotius. Accordingly, just about nine o'clock on a fine, clear autumn evening, we rode into the principal street, and looked about us for quarters for the night. We had been riding all day, and it was too late, and we were too tired, to think of any thing but supper and bed.

"Well, we rode along for some time, but not an inn could we light upon that wasn't full to the very garrets. At last we turned down a narrow, straggling thoroughfare, quite dark and shadowy (though by this time a full moon was up) with the overhanging tops of the houses, which almost met overhead; and as silent and deserted as a Russian *steppe* in the winter, to boot; for the Mynheers are rare fellows for going to bed early, and I don't believe you could have found above two or three score of people awake in the whole city at the time of which I am speaking. However, there was an inn in this street, with a few people stirring about it; and entering it, we learnt, to our immense gratification, that we might have as many rooms as we liked. And in good truth I think we might; for, even from the small portion of the building I saw, I should imagine it was capable of containing—and comfortably, too—every man, woman, and child in the whole town—ay, even including the four burgomasters, who are about equivalent in rotundity of person to our aldermen. In short, it was one of those strange, old, straggling, rambling, sleepy-looking houses, full of odd corners and passages, apparently built for no earthly purpose, which you only meet with in Holland, and which only a Dutchman can devise.

"When I and my friend had supped, (which we did pretty quickly, for, as I have said before, we were desperately tired,) a fat, oily man, who seemed always debating with himself whether he should go to sleep or not while he was walking about, and to have a great inclination towards favouring the somnolent side of the question, showed us up to our bedrooms. The chamber into which I was conducted, was just the kind of

apartment you might expect to find in such a house as I have described —large, gloomy, and lofty; with heavy-looking wainscoting half up the walls, a cracked and time-blackened ceiling, and a tremendously wide fire-place, surmounted by a massive carved oak mantel-piece, and paved with blue and white glazed tiles bearing rude pictures of every incident in the Bible.

"I am not a superstitious man; far from it: but, despite all my efforts to the contrary, I *could* not help thinking, directly I had taken a survey of my chamber, that I should never quit it without going through a strange adventure. There was something in its immense size, heaviness, and gloom that seemed to annihilate at one blow all my resolute scepticism as regards supernatural visitations. It appeared to me totally impossible to go into that room and disbelieve in ghosts. The fact is, I had incautiously partaken at supper of that favourite Dutch dish, sour-krout; and I suppose it had disagreed with me, and put strange fancies into my head. Be this as it may, I only know that, after parting with my friend for the night, I gradually worked myself up to such a state of fidgetiness that at last I wasn't sure whether I hadn't become a ghost myself. The old cumbrous hangings of the bed appeared to my diseased mind to be swelled out as with a whole army of goblins: indeed, I almost thought I saw them move of their own accord; and the carved figures upon the mantel-piece seemed to have entered into some devilish compact on purpose to plague me. Every thing, in short, had a suspicious look; and my nervousness was increased when, upon turning to the door to fasten it, I found neither bolt nor lock.

"This discovery raised a host of new fears in my brain; and a thousand recollections of midnight robbers shot through my mind. 'Supposing,' ruminated I, 'supposing the landlord himself should be a practised robber, and should have taken the lock and bolt from off this door for the purpose of entering here in the dead of night, abstracting all my property, and perhaps murdering me! I thought the dog had a very cut-throat air about him.' Now I had never had any such idea until that moment; for my host was a fat, (all Dutchmen are fat,) stupid-looking fellow, who I don't believe had sense enough to understand what a robbery or murder meant. But, somehow or other, whenever we have any thing really to annoy us, (and it certainly was not pleasant to go to bed in a strange place without being able to fasten one's door,) we are sure to aggravate it by myriads of chimeras of our own brain. So, on the present occasion, in the midst of a thousand disagreeable reveries, some of the most wild absurdity, I jumped very gloomily into bed, having first put out my candle, (for total darkness was far preferable to its flickering, ghostly light, which transformed rather than revealed objects,) and soon fell asleep, perfectly tired out with my day's riding.

"How long I lay asleep, I don't know; but I suddenly awoke from a disagreeable dream of cut-throats, ghosts, and long, winding passages in a haunted inn. An indescribable feeling, such as I never before experienced, hung upon me. It seemed as if every nerve in my body had a hundred spirits tickling it; and this was accompanied by so great a heat that, inwardly cursing mine host's sour-krout, and wondering how the Dutchmen could endure such poison, I was forced to sit up in bed to cool myself.

"The whole of the room was profoundly dark, excepting at one place where the moonlight, falling through a crevice in the shutters, threw a straight line, of about an inch or so thick, upon the floor—clear, sharp, and intensely brilliant against the darkness. I leave you to conceive my horror when, upon looking at this said line of light, I saw there *a naked human toe!* Nothing more.

"For the first instant I thought the vision must be some effect of moonlight; then that I was only half awake, and could not see distinctly. So I rubbed my eyes two or three times, and looked again. Still there was the accursed thing, plain, distinct, immoveable: marble-like in its fixedness and rigidity, but in every thing else horribly human.

"I am not an easily frightened man: no one who has travelled so much, and seen so much, and been exposed to so many dangers as I, can be: but there was something so mysterious and unusual in the appearance of this single toe, that for a short time I could not think what to be at; so I did nothing but stare at it in a state of utter bewilderment. At length, however, as the toe did not vanish under my steady gaze, I thought I might as well change my tactics; and remembering that all midnight intruders, be they thieves, ghosts, or devils, dislike nothing so much as a good noise, I shouted out in a loud voice, 'Who's there?' The toe immediately disappeared into the darkness.

"Almost simultaneously with my words I leapt out of bed and rushed towards the place where I had beheld the strange appearance. The next instant I ran against something, and felt an iron grip round my body.

"After this, I have no distinct recollection of what occurred, excepting that a fearful struggle ensued between me and my unseen opponent; that every now and then we were violently hurled to the floor, from which, however, we always rose again in an instant, locked in a deadly embrace; that we tugged and strained, and pulled and pushed,—I in the convulsive and frantic energy of a fight for life,—he (for by this time I had discovered that the intruder was a human being) actuated by some savage passion of which I was ignorant; that we whirled round and round and round, cheek to cheek and arm to arm, in fierce contest, until the room appeared to whiz round with us; and that at last a dozen people, (my fellow-traveller among them,) roused, I suppose, by our repeated falls, came pouring into the room with lights, and showed me struggling with a man having nothing on but a shirt, whose long tangled hair, and wild, unsettled eyes, told me he was insane. And then for the first time I became aware that I had received in the conflict several gashes from a knife which my opponent still held in his hand.

"To conclude my story in a few words, (for I dare say by this time all of you are getting tired,) it turned out that my midnight visitor was a madman who was being conveyed to a lunatic asylum at the Hague; and that he and his keeper had been obliged to stop at Delft on their way. The poor fellow had contrived during the night to escape from his keeper, (who had carelessly forgotten to lock the door of his chamber,) and with that irresistible desire for shedding blood peculiar to many insane people, had possessed himself of a pocket-knife belonging to the man who had charge of him, entered my room, (which was most likely the only one in the house unfastened,) and was probably medi-

tating the fatal stroke, when I saw his toe in the line of moonlight; the rest of his body being hidden in shade. After this terrible freak of his, he was watched with much greater strictness; but I ought to observe, as some excuse for the keeper's negligence, that this was the first act of violence he had ever attempted.

"My wounds, thank heaven, were of so little importance, though they presented an alarming appearance at first, that I was able to resume my journey the next day but one; but ever since that night I have had an unconquerable objection to old rambling inns; and I never behold a line of moonlight on the floor without undergoing a very unpleasant sensation."

Thus the old traveller finished his story, to the immense gratification of the gentlemen and terror of the ladies, who declared that "they shouldn't sleep comfortably for months to come." And although I am not a lady, I confess that *I* was haunted for some weeks after hearing my friend's recital with dreams of toes and madmen; and I took care to have a crevice that happened to be in the shutters of my own room carefully stopped up.

THE CONVENT.

BY A. G.

How oft hath beauty in that holy pile
In silence mourn'd, and youth forgot its smile;
Turn'd to the narrow grate with sickly gaze,
And look'd, and sigh'd, and wept for other days!
Thought, though 'twere sin to think, of scenes that dwell
Deep in the mind, and friends beloved so well!
The gallant form half-seen at twilight hour,
The step oft welcomed to her father's bower,
The morning stroll, the midnight serenade,
The winning whisper in the myrtle's shade,
And his the vow, with subtle accent spoke,
Too fondly cherish'd and too falsely broke!
And is there none to pity here, or feel
A pang for all her bitter sobs reveal?
Will none by gentle word or look impart
The balm of comfort to her bleeding heart,
And draw that love to earthly objects given
By soft persuasive argument to heaven?
Alas! poor victim! o'er thy living tomb
Drear silence hangs, and ever-thickening gloom;
Cloisters inscribed with records of the dead;
Walls that re-echo not the noiseless tread;
And souls long lost to earth are offering there
Penance, and fast, and meditative pray'r!
Dream not of sympathy—can bosoms know
Thy grief that never felt affection's glow?
Snatch'd from the world, and taught its power to shun,
Pride swells the feelings of the meek-eyed nun,
And Pity rarely haunts, unworthy guest,
The frozen chamber of her virgin breast!

EHRENSTEIN.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

CHAPTER VII.

THE Count of Ehrenstein tossed uneasily on his bed, in that state between sleeping and waking, when the mind neither enjoys quiet repose, nor yet lives as an active being dissevered from the body, in continuous and regular dreams—when scattered and disjointed fragments of visions cross the imagination—when voices call, and suddenly sink away from the ear—when figures appear for an instant, and are lost before we can accurately see what they are. Often his bosom heaved and panted, as if oppressed with some terrible load, Often murmured words and smothered cries broke low and indistinctly from his lips. Often the eyeballs would roll under their filmy curtain, as if some sight of horror presented itself to fancy.

At length the grey light of day streamed through the narrow window, and fell upon the sleeping man's countenance; and after turning for a moment from side to side, he started up, and gazed towards the casement with a bewildered look, as if he knew not where he was. After leaning his head upon his hand, and apparently thinking deeply for several minutes, he rose, and dressed himself without aid. Then walking to the little dark ante-room, in which two of his attendants, or *knechts*, were sleeping, he drew back the bolt of the door—for his was not a heart without suspicion—and stirred one of the men with his foot, as he slept upon the ground, bidding him go and tell Ferdinand of Altenburg to come down upon the eastern rampart immediately. Having given these orders, he himself issued forth, and walked slowly up and down, now casting his eyes upon the stones beneath his feet, now gazing at the rising sun. But few minutes had elapsed, however, ere Ferdinand was at his side; and the count turned towards him, saying, "What! up so early? You should have no dreams, young man, to break your rest."

"Nay, my lord," replied Ferdinand, "every one dreams, I suppose. Have you been disturbed?"

"That have I," answered the count. "I have seldom passed a more troublesome night, and yet I was weary, too, when I went to rest."

"Were they good or evil visions, my lord?" asked the young man. "Mine were all bright."

"Would that mine had been so!" answered the count. "But they were wild and whirling things, and—'tis no matter:—and yet these undigested thoughts," he continued, after a short pause, "these fanciful nothings of the dreaming brain, trouble us as much as fierce realities—nay, perhaps more. I have suffered more bitterly at times in some dark visions of the night—yes, even in my corporeal frame, than even choking death itself could inflict. I cannot but think that there is a land to which the spirits of the sleeping travel for a time, and undergo a strange and wayward fate, till they are called back again. I've often fancied there must be such a place; a kingdom of dreams, as it were, to which all the strange actions and thoughts are sent as soon as done,

as a sort of commodity or merchandize, and there are mingled up, by some fantastic power, with the productions of the land itself. There go the images of the dead, the voices that are lost upon the earth, the passionate loves and follies of our youth, the thirsty ambition of our manhood, the crimes and the temptations, even the very thoughts of infancy; and there we find them all, when summoned from the slumbering body to visit that strange country. Else how is it, that when we lie with darkness all around us, no sight, no sound, no scent, to wake up memory, things long forgotten, faces that no effort of the waking mind could call before the eye of fancy, voices that have long ceased to ring in the deafened ear of forgetfulness, come upon us all strong and vivid as reality; ay, even the feelings also, no longer suited to our state of being, totally dissonant to the condition of our corporeal frame or to our mental age; such as the joys and pastimes of our early boyhood, and the prattled pleasures of our baby-days? Yet there they all are: bright as if in life, though strangely mixed with other wilder things, and cast into mad, impossible array. Last night it seemed as if every action of my life, charmed by some frantic Orpheus, danced around me in wild and grotesque forms; never pausing till I had leisure to taste one joy, or power to resist one pang. Would to heaven I could be a boy again, and with the knowledge of each act's results, live over my life anew! It would be a very different one."

Ferdinand had let him proceed without observation or question. Indeed, he was surprised, for he had never before heard the count speak thus to any one. It seemed, in truth, more as if he spoke to himself than to his companion; as if the weight of thought overpowered him, and he cast down the burden where he could. But the young man's surprise was not less excited by the matter of the confidence than by the confidence itself. He knew the count was learned, far beyond most of the nobles of his day. He knew that he was thoughtful; but he had ever seemed in disposition worldly, grasping, avaricious: evil qualities, as he thought, perfectly incompatible with fancy. In his inexperience of the world, he was not aware how frequently habits of thought and of desire, often produced in us by the operation of a long train of circumstances, overbear the natural bent of the mind, and lead us to a course of life, and to innumerable actions, utterly inharmonious with the original tone of the character. It is so; and there is scarcely any man who is not thus walled-in by circumstances in his course,—scarcely any tree that, however upright its original shoot, is not bent by the prevailing wind. Nevertheless, when the mind is left free for a moment from the habitual influences—when the passions that have been indulged are not called into play—when the desires that have usurped a sway over us are for a time without either object or opposition, the original character of the mind is suffered to indulge itself for a brief space, like a prisoner allowed a few moments of free air. So was it with the Count of Ehrenstein. Busy with the thoughts which had succeeded to his dreams, he forgot not only his motives for sending for the young man at his side, but also his habitual reserve; and led from one feeling to another, as he discoursed imaginatively of the visions of the night, he was hurried on to admit sensations of regret which, sooner or later, visit every one of Adam's race, but which the pride that entered into us at the fall forbids us to acknowledge.

Ferdinand had walked on by his side, thoughtful and interested,

with his eyes, too, bent down upon the pavement of the rampart, and eager to hear more. But when the count paused, he unwittingly brought the confession, if it may so be called, to a conclusion, by asking a question which would naturally rise in any simple and straightforward heart, saying, "Is it not very easy to repair, my lord, that which has been done amiss?"

"No, youth, no!" answered the count, turning upon him, and speaking almost bitterly; "that is a foolish error. It is never possible to repair aught that has been done amiss. Each act, once performed, is irrevocable. It is more—it is a foundation-stone upon which, under the lash of the stern task-master, Fate, we must, whether we will or not, build up a part of the fabric of our life. Now do not go, silly boy, and, from what I have said, raise up in your fanciful brain a belief that I have committed great crimes, and bitterly repent them. It is with me, as with all men who have power to think, and who try from the past to extract guidance for the future: I see small errors producing greater evils; I see pitiful mistakes, which were thought nothing at first, swelling with bitter consequences—but nothing more. Every man, Ferdinand,"—and he laid his hand upon his shoulder with a sort of monitory gesture,—"every man who has passed through a great part of life is like one who has climbed a mountain and is destined to descend on the other side; if he turns round to look at the country he has travelled, he sees it spread out beneath him, with all its roads and passes, rivers and valleys, laid out as in a map; and he will ever find that he has often lost his way; that there were paths which would have led him to his object shorter than those he has taken; that the objects on which he has fixed his eyes to guide him on were often wide of the right course; and that, in a word, he has not accomplished in the summer-day of life one half he might have done, with less labour and by easier means.—And now let us speak of other things. You would not say last night what you had seen in the old hall; now tell me what befel you there. We were then in the hour of fanciful conceits, when the imagination wanders and easily receives false impressions. We are now in the broad light of the real day, and you can better tell, and I can better understand, whatever you may have witnessed there."

"I did not wish to speak last night," my lord, replied Ferdinand, in a calm and easy tone, "because all the people about us have filled themselves with fears which would be quite as well away; and all I had to say would only have made them more afraid. I went straight to the hall, as you directed. I do not mean to say I would not rather have had a light; but neither flesh nor spirit shall turn me from doing what I have undertaken to perform. I found the door fastened, however; and after having lifted the latch, I shook it hard, but it did not give way. For a minute I thought of coming back to tell you; but then I fancied that you and the rest might doubt me, and I tried again. Just then, I think I heard a bolt drawn back; but, however, the door opened, and I went in. At first I could hardly see—"

"Why, the moon shone, and must have given plenty of light through the windows," replied the count.

"There was too much light, my good lord," answered Ferdinand. "I came out of the dark vestibule; and when I entered the hall, it was all in a blaze of light. The suits of old armour that stand against the

wall had each one gauntleted hand extended, and in it was a torch. It seemed, indeed, that there were more suits than usual; but I did not stay to count them; for as soon as I could see, I hurried on, passing the table where they were seated—"

"Who?" exclaimed the count—"who were seated?"

"Nay, my lord, I cannot tell you," answered Ferdinand; "some six or eight tall figures, each wrapt in a strange garment, like a shroud, dusty and soiled, as if they had lain long in the earth, covering the head and falling down to the eyes. My heart felt very heavy, and beat fast, and I dared not look narrowly at them; but I drew my sword and hurried on, mounting into the great chair to reach the banner, when just as I laid my hand upon it, the voices of those round the table said, 'Health to the Count of Ehrenstein! health to the living dead!' and looking round I saw that they had cups raised high, as if they were pursuing their unearthly wassail without seeing or noticing my presence. I felt somewhat faint and sick, but I tore down the banner, breaking, I fear, the rest that held it, and hurried out as fast as I could go. As I paused to take breath, I heard a loud clang behind, but what it was I do not know."

"We will see, we will see," said the count, sternly; "six or eight, did you say?"

"Ay, my good lord, at the least," replied Ferdinand.

"Can there be some trick in this?" rejoined the count, and fell into a fit of deep thought, which occupied him for several minutes. "And yet all the men were in the hall," he continued, evidently showing which way his suspicions turned. "I marked the absence of none except the horse-boys."

"They would not dare, my lord," replied Ferdinand; "there is scarce a man in the whole castle would venture thither in the broad day, and surely none at night."

"True, true," rejoined the count; "but yet they shall venture thither, if I live till supper-time. What could this clang be that followed your coming out? We all heard it, even at that distance."

"I shall soon see, my lord, if it have left any trace behind it; for should you hold your intention of feasting in the hall to-night, they shall not stop me from decking it forth as I have promised."

"You seem right willing to venture with these ghosts," said the count, whose mind was habitually suspicious.

"They have done me no harm as yet, my lord," answered Ferdinand boldly, well understanding what was passing in the count's mind. "When you have seen some such sight yourself, you will believe; but doubtless not till then. I would not myself, unless I had seen."

"Well, I will try," replied the count. "Come with me now, and perhaps we may discover what was the cause of this clatter that shook the whole castle as you were returning."

He spoke somewhat scornfully; and Ferdinand made no reply, but followed as his lord led on with hasty strides, as if either impatient to see the state of the hall with his own eyes, or fearful that his resolution would fail before his intention was fulfilled. On their way they passed through the lesser hall, where their meals were now usually taken, and thence through a long stone passage, which crossed the entrance from the great gates, down a broad flight of steps, and into the vestibule by one of the smaller doors opposite to that at the great hall. There the

count paused for a moment, as if he hesitated; then putting his hand upon the latch, he lifted it, and flung back the ponderous mass of woodwork, which yielded at once to his hand. With an eager and straining gaze his eye ran round the wide vaulted chamber, which was vacant of every living thing; but still the sight that it presented offered strange confirmation of the strange tale that Ferdinand had told. The twelve suits of old armour, no longer in the mode and fashion of the time, which had been for many years ranged along the wall opposite to the windows, upon wooden standards that kept them in an erect position, were now cast prone upon the pavement; and the lances, swords, and axes, which had been arranged in fanciful devices between them, were likewise strewed upon the ground, as if they had been flung down by an earthquake. The old banners remained waving overhead; but that which had formerly hung over the chair of state, and which the count had sent Ferdinand to fetch on the preceding night, was no longer to be seen. The chair, which had been the only piece of furniture left in the hall, stood there still, with its cushion of crimson velvet, affording a strange contrast to the air of desolation presented by the whole of the rest of the scene—the broken casements, the mouldering banners, the rusty suits of armour cast down, and the disjointed pavement, with the green grass growing up between the crevices of the stone.

The count took a step across the threshold, and then stopped short, repeating several times, "This is very strange!" To have supposed that Ferdinand himself had cast the armour down was out of the question; for it would have taken him half an hour to do it; and the first impression upon the count's mind was evidently one of awe, if not of terror. But still there seemed to be doubts, or else he thought fit to assume them, to cover the emotions that he really felt; for after remaining for several minutes in the same position, he turned suddenly round to his young companion, inquiring, "Where sat these things you saw? Here is neither board nor bench for them to hold their revels."

Ferdinand's face was very grave, and even sad; but he replied at once, walking some ten paces forward to a spot on the left-hand side of the hall, "Here they were seated, my lord, or appeared to be so."

The count followed him, and gazed upon the ground. "They have left no traces of their presence," he said, at length; and then looking up to the vacant space where his banner had formerly hung, he asked, "And did you really take that thing you brought me from that place? The rest does not seem broken."

"I thought I heard it break, my lord," replied the young man, walking on towards the chair; but then, stopping as he came up to it, he said, "Here are the marks of my feet, my lord, in the dust upon the cushion."

"Well, well, I do not doubt you," said the count, who had followed; and then, crossing his arms upon his chest, he fell into thought again, from which he did not rouse himself for a long time. In the end he exclaimed with a start, "He shall not drive me hence; I have done him no wrong;" and with a slow pace he trod his way back towards the door. "There, that will do," he continued, as Ferdinand followed him out; "I do not want you more; say nothing of what has happened to any one; and go fly your hawk, or wheel your horse, till breakfast-time. I will speak to you further afterwards."

When the hour of breakfast came, and the household were assembled in the hall, the count again called Ferdinand up to his own table, and seemed to regard him with much more favour than he had ever done before. But the young man remarked that his lord's eye wandered round the chamber in which they sat, and then rested on the groups of his followers and attendants, as if calculating whether, with the numbers which were to be added that day to the party there assembled, the hall where they then were would contain them all. A fairer object of contemplation, indeed, was before the young man's eyes; for he was seated opposite to the Lady Adelaide, on Sickendorf's left hand. She was a little paler, perhaps, than on the preceding morning, but that was the only trace which her temporary sickness seemed to have left. She was more than commonly gay, indeed, though there was a thoughtful and a feeling tone mingled with her cheerfulness, making it like the song of a lark, in which, though blithe and happy on the whole, may be heard sad minor tones by any ear that listens for them.

When the meal was over, the count rose, saying, "Come with me, Ferdinand. Come hither, Adelaide." And walking forth, he led the way to the corridor above, into which the different apartments occupied by himself, his daughter, and her maids, opened, either directly or through their several ante-rooms. There, after taking a turn backwards and forwards, he turned to his two young companions, who had followed, speaking with their looks, and said, "To you two I must trust the arrangements of the great hall for our guests this evening. It is vain to ask those dastardly men below, who are frightened at mere shadows; and the other hall will not hold one half,—that is clear enough."

"Oh, ask them not, my dear father," answered Adelaide; "I and Ferdinand can do it all, and we have no fears."

"Good faith, dear lady," rejoined Ferdinand, "though I fear not, yet I somewhat doubt whether, unaided, we can accomplish it all, at least in time. The armour has somehow fallen down; many of the lozenges of glass require to be replaced, and, good faith, I hardly know how I am to manage that; all the rest we might accomplish easily enough."

"That shall be done for you," said the count, "if you and Adelaide can do the rest. I would not have my jesting friend and his gay followers come hither and say that they found the Castle of Ehrenstein in ruins, and its banquet-hall as if it never saw a feast. Do the best that you can to give it some air of cheerfulness; wreathe the cressets and the corbels with flowers—there are many in the woods just now—and with green branches; strew the pavement over thickly with rushes, so that no flaws be seen. As I go, I will send one to repair the casements who would beard the devil himself."

"He must come from far, my lord," answered Ferdinand, "for all the people near have got this tale. I first heard it down at the abbey, and not one of the people of the village, I believe, would come up to save his soul."

"Not very far either," replied the count; "within a mile of the abbey, on the other side. You know Franz Cruessen, the great blacksmith? He'll not fear, I warrant. Why look you so surprised, youth?"

"Because, my lord, I one day heard you threaten to split his skull,"

said Ferdinand, "when he refused to shoe your horses; and certainly he never showed you any great reverence."

"It would take a sharp sword to split his skull," rejoined the count. "A thick-headed blockhead, as rude and as hard as the iron that he hammers; but if he answers my purpose, that is all I heed. He that doesn't fear me within ten miles round is not likely to be easily frightened. I must set forth in half an hour to meet my noble guest by the way; and as I go, I'll speak to the man, so that he be up before mid-day. Now, Adelaide, my child, go with your girls and gather flowers, and tender branches, so that you may make the dull old hall look light and cheerful; for there will we all sup to-night, if the fiend himself says nay."

Thus saying, he left her standing with Ferdinand; but they could only venture to exchange a few brief words, and then parted for the time on their several tasks.

CHAPTER VIII.

Ferdinand was busy at his work about a quarter of an hour after the Count of Ehrenstein had ridden forth with his train. The castle was left even more empty than the day before; for Sickendorf and his party had gone with their lord, and none of the feudal retainers of the house had yet arrived. Some grooms and horseboys in the stables, and eight or ten men on the walls or in the courts, were all that remained behind, except the young gentleman himself; and they were not at all disposed to aid or interrupt him by their presence in a place which they all viewed with dread, even when they passed it at a distance. Many were their comments, indeed, upon his daring, and some of those comments were by no means favourable to their young lady's lover; for while some of them wondered how Master Ferdinand was getting on, without venturing to go and see, others went the length of supposing that he must have either some amulet from the Holy Land, which was a charm against spirits, or a plain compact with the evil one, which gave him a command over them for a time. In the meanwhile, Ferdinand worked away at his unaccustomed occupation, perhaps not quite so dexterously as if he had been an armourer's man, or a groom of the chambers to some great lord; but he did it cheerfully and without apprehension, for the gay sunbeams shone through the dim casements, and chequered the old mouldy pavement with a bright fretwork of light and shade. His heart, too, felt very summery; for there was hope within, and the expectation of love; and every thing was done quickly too, for he fancied that he might not be long without the presence of one he loved, and thought that every moment thus busily employed might well purchase one of sweeter occupation. His first task was to raise the different suits of armour from the ground, and fix them in their places again. Nor was this an easy undertaking; for in many cases the thongs and buckles had given way in the fall, and the several pieces were scattered about and had to be reunited. Nevertheless he worked on zealously, stooping over the quaint old garments of steel, lifting their ponderous masses, and ever and anon casting back from his face the thick glossy curls of his hair as they fell over his face. He showed no sign of apprehension, notwithstanding the strange sights that he had seen on the two preceding

nights; he never turned to give the timid glance over his shoulder towards the door leading to the vaults; but more than once he looked towards the other entrance of the hall, and listened for any sound from the vestibule. At length, as he was raising one of the suits of harness, where the rusty gauntlet and vautbrace were still stretched out as he had seen it on his previous visit, some white spots like droppings of wax upon the steel seemed to catch his eye, and to awaken a new and interesting train of ideas; for he paused in his work, and, with his hand to his brow, remained in deep thought for several minutes, with a smile upon his lip. As he thus stood, the sound of voices speaking near the door was heard, and it was gently pushed open, while the well-known tones of Bertha exclaimed, "I would not go in for Neustadt, and you don't want me, either, dear lady; but I'll stay here, and watch against any ghosts on this side; but I'll open that other door, and have more light, for spirits don't like the daylight, and I don't like the dark."

"Well, stay there, stay there, then," answered Adelaide, "I can carry in the wreaths myself."

Ere she concluded, however, Ferdinand was by her side; and raising up the flowers and young branches, which Bertha and her mistress had brought thither, he carried them in, and laid them down upon the pavement of the hall. Bertha's merry eye was first turned, with a somewhat timid and apprehensive glance, towards the interior of the chamber, and then, with a meaning smile, to Ferdinand's countenance. As soon, however, as the lady had followed her lover in, the discreet damsel closed the door, murmuring to herself, "Well, love's the best charm against evil spirits, after all. Heigho, I wish I had somebody to love!"

By this time, Ferdinand's hand clasped that of Adelaide; but I have noticed before that a strange change had come over the fair girl since their meeting on the preceding day; and that change was more apparent now than ever. All doubt, all timidity, seemed to be gone; there was no boldness, it is true, for modest gentleness seemed an inherent part of her nature; but the fear, the anxiety, the hesitation of unconfirmed and perilous love no longer had any influence over her. When Ferdinand's hand clasped hers, she laid the other upon it, gazing in his eyes, with a warm and affectionate light beaming in her own, and saying with a thoughtful, if not absent air, as if the question she put was as much to her own heart as to him, "You love me, dear Ferdinand—is it not so? and you will ever love me, and never do ought to grieve me, nor let others grieve me, if you can help it?"

"Can you doubt it, beloved?" cried Ferdinand, drawing her to him. "Is not my whole heart and being only love for you?"

"Nay, I do not doubt it," answered Adelaide; "I will not doubt it; yet I have heard tales of men vowing deep vows and breaking them—of their looking upon woman and woman's love but as a flower to be gathered and cast away: but I will not believe it; no, no, we have known and loved in childhood, and we will love still; I will trust you, dear Ferdinand, I will trust you; only promise me that, if the time should ever come when deep grief and pain menaces your Adelaide, and it is in your power, by any act, to avert it, you will do so, whatever be the consequences."

"Can you suppose I would hesitate?" exclaimed Ferdinand eagerly.

"But I do promise, dear one. I vow by all I hold sacred, by all that is dearest to me, that you shall never ask me aught that can remove a grief from you without my doing it at once."

"Thank you, thank you," answered Adelaide, resting her face upon his shoulder, while he kissed her soft cheek; "then I am happy—then I am all yours. I have longed for this moment to come, Ferdinand; for I wished to say all that might be said, and, to tell the truth, it was for this opportunity that I undertook so readily the task we have here to perform."

"And are you really not afraid, dear Adelaide?" asked her lover. "For certainly here I have seen fearful sights, though I think it must be a demon indeed that could harm you. Have you no fear?"

"None, none in the world," she answered gaily. "I set all spirits at defiance, Ferdinand, but the spirit of love; and it would have needed somewhat more than imaginary terrors to keep me away from you to-day, when we have so fair an opportunity of saying all that we could wish to each other."

"Nay, not all," answered Ferdinand; "there is no day, no hour, when I shall not have something more to say to you, if it be but to tell you again and again how I love you, how I thank you. But there may be more, much more to be said, dear Adelaide; there may be difficulties, dangers, unforeseen circumstances, and, even with Bertha's aid, it may be impossible to communicate them to you fully and freely without seeing you and speaking to you myself."

"Well, then, I will come to you," replied Adelaide, with a beaming smile, as if to banish all his apprehensions like mist before the sun; "or if not, you shall come to me. I have no hesitation, I have no doubt now. All yesterday, after we parted, I was full of gloomy thoughts and dark apprehensions. I was like one wandering by night in a wood, and losing his way, to whichever side he turns. I was doubtful of myself, doubtful of you, doubtful of the past, doubtful of the future; but that has vanished away, and I am all your own."

"And what dispelled it?" asked Ferdinand.

"One word," answered Adelaide; "but you must not question me farther. I say I will come to you, or you shall come to me, at any hour, at any season that it may be needful. I know I can trust you," she continued, gazing at him with a look grave and yet tender; and then raising her eyes towards the sky, "I do believe, Ferdinand, that for the best gift under heaven's sun you would not wrong your Adelaide in word, or thought, or deed; and it is that trust, as well as some necessity, that makes me promise you thus boldly to find means of seeing you whenever you desire it. Should there be danger to either of us, but especially to you, let me know it at once: even if it be in the dead of the night, I should not be frightened, Ferdinand, if I saw you standing beside me, ay in the very spirit-walking time when mortal eyes are closed in sleep. I am very sure, quite sure, that you would not come without some real need—that no light motive would bring you, to my risk and to yours; and therefore I am thus bold, for love and confidence makes me so."

"And I must ask no questions," said Ferdinand, "for your thoughts are changed indeed, dear one."

"None, none," answered Adelaide, with a gay laugh. "And now we must to our task, Ferdinand; for if they come and find it unper-

formed, they may inquire in their own thoughts how we have loitered so. Aid me to hang up these garlands, and to fix the green branches on the walls, and then I will go and seek the wreaths that Theresa is still weaving."

He did as she desired him, moving the great chair of state for her tiny feet to climb and hang the flowers on every prominent place that would hold them; and often he mounted thither too, and supported her lest she should fall, with the arm cast lightly round her waist; and the hands, as they came in contact when stretched out to reach the projecting beam or cast the garland over the wood-work, often clasped together with the gentle pressure of warm love; and if, from time to time, they paused for a moment or two to speak of the things of their own hearts, their pleasant toil was resumed the instant after, and proceeded the more quickly from the happy spirit that was in both.

It was a dream of love and joy; and the flowers which Adelaide had brought were nearly all expended, when a rough voice was heard talking to Bertha without, and Ferdinand sprang down lightly from the chair, and looked towards the door. It opened as he did so; and a man entered, on whose appearance I must pause for a moment, as we may see more of him hereafter.

CHAPTER IX.

The personage who broke in upon the conversation of Ferdinand and Adelaide must have been at least six or eight inches above the ordinary height of the human race. Nevertheless, though he undoubtedly looked a very tall man, and those who stood beside him felt themselves like pigmies, yet at first sight he did not seem so tall as he really was. Unlike most of those persons who deviate from the common standard, either above or below, there was no disproportion in his limbs, nor want of symmetry—the neck was not long, like that of the crane—the form was not spare and meagre—the joints were not large and heavy—the knees did not knock together as he walked; if there was any thing out of proportion, it was that the chest and upper part of the frame was even too broad and bulky, and the head comparatively small; it was round and well shaped, with a capacious forehead, and the short brown hair curling round it, like that of the Farnesian Hercules. The features of the face were good, but somewhat short, and the expression stern and bold. There were no wrinkles in that countenance, except a deep furrow between the eyes; and yet by those indescribable indications which convince us of a fact without our well knowing why, one judged in a moment that he was between forty-five and fifty years of age, though every thing in his whole aspect and carriage denoted undiminished vigour and activity. Here and there, indeed, in his beard and hair, might be traced a single white line, but that was all that spoke the passing of years.

The dress of this worthy personage was that of a handicraft-man of moderate wealth. His coat was of untanned leather, slashed here and there upon the arms, as was the custom of the times; and he wore before him a great leathern apron, blackened and soiled, apparently with the labours of the forge. A little vanity of the kind the French call coquetry was observable in the covering of his head, which was a cap or bonnet of black felt, bordered with a lace of gold; the brim was

somewhat broad, slashed in the shape of one of the Greek mouldings, and turned back towards the crown; while a bunch of green feathers, taken not from the wing of the ostrich, but rather from that of some more homely bird, stretched across the front, and leaned towards his left shoulder. His shoes, or rather half boots—for they came up to his ankle—were long and pointed at the toe; and under one arm he carried a number of pieces of lead and iron, while his right hand was armed with a sledge-hammer, which, wielded by him, might have brained an elephant.

Behind the blacksmith came a lad, bearing a basket full of various utensils of his trade, who, in any other situation, would have appeared a good-sized comely youth, but who, by his side, looked a mere dwarf; and such was the effect of the man's appearance, that Adelaide, who had never beheld Franz Creussen before, turned somewhat pale at the sight, though Ferdinand welcomed him with a good-humoured smile of recognition, perhaps a little vexed that he had come so soon, but not attributing any blame to him on that account.

"Ha, ha, Master Ferdinand!" cried the giant as soon as he saw him; "good morning to you, sir; I thought how it would be. Why don't you help the lady? she can never get that bunch of flowers up there;" and at the same time striding forward, and towering above Adelaide even as she stood raised upon the chair, he stretched out his long powerful arm, and fixed the wreath upon the spot she could not reach.

"You thought how what would be, Franz?" asked Ferdinand, who had remarked a peculiar tone as the blacksmith spoke, and a glance of the eye from himself to Adelaide.

But Franz Creussen did not answer his question, going on in a rambling manner. "So there are ghosts here, the count tells me, and all the men and women but you two are afraid. Let the ghosts come hither, and see if I will not split their skulls with my hammer."

"Why, Franz, I hardly thought you would come," answered Ferdinand; "I heard you once tell the count you would neither shoe his horses nor do work of any kind for him. I am glad to see you in a better humour."

"I would not have come," answered the blacksmith, "only he told me that all the people were afraid; and as I never yet saw a thing to be afraid of, I came to look if I could find it here. But I must set to work, Master Ferdinand; God bless us, how thou art grown! When I first saw thee, thou wert scarce half an ell high, and now thou art above my shoulder."

Ferdinand smiled; for though he was certainly above the blacksmith's shoulder, he saw not much higher, and had no reason to believe he would ever rise above the height he had attained. Franz Creussen turned abruptly to his work, and, with the aid of his boy, soon unhinged the latticed part of the casement nearest the door, in which the largest fractures were perceptible. He then proceeded to another and another; while Ferdinand continued to aid the fair girl in ornamenting the other side of the hall; and many a dear whispered word passed between them, as they hung the garlands, or shook the banners, or crowned the war-crests of the old helmets with bunches of flowers. At length, as the blacksmith reached the fourth window, Adelaide's store was exhausted; and she said, "I must go and bring more, Ferdinand; Theresa, I dare say, has twined plenty by this time; and in

the meanwhile, if you could drive some nails between the stonework of the arches, we could span over the vault with green branches, and make the old hall look like a forest bower."

"I will get Franz to help me," answered her lover; "his arm, I should think, would drive a nail into the heart of the stone, if it were needful."

As soon as she was gone, however, Franz handed down the lattice of the fourth window to his apprentice, saying, "There, carry that to the little court by the stables: I will work there. Then come for the others, boy:" and as the youth departed, the stout man leaned upon his hammer and gazed after him till the door was closed.

"Come, Franz, help me to drive some nails in here, to hold some boughs," said Ferdinand. But Franz Creussen strode up to him; and grasping him tight by the shoulder with his heavy hand, he said, in a low voice, bending down his head, "Be careful, be careful, young man."

"Be careful of what?" asked Ferdinand.

"Pooh, nonsense," cried Franz Creussen: "do you think others will not see what I see? and if they do, you may chance to go to bed one night shorter by the head."

Ferdinand was somewhat puzzled how to answer. It was a case, perhaps, in which insincerity is tolerated by all the rules of social polity; but he knew the man who spoke to him to be honest and true-hearted, and one who had always displayed towards him peculiar kindness and regard, when he was almost at open enmity with all the rest of the Count of Ehrenstein's household. After a moment's hesitation, however, he answered, "I know not what you have seen, Franz, to make you use such words; but I wish you would speak more plainly. I do believe you love me, and would do all you can to serve me."

"Ay, more than you know, Master Ferdinand," replied the blacksmith. "Speak more plainly! Why, I have spoken plainly enough. Who is it makes love to his lord's daughter, and thinks that all other men are buzzards, and can only see by candlelight? I knew it would be so, long ago, and told Father George so too, when he first put you here."

"But if Father George wishes it?" rejoined Ferdinand, looking up in his face.

"Why, I suppose he knows best, then," answered the man, turning on his heel: "but it's a dangerous game. A neck's but a neck, and that's soon cut through; but he knows more than I do, and I suppose he's right:" and thus saying, he searched his basket for a number of large nails that it contained, and was soon busily driving them in between the joints of the stone-work.

In a minute after, his boy returned to take away another of the frames; and as soon as he was gone, Franz Creussen turned to Ferdinand again, and said, "I'll tell you what, young gentleman, Father George knows best, and so you must follow his counsel. But these monks, though they manage all the world, do not always manage it as they like best; and if this matter should go wrong, and you should need help, you will always know where to find it as long as Franz Creussen lives. In any time of need, come down to me if you can; and if you can't get out, which is not an unlikely case, get me down word, and the door will be strong indeed that Franz Creussen's arm cannot open."

"Thank you, Franz, thank you," answered Ferdinand, grasping his hand. "But I would not have you peril yourself for me; I must take my fate as I find it, and no fears for myself will stop me."

"That's right, that's right," answered Franz Creussen. "Life would not be worth keeping if it always wanted watching. But I don't fear peril either, good youth; and I can do more than you think, for there's many a man round about would follow my leathern apron as soon as a knight's banner; I can ride with as good a train, if I like it, as any baron in the land. But all I tell you is, don't you wait too long. If you find yourself in danger, come to Franz Creussen in time; the good count is quick in his despatch; didn't he strangle the poor fellow who, he thought—or said, whether he thought it or not—had stabbed his brother, within twelve hours after he brought home the news of that brother's death?"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Ferdinand; "I was not aware he had done so."

"Ay, ay," answered the blacksmith, "he did it, sure enough; you may see his bones, poor fellow, chained to the pillar against which they strangled him, down in the serfs' burial-vault; but that was before you came here, of course, so you can't know much of it."

"I was aware he had put him to death," replied Ferdinand; "but did not know he had been so prompt in his execution."

"He was, though," rejoined the blacksmith; "and for that reason be you prompt too, if you see signs of danger. Come to Franz Creussen at once,—better to him than to the abbey; for though the monks hold their own well enough against the count, they do not like to meddle in other people's quarrels; and it is likely there will be long consultations, before the end of which the abbey might be stormed, or at the end of which you might be given up."

As he spoke, the Lady Adelaide returned with a fresh supply of garlands, and Franz Creussen turned away to drive in more nails to hang the branches on, and, at the end of about a quarter of an hour, quitted the hall, saying, with a laugh, "I'll go work at the casements in the court; I am better there than here, and you shall have timely notice when the count is coming up the hill."

"That man looked very strange," said Adelaide, "and spoke strangely too. Can he suspect any thing, Ferdinand? He frightens me."

"Oh, do not fear him, dearest girl," replied her lover; "he is honest and true, if ever one was so, and has a great love for me. I must not conceal from you, my beloved, that he does suspect; and has been warning me, if any danger should arise, to fly to him speedily, or to send to him at once if I should be imprisoned. He is much loved and much feared in the country round, and might give good and serviceable aid in case of need."

"Heaven forbid that it should ever be required!" cried Adelaide, clasping her two hands together, and gazing sadly down; but the moment after, the light rose in her eyes again, and she looked up with a bright smile, exclaiming, "I am doing what is right, and I will not fear; but we must be careful, dear Ferdinand. We must not, for the mere happiness of the moment, call suspicions upon us that might endanger the happiness of our lives. Let us to our task; let us to our task, and show them when they return that we have been right busy in that we undertook."

For the next three or four hours, with a brief interruption for the

mid-day meal, the lady and her lover continued to employ themselves in decorating the old hall, and, aided by Franz Creussen and his lad, contrived completely to change the appearance of the place. Bertha, too, by seeing the other four continually go in and come out, by hearing the cheerful sounds of their voices from within, and by the presence of so many persons who seemed to have no fear, was at length encouraged to look in, and then to speak from the door to her mistress at the other end of the hall, and lastly to enter herself and assist with her own hands.

Every thing was nearly completed, but a few more boughs were required to be added, to form a sort of canopy over the chair of state, and to bring in the tables from the other halls, when the distant sound of a trumpet was heard; and Franz Creussen's boy learned from the feudal retainers, who had by this time assembled in considerable numbers, that a large body of horsemen was coming over the opposite hill. Adelaide hastened away to prepare herself for the reception of her father's guests; but Ferdinand remained for a few minutes longer, to finish, with hurried hands, all that remained to be done, and then left the hall with Franz Creussen, who declared that he would now hasten home; adding, in a surly tone, "I will not stay to see them revel, who have no right to be here."

At the door, however, Ferdinand turned to look back and see the general effect which had been produced by the labours of the day. A pleasant, though a somewhat strangely mingled sight it was; and certainly the change which had been produced was very great. The old arches, with their fretted roofs above—the grey stone-work, from which the tone of age and disuse could not be removed contrasted curiously with the gay garlands of bright summer-flowers that crowned the chapters of the pillars, and hung in wavy lines along the walls; the green boughs too, with their regular irregularity forming a vault, as it were, within the vault, crossed in different directions by the banners, now shaken clear of the dust that had long covered them; and the rushes with which the floor was thickly strewn; gave the old hall, as Adelaide had said, the appearance of a forest glade dressed out with flags for some chivalrous holyday; and as he stood and looked around, he felt sure that his lord would think they had laboured well during his absence; and, contented with his work, hastened to his chamber to remove the dust from his face and hands, and don his festival attire.

CHAPTER X.

A body of some sixty armed vassals of the house of Ehrenstein were drawn up in the outer court of the castle: they were under different subordinate leaders; for, by the subdivision of land, in descending from one generation to another, the exact number which had been originally assigned by tenure to different portions of the seignory had become somewhat confused, and also difficult to compute; for many small properties were now only bound to send half a man; and others one, two, or three and a half. As it was not so easy to divide a man as it had been found to divide the land that nourished him, each little community was usually called upon to send their aggregate number, to whom a chief was appointed to command them, under the lord of

Ehrenstein, or one of his officers. As Ferdinand of Altenburg was the only person of note in the household of the count that now remained in the castle, the villagers were, of course, under his guidance; and he endeavoured to array them in such a sort as to make the greatest possible display of force on the entrance of the lord of the castle with his guests. The outer gates, however, were closed; although some of the retainers thought it not a little strange that the young gentleman should shut the doors upon the count himself. But Ferdinand knew well his task; and after ordering a banner to be displayed upon the walls, he approached the gates, and waited with some impatience, listening for the sounds from without. At length the shrill blast of a trumpet upon the bridge, within a few yards of the spot where he stood, showed him that the count was near; and opening the wicket, he demanded aloud, "Who seeks to enter here?" The trumpeter replied in the same tone, "The Count of Ehrenstein. Open the gates to your lord." And the young gentleman instantly commanded them to be flung back, that the cavalcade might enter. It consisted, in the whole, of some sixty or seventy men, with a number of baggage-horses following in the rear. At the head of the first and principal group appeared the count himself, in the garments of peace; while on his left rode a fine-looking man, somewhat past the middle age, partially armed. His head was only covered with an ordinary velvet cap and plume, however; so that Ferdinand had a full opportunity of gazing at his features, which he did with a degree of interest for which he knew no cause. He had heard of Count Frederick of Leiningen, indeed, as a gallant and skilful soldier, and a frank-hearted and amiable man. But he had seen many such, without feeling the same sort of curiosity which he now experienced. The count's face was such as might well express his character—blithe and good-humoured, though with a high, thoughtful brow; while two or three scars upon his lip and cheek showed that he had not acquired the glory of arms without tasting the perils and the pangs. His hair, nearly white, falling from beneath his cap, would have seemed to show a more advanced period of life than the Count of Ehrenstein had attained; but, on the other hand, the guest was more upright and stately in person than his host, and rode his horse with a more martial air. Behind these two appeared old Sickendorf and Karl of Mosbach, with two or three other knights of Count Frederick's train; and the first group was closed by a party which would have seemed very strange, and in most unnatural companionship to our eyes, though in those times it was of every-day occurrence. On the right was a priest in his ordinary riding apparel, bearing a dry branch of the Oriental palm in his hand; and on the left rode a tall, powerful personage, whose motley garb, and sort of Phrygian bonnet, surmounted by a bell instead of a tassel, bespoke him the jester of the high nobleman whom he followed. He also was past the middle age; and his beard, which seemed once to have been of a rich dark brown, was now thickly mingled with white; his eyebrows were quite blanched; but his eye was keen and quick, and his teeth white and perfect. The powerful horse that he bestrode he managed with ease, and even grace; and as he came forward, he sent a rapid and marking glance over every tower and battlement of the castle, and round all the retainers of the house of Ehrenstein, scrutinising each face, and then passing on. Behind these two, and mounted upon a horse as tall as those that went before,

was a dwarf, excessively diminutive in size, and hideous in feature, form, and complexion; he was decked out in all the gayest colours that could be found, which seemed to render his deformity but the more apparent; and his small black eyes twinkled from beneath his bent brows with a dark malicious expression; as if in that small frame there were a vast store of hatred for all human things more favoured by nature than himself. Some pages in attendance, of good birth, followed; and then the men-at-arms.

Just beyond the arch of the gateway stood the Lady Adelaide, with her women, looking more lovely, at least in the eyes of Ferdinand of Altenburg, than she had ever done before—the colour of her cheek heightened—and a light in her eye, that can only be given by love. As soon as Count Frederick saw her, he spoke a few words to her father in a low voice; the Lord of Ehrenstein bowed his head, and his guest instantly sprang to the ground, and advancing gracefully to the lady, took her hand and pressed his lips upon it. The rest of the party also dismounted; and Count Frederick still holding Adelaide by the hand, and gazing upon her with a look of admiration and interest, was led to the lesser hall, where her father, apologizing for being absent for a moment, left him to the entertainment of the fair lady for a time; and hurrying back into the court, called Ferdinand to him.

"Is all prepared in the hall?" he asked, with a low voice.

"Yes, my good lord," replied the young man proudly. "But you cannot go to see it yet, till it be lighted up. The evening is beginning to fall, and at supper-time it will show as you could wish it—so sweetly has the Lady Adelaide decked it. It seems as if she were born a queen of flowers, and they do her bidding willingly."

The count smiled, but went on to say, "Then you had nothing to interrupt you—none of these strange sights again?"

"None, none, my lord," answered Ferdinand. "The only strange sight that visited us during the day was that giant Franz Creussen; but he did us good service, helped to reach up where we could not stretch our arms, and in the labouring part did more than any one; he was only just gone when you arrived."

"He passed us on the road, without a word," replied the count; "neither doffed his bonnet, nor made any sign of reverence. So all passed quietly?"

"So peacefully and lightly, my good lord," answered Ferdinand, "that, standing there in the broad sunshine of the day, I could hardly believe that my eyes had not played me the knave last night, and cheated me with idle visions."

"Perhaps it was so," said the count; "and yet that banner—that was no vision, Ferdinand. However, we must forget such things, and you must choose out twenty of the men to be with us in the hall to-night. Lay my commands strictly on them to show no signs of fear, and forbid all the rest even to whisper one word of these vain tales to any of the guests. I have spoken with Sickendorf and Mosbach already; but I trust more to you, Ferdinand, for they have doubts and fears that you are without: neither, to say the truth, are they very courteous. Here Sickendorf has been brawling already with one of Count Frederick's chief followers. You must try and keep peace and quietness, and see that hospitable courtesy be shown to all."

"I cannot meddle with Sickendorf and Mosbach, my lord,"

answered Ferdinand, "for they are knights, and I am none, and moreover are my elders; but all the rest I can easily command, partly by love and partly by authority, if you will delegate some power to me to rule them as I think best, when you are not present."

"I will, I will, good youth," replied the count; "at supper-time I will do it publicly, with thanks for what you have already done. You shall be my master of the household for the time, and in that character you must show not only every kind attention to Count Frederick himself, but to his favourite followers."

"There is sufficient good accommodation provided for his knights, my lord," answered Ferdinand; "I saw to that before I went to the hall. Every thing is ready for seven, and I see but five."

"Good faith, there are others that he cares for more than his knights," answered the count. "There is the priest; ay, and the jester too. My old friend seems full of strange phantasies, and we must humour them. This fool whom he has with him saved his life in the Holy Land, it seems; and though he is at times somewhat insolent, even to his lord—as all such knavish fools are—not only does he bear with him patiently, but, ever keeping in mind this one service, sets him at table with his knights, and listens to him like an oracle. He and the priest must sit with us, and we may draw diversion from the man, if nought else. Be sure that you are civil to him, my good youth, for Count Frederick's friendship may stand me in good stead. Then there's a youth,—there he stands, talking with Mosbach, a down-looked, quick-eyed lad, who seems a favourite too."

"What is his name, my lord?" asked Ferdinand, turning his eyes in the direction of the group of which the count spoke.

"Martin of Dillberg," said his lord. "He is a gentleman by birth, it seems, but of no very high nobility. Not like the Altenburgs," he continued, with a smile and a flattering tone, "whose very blood is wealth. So now go, Ferdinand, and see that all be arranged as I have said; for I must hie me back again, and lead this good lord to his apartments. You do the same for the others; and let the trumpet sound some minutes before supper, that we may all be gathered in the other hall."

Thus saying, he left him; but in the meanwhile some words of interest had passed between Adelaide and Count Frederick, who had remained with her near one of the windows, while the few attendants who had followed them grouped together talking at the other end of the chamber.

"I have known your father long and well, my dear young lady," he said, as soon as they entered; "and I knew your uncle better still,—a noble and high-minded man he was, as sportful as a child, yet with the courage and the conduct of a sage; and I must look upon you almost as a daughter. Thus, if I do so sometimes, and seem more familiar and more concerned about your happiness than our young acquaintance might warrant, you will forgive me."

"Kindness needs no forgiveness, my noble lord," replied Adelaide, thinking she remarked something peculiar in the prince's tone, though she knew not well what.

"Yes, for it may sometimes seem impertinent," answered Count Frederick. "But methinks, my child, if I can read the clear book of

your eyes aright, you are one who can see very speedily what are the motives of words or actions that to some might seem strange. I am preparing you for the demeanour of an odd old man—but I think I have said enough."

"I do not know, my lord," replied Adelaide, casting round her eyes in some doubt and confusion; "enough to awaken curiosity, but not to satisfy it."

"Perhaps not enough to win confidence," replied Count Frederick; "yet as I never knew that it could be gained by words, I must leave deeds to speak for me, and will only tell you more, that I have seen and spoken with a friend of yours, and that if you should need at any time aid and protection, you will have it from Frederick of Leiningen."

"A friend of mine!" said Adelaide, in surprise.

"Yes, indeed," replied her companion, "and a good friend too; who told me that a time was coming when you might need support; and I promised to give it. But I must hear more myself before I can speak further. In the meantime, keep what I have said to your own bosom, but trust me as far as you will when you have need—What is it now, Herr Narren?" he continued, as his jester approached him. "What is it that you want?"

"What do I want?" said the man in motley. "Good faith, Uncle Frederick, my answer, to be pertinent, must be as long as a dictionary. First, I want lands and lordships, and a purse well stored; then I want wit, at least so men tell me; and I judge myself that I want a pretty wife. Sure I ought to have one or the other, though both cannot go together; for a pretty wife takes away a man's wit, and a man who has wit has not a pretty wife. Then I want boots of untanned leather, broidered with gold, and a well-darned doublet, which the heir of heaven knoweth right well I have not got.—Give you good luck, fair lady; are you the daughter of this castle?"

"I am the daughter of its lord," replied Adelaide, with a smile.

"Then you are the daughter of the castle," answered the jester, "and its only-begotten child."

"How do you prove that, Herr von Narren?" asked Count Frederick, seeming to enjoy very much the man's dull jokes.

"Now cogitate," replied the jester. "Is not the castle made of stone—all lord's hearts are made of stone too. He is the lord of the castle; and if she is the daughter of his heart, she is the daughter of a stone. The castle is made of stone—*ergo*, she is the daughter of the castle."

"It halts, it halts," cried Count Frederick; "your argument is lame of one foot."

"My father's heart has never been of stone to me," replied Adelaide, gently.

"Perhaps you never cut it, or you would have found it so, pretty blossom," said the jester, more gravely than was his wont; and then turning to Count Frederick, he was about to continue in his usual strain, when their host entered, and in courteous terms, and with the ceremonious manners of the day, besought his noble guest to follow him to the apartments which had been prepared for him. The party in the little hall then separated; and Adelaide retired to her own chamber, through passages and corridors now crowded with men carrying up the baggage with which the horses had been laden

THE VALLEY OF THE MEUSE.*

THE goodly fellowship of tourists who wend their way to Germany at this period of the year, are generally in such a hurry to get there. for fear any unforeseen accident, any sudden call of business, should oblige them to retrace their steps before they can "say they have seen the Rhine," that they seldom think of inquiring about anything else than this, "How soon shall we get to Cologne?" and look neither to the right nor the left till they get there. And pretty considerably disappointed are they, as we imagine, when they do find themselves in its dirty, narrow streets, very much resembling those of that Cockney Cologne—Gravesend; and rush incontinently to buy boxes of the "veritable eau de Cologne"—just as the Gravesend tourists buy bags of the veritable shrimps of that ancient and interesting watering-place. And when they manage to poke their noses through the end of a long guttery gullet of a street, and sniff the breath of the brownish-yellow Rhine, crawling sluggishly between its low banks, very incontinently do they begin to compare the opposite bank with that of Tilbury, and to speculate upon the difference in breadth of the two rivers; and choking perhaps with the oleaginous cookery of the German Gasthoff, entertain for a moment something like a vain desire that they might be back again at the "Falcon" to refresh their memories of an old familiar spot, "too early seen unknown, and known too late." No doubt but next day, when they find themselves steaming up the river to Coblentz, and pay their respects to the Seven Mountains by the way, this disloyal feeling leaves them, and their faculties begin to open to a perception of the grand and picturesque; and by the time they have steamed back again they have got the panorama book by heart, and have nothing more to desire but to get comfortably home to the Hill of Ludgate, or Corn, or Denmark, or Hampstead, (which they begin to think rather meanly of,) and to tell the Joneses all they saw and all they didn't see.

And did we say that in all this fortnight's tour they saw nothing but Cologne and the Rhine? If so, we wronged them much. They saw everything that was to be seen at Antwerp, and Mechlin, and Brussels, and Liège,—perhaps even at Ghent and Bruges; cathedrals, town-halls, pictures, lace, and so forth; and all inspected in a wonderful short space of time. It is really charming to see one of these inquiring tourists go through the accustomed processes, with an instinct as if he had been born to it, and accustomed to it all his life. Arrived at Antwerp, he is seized upon by a commissionaire, a sort of licensed highwayman, who whilst he robs you himself, prevents your being robbed by anybody else. Having chosen his hotel, he calls for a "bang," *Anglice* a bath, and having therein fairly cleansed himself of all tincture of cockneyism, resigns himself as mildly as a new babe to his taskmaster, and in the brief space of an hour and a quarter which it wants to feeding time, is conducted to the cathedral, where he hoists himself up its six hundred and sixteen spiral steps, and peers through the five hundred and twenty pipes of the organ; takes a look at the famous

* A Tour through the Valley of the Meuse, with the Legends of the Walloon Country and the Ardennes, by Dudley Costello. London: Chapman and Hall.

Rubenses, and then, *ho presto!* to St. Jacques, with its twenty-four marble altars, and then to St. Paul's, and seven other saints; besides museums, botanic gardens, town-halls, &c., which appear to have been established for no other purpose than to increase the toil and petty cash expenditure of English travellers. And what it is at Antwerp, it is at Ghent, and Bruges and Brussels, and all the rest of them.

Instead of following the herd in this well-beaten track, let us sneak off the road with Dudley Costello, who tells us of fresher fields and pastures green, on the banks of the little, modest, but wild and rugged Meuse, whose history is as wild and rugged as itself. Mr. Costello recommends himself to us as a travelling companion by the motto which he has chosen from Chateaubriand, "Un voyageur est une espèce d'historien; son devoir est de raconter fidèlement ce qu'il a vu ou ce qu'il a entendu dire;" and accordingly, mingling anecdote and old legend with graphic description, we speed on our way with him.

We start up the stream from Liège, the busiest and wealthiest commercial town of Belgium, and which has always been a place of note and importance in the history of these parts. "From a very early period the Liègeois," says Mr. Costello, "like their Flemish brethren of Ghent and Bruges, are distinguished for an ardent love of liberty, and a firm determination to maintain the rights and privileges which, as the city grew in importance, they wrung from their successive rulers. Alternately oppressed by the harsh control of their bishops, who exercised a power both spiritual and temporal, and the tyranny of the nobles, who constituted a numerous and formidable body, the history of Liège is, for several centuries, the recital of one continuous struggle—the struggle of the many against the few—the weak against the strong—whose parallel may be found in the history of feudal Europe, in all save the terrific visitations which it endured at the hands of its merciless masters."

Hallam tells us that "no taxes were raised in Flanders, or indeed throughout the dominions of Burgundy, without consent of the three estates." And in a note we have the following curious particulars:—

"It was very reluctantly that the Flemings granted any money. Philip once begged for a tax on salt, promising never to ask anything more; but the people of Ghent, and, in imitation of them, the whole country, refused it. Upon his pretence of taking the cross, they granted him a subsidy, though less than he had requested, on condition that it should not be levied if the crusade did not take place, which put an end to the attempt. The States knew well that the duke would employ any money they gave him in keeping up a body of gens-d'armes like his neighbour the King of France; and though the want of such a force exposed their country to pillage, they were too good patriots to place the means of enslaving it in the hands of their sovereign."

What a picture does this one passage give of these troublous times, when the rough burghers of a border country preferred to stand the brunt of the fire and sword of their enemies, to placing the means of defence in the hands of a prince whom they did not choose to trust; when every man's hand was against every man, and the now peaceful farm-house and homestead were fortified for defence and aggression, as we see to this day.

It is in this point of view that the Valley of the Meuse, with its mouldering relics, but its still living impressions and memories of the

past, is so interesting to intellectual observers of the world; whilst its thousand legends, compounds of truth and falsehood, in the proportion of one to ninety-nine, are sufficient to entrance the lover of the marvellous. It is said by somebody that mountainous countries are the proper birthplaces of poetry; certainly they appear to be of romancing; and Mr. Costello informs us that the predilection to this habit still exists to a large extent amongst the primitive inhabitants of the Meuse district.

At the Chateau of Freyr, (famous in diplomatic history, as the place where the famous Treaty of Commerce was signed between France and Spain in 1675,) "the gardener's son was our *cicerone*, and a youth of less intelligence it is perhaps difficult to meet with. His discourse, as he led us through the woods, was chiefly about serpents, and he questioned us very particularly in regard to the quantities which he had heard existed in England. He then dilated upon the adders of Freyr, which he said were as thick as a man's body, and very numerous! No doubt, if he had been pressed on the subject, he would have peopled the caverns with dragons; but we prudently abstained from asking more than the modern history of the grotto, leaving to other authorities the responsibility of deriving the name Freyr from the Scandinavian Venus, Friga."

Again, concerning this grotto, which was accidentally discovered about twenty-five years ago, our author tells us—

"Some bones and two or three skulls are shown; but whether they are the relics of ancient sacrifices, the remains of venerable hermits, or the *disjecti membra* of refugees or murdered travellers, tradition is silent. Our guide said that an iron vessel and a poniard were also found when the grotto was first opened; but as his tendency was evidently towards the marvellous, we were willing to suppose them merely an accompaniment to his gigantic adders."

Amongst other popular customs, now grown obsolete, Mr. Costello gives a curious account of the Stilters of Namur, who used to fight in a kind of tournament in lists regularly marked out, and guided by a code of laws as punctilious as any in the range of chivalry.

But we must hasten to Dinant, which our author recommends as head-quarters to those who would explore the Walloon country, and afterwards the Forest of Ardennes, as what Englishman ought not to do, who pretends to true allegiance to his great poet Shakspeare? For, to quote, *par parenthese*, the words of our author—

"It is here truly the scene as Shakspeare has painted it, a perfect picture of sylvan beauty. Except the 'green and gilded snake,' and the 'lioness, with udders all drawn dry,' that lay in wait for Orlando's elder brother, all the features of 'the Forest of Arden,' in 'As You Like It,' are drawn to the life. The truth of the description arises of course from the poet's quick sense of the beauties of nature, and his ready apprehension of all that unites to render forest scenery delightful, whether in England or beyond the Meuse. Nurtured in tradition, and steeped in the recollection of the days when he

'———— did lay him down within the shade
Of waving trees, and dreamed uncounted hours,'

the Forest of Ardennes was to him as real an object as the woods that bordered the Avon; and thus the scenery of his unrivalled comedy is as true as the personages with whom he has filled these wilds are instinct with life. At every step we meet with

'Oaks, whose antique roots peep out
Upon the brooks that brawl along the wood;'

we cannot penetrate beyond the glades, without disturbing some 'careless herd, full of the pasture,' the 'dappled fools' that formed the subject of the moralising reverie of the 'melancholy Jaques;' we linger in many a spot where still seems to echo the song of the forester lord, nor can we refrain from chanting with him—

'Who doth ambition shun,' &c."

The situation of Dinant is in the highest degree picturesque. "It is an extremely long and narrow town, consisting of little more than one street, which runs for nearly a mile from one extremity to the other, its breadth being in few places more than a hundred yards. Below the bridge the houses are built close to the river, and above it are separated only by a long quay, planted with trees, which serves for recreation as well as commerce."

The period of its greatest prosperity, was that of its downfall; and cruelly and signally did it fall!

"It was in the year 1466 that this fatal calamity befel, when the spirit of hostility which the people of Dinant had always manifested against the house of Burgundy, and which was secretly fomented by their treacherous ally, Louis the Eleventh of France, declared itself so violently that war became the necessary consequence. It proved unhappily a war of extermination."

The account of this terrible conflict is given with graphic vigour by Mr. Costello, but of course we cannot pretend to go into the details:—

"In four days (after the surrender) walls, towers, gates, and houses, all were razed to the ground, the body of the cathedral being alone preserved. In place of a rich and flourishing city, nothing was now to be seen but a heap of ruins and ashes; and the poor women who, after the retreat of the Burgundians, returned sadly to the spot to seek out their lost abodes, were unable to recognize where they stood. Thus fell the unfortunate city of Dinant! Never since the destruction of Jerusalem had any city experienced so terrible a fate. As the old Chronicler observes, whose account we have followed, 'Ceulx qui regardoient la place où la ville avoit esté, povoient dire l'y fust Dynant!'"

Such the terrible doings of the "good old times" of chivalry and romance, which add so much a picturesque gloom to these old fields of feudal strife! At present the good people are in such a state of primitive simplicity, that if you want a saddle horse to explore the country, you must have him taken from the plough,—and that there is only one lady's side-saddle in the whole town. To those who have the genuine exploring spirit within them, however, this will offer no discouragement; particularly when they know that they are within reach of such places as the castle of Walzen; the modern chateau, "perched on the summit of a perpendicular rock above the deep waters of the Lesse, but far lower down than the ancient castle, the ruins of which are visible on another height about half a mile beyond." We have not room for the description of this delicious spot. We give, however, a characteristic sketch of the good curé of Montaigle:—

"The cabarets in the village looked much too dark and dirty to tempt one to enter, so we waded on to the upper extremity, where the only building stood into which we thought it worth while to venture. It was apparently a farm-house, and while we stood asking for admission of a group of children, who were staring at us from an open barn, a tall man, wearing the clerical *soutane*, opened the door and courteously begged us to enter. He was the curé of the village, and a better specimen of the simple country pastor it would be difficult to meet. He led us into his parlour, and immediately pressed refreshments upon us: 'Would we have coffee? No? Then, as he had just dined (it was only twelve o'clock), we must take our share with him of a bottle of Bordeaux,—that could do no harm; on the contrary, as we felt damp, it would be exactly the thing.' A sprightly-looking girl of fifteen, the curé's niece, instantly

disappeared, but speedily returned with wine-glasses, followed by a clean, good-natured looking old woman, bearing the promised bottle. She was the curé's mother, and took her seat beside the stove, while the good priest drew the cork and filled bumpers all round. It was impossible to refuse hospitality so earnestly proffered.

"The curé was a quiet good-tempered man, about forty years of age, of plain, farmer-like aspect, with contentment legibly written on his broad, shining face. His cure consisted of about five hundred souls; the duty he said was 'très facile,' for his parishioners were 'des manants bien doux;' and he passed his time in this quiet village much at his ease, except perhaps in the winter season, when the distance at which the different farms in his parish were separated, rendered his duty rather more severe. He was simple, untravelled, and unlettered, knowing little beyond his métier de prêtre, and at this season was occupying his leisure in making and setting springes for grives,—'le meilleur oiseau qui existe, après le becasse.' He had been curé of Sommiers about ten years, and never left it except once a year to go to his native place, Namur, where all his brothers and sisters lived. He said that the owners of the farms and châteaux all round were his friends, and that he led a very tranquil, happy life. It was easy to believe him.

Mr. Costello's entertaining little volume, so full of alternate narrative and description, is, moreover, very beautifully embellished with wood engravings of romantic and remarkable spots.

THE FORTUNE OF EDENHALL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

Of Edenhall the youthful lord,
While pealing clarions swell and fall,
Rises beside his festal board,
Loud calls he to his seneschal,
Now out with the Fortune of Edenhall.

The seneschal unwilling hears,
The oldest vassal of them all,
He takes, oppressed with boding fears,
The crystal cup from silken pall,
They call it the Fortune of Edenhall.

"Now crown the cup at my command
With ruddy wine of Portugal;"
The old man pours with trembling hand,
And purple light streams over all,
'Tis shed by the Fortune of Edenhall.

The young lord quaffed the ruddy wave,
He said—"This goblet, clear and tall,
A fairy to my grandsire gave;
Therein she wrote, 'If this shall fall,
Farewell then, O Fortune of Edenhall!'"

A drinking cup might well beseem
The joyous race of Edenhall;
We love to quaff the gen'rous stream,
And from the glass its music call—
Strike, strike with the Fortune of Edenhall!

At first it rings—mild, deep, and mellow,
Like nightingale's melodious call;
Then as the pealing thunders bellow,
Or angry mountain torrents brawl,
Resounds the Fortune of Edenhall.

"This fragile glass a gallant race
Takes for a rocky pedestal,
Too long we bear with such disgrace.
With this bold blow, whate'er befall,
I will try the Fortune of Edenhall,"

And as the goblet bursts asunder,
Bursts the proud vault with sudden fall,
And from the cleft the flames rush under;
The revelling guests are scattered all
With the broken Fortune of Edenhall.

The foe storms in with fire and sword,
Who in the night had climbed the wall,
Then murder'd fell the youthful lord,
His hand still grasping in his fall
The shattered Fortune of Edenhall.

On the next morn, in lonely grief,
Wanders the aged seneschal;
He seeks the ashes of his chief,
He seeks amidst the ruined hall
The wrecks of the Fortune of Edenhall.

"The wall of stone," he said, "decays,
The column's stately grace must fall,
Glass is earth's pride, its joy and praise;
Yea, crushed and parched, this earthly ball
Shall be like the Fortune of Edenhall."

J. W.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Tiara and the Turban is a fanciful title enough; the intent of which however is sufficiently explained by that which follows:—"or Impressions and Observations of Character within the dominions of the Pope and the Sultan." The author, Mr. Hill, is a man of a reflective turn of mind; he does not pretend to take us into new scenes, but he views them in a light of his own, which gives them much of the effect of novelty. His spirit is a tolerant one; his theory, as it seems, being, that as the physical constitution of man adapts itself under a wise Providence to all climates, the moral and guiding principle may retain its virtue under every variety of conventional institution. The calm pages of these two volumes are really a relief after the hasty and superficial style in which modern tourists too generally deliver themselves.

X. Y. Z., who presents us with a volume of letters from *Spain and Tangier*, written in 1840 and 1841, is a traveller of the mercurial character; nevertheless, the author's style is as intelligent as it is vivacious; full of gossip about everything—dress, dinners, travelling, politics, palaces, brigands, crimes, punishments, etc., etc. You cannot open a page without falling upon something to entertain. The letters from Tangier are particularly interesting, giving, as they do, a recent picture of a country but little visited by travellers. At this we should not wonder, when we consider the hatred of the Moors for foreigners of the Christian faith, in evidence of which the author relates several startling incidents. The very children are taught the following tolerant and humane sentiment:—"May the Christians be hung by the hook, in the nose and in the back, on this earth and in h——l; and the Jews be impaled to all eternity!" It seems that "persons who are under the protection of a soldier of the Emperor are safe at least in or near the sea-port towns; and if any one so guarded were to be injured, the guard himself would pay the penalty with his life, if life were lost." To wander far from the town, however, even with this escort, does not seem to be considered advisable. It is curious "that the presence of women among a party of strangers, far from increasing the danger, lessens it. Mr. H——— assures us, that as women are looked upon as something sacred by Mussulmen, they would decidedly serve as a safeguard rather than the contrary." Nevertheless we are told that "pistols, without ball, have more than once been flashed in the face of Miss ———, the 'daughter of England,' as she is styled in the oriental phraseology;"—this, however, was considered by some a complimentary salute; but "I understood her to say, that once a loaded pistol had been fired at her and missed." However this may be, of the following incident, which occurred during the residence of this family at Algiers, there is no doubt:—"An European lady, while riding, was accosted by a native, also on horseback, thus:—'Christian, you are too beautiful to live; cover your face,' upon which the speaker shot her dead!"

The Practice of Angling, particularly as regards Ireland. By O'Gorman. 2 vols.—Another treatise on angling? Yes,—and, according to the author, the only true one. "What have I not to answer for," he says in his preface, "owing to the delay this work has met in its progress; how many casualties of various kinds have occurred in consequence; how many rods of evil structure been fabricated; how many wheels have been constructed on foolish and vicious principles; how many lines badly prepared; how many casting-lines odiously knotted; how many hooks ill-turned and round-shanked, to the evident discomfort of the fly-tier, ill-formed appearance of the fly, and missing of the fish! How many good, wise, and salutary instructions and directions have been withheld from the angling world for years—for so long was this treatise (which was not at first intended for public use)" [oh the selfishness of the gentle craft!] "on its road to maturity." All these evils, however, may now be remedied, and rods, lines, hooks, and flies be manufactured and wielded to perfection under the instructions of this infallible professor. With these practical details, however, we shall not deal, till, like their author, we find ourselves dabbling knee-deep in water, "gentlemen in waiting" upon some wayward and obstinate jack. Let us rather give an amusing specimen of a fisherman's toilette:—

"We were out about eight in the morning: three excellent rods, the lines run out and well stretched, when Jack Kean, my chief boatman, requested that I would wheel up the lines, and then walked deliberately to the river. I asked him what he was about? when he replied, that he was going to shave himself; and so he did, having

lathered himself with a boiled potatoe—and, such a razor! By the time the operation was over, his face was scarified like a crimped salmon."

O'Gorman is very intelligent and entertaining in many of his gossiping disquisitions. He vehemently scouts the doctrine recently promulgated by a Scotch writer of the tadpole infancy of the salmon. He also complains bitterly of the strict monopoly which is exercised over the salmon fisheries in the Shannon and other great waters in Ireland,—where it seems "it is even considered a compliment to suffer gentlemen to fish on their own grounds." Jealous also is he of the dignity and *status* of his adopted sport; and, under the head "a philosophical chapter, and presumptuous criticism on some of the works of a tolerated and idolized brute," we have the following vindictive outburst:—

"'A worm at one end of a pole and a fool at the other.'—This piece of smartness is for ever in the mouths of those paltry pretenders to wit, who affect to deride a most fascinating and scientific pursuit. The definition has been very falsely attributed to Dean Swift, who was himself an angler, and of whom tradition relates, that he often fished in that delightful brook which ran through the bishop's demesne at Glasnevin, when on visits to his friend, Dean Sheridan. It is really attributable to that great, corrupt, and unmannerly literary brute, Dr. Johnson, who, it is much to be lamented, did not make the tour of Ireland, where he might have acquired what he seems through life to have been very deficient in—good manners." He then retaliates upon the doctor by averring that he "never could read his greatest work, the Rambler, for an hour together, without getting the headache." He then puts in contrast the science and philosophy required of the angler on various trying occasions, as for instance:—"a hook gets beyond the barb into your hand, finger, or perhaps your nose or lip." How *Piscator* is to act in this emergency, together with many other matters pertaining to his vocation, will be found at length in these volumes.

Illustrations of the Law of Kindness, by the Rev. G. W. Montgomery, is a small volume of most wholesome and useful influence, consisting not merely of theoretical admonition, but of practical illustration drawn from authentic sources of history and biography. It is a reprint from an American work, and the author is minister of the gospel residing at Auburn in the United States. Though necessarily making repeated reference to inculcations of divine law, there is nothing sectarian or intolerant in the style of writing, the christianity of the author being of the true Catholic and comprehensive spirit. The subject is divided under distinct heads, as, the power of kindness contrasted with that of revenge, the disarming force of kindness, the effect of kindness in controlling and restoring the insane, and in softening and reproving the criminal, (kindness in this case being a show of sympathy quite consistent with the enforcement of all necessary punishment,) and in gaining the goodwill and confidence of the ignorant. The above are matters more of personal kindness; we have next a wider field under the head of national kindness, wherein the reciprocity of good feeling between distinct ranks of a community and between nations is inculcated, and the practice of war deprecated as a two-fold evil, cursing equally the conqueror and the vanquished. This little volume is full of pertinent anecdote, and will afford entertainment as well as moral edification.

Closely allied with part of the above large subject, is a little brochure entitled *Torrington Hall*, by Arthur Wallbridge, the author of "Jest and Earnest." Torrington Hall is no other than an extensive establishment for the treatment of the insane, founded and conducted near Bath by Dr. Elstree. The doctor's course of treatment is founded upon a broad and original theory of the origin of insanity. According to the doctor's view, "the character of man is entirely the result of his peculiar organization, (we should state that he is a believer in Phrenology,) as stimulated by peculiar external influences. This internal energy of organization, and this external energy of influences, continually acting and reacting upon each other, form the origin of the being—make up the characteristics of such being. Thus the formation of character is governed by natural laws, and is a scientific process which can be successfully conducted by those persons who have sufficiently studied animal physiology, and the modifying effect on animal organization of various external influences. . . . . Madness is esteemed merely a short conventional word to express great departure in *tendency and opinion* from a standard of propriety; which standard is usually understood to be that recognized by the majority for the time being, whilst *crime* is the same departure in *action*." This passage does not, we admit, quite fill our notion of the origin and nature of insanity, which is something beyond a "tendency or opinion." The discrepancy, perhaps, is more in the expression than the intention. Admitting the doctor's analogy between the sanity or insanity of the mind and of the body, it would seem to follow that, as applied to the former, insanity con-

sisted in a disruption or suspension of the functions of reason, resulting in incompetence to receive and make use of ideas, which are the food of the mind, just as much as a state of indigestion incapacitates from the wholesome use of physical aliment. That mind and body closely act and react upon one another, and that an abnormal state of either may be treated with success upon principles strictly analogous, we are prepared to admit; and this we believe, after all, is Dr. Elstree's real principle, though it is not satisfactorily expressed. In practice, he appears to have been most successful, as attested by the ocular observation of the author, who gives an interesting detail of the arrangements and cheerful proceedings of this little colony, which, containing seven hundred inmates, is entirely self-supporting!

The contributions of our poets have been pretty numerous of late. We have nearly a dozen volumes of this class on our table; all advanced in various stages of leaf-cutting. It is impossible to read them all through. But poetry, above all things, is a subject which one soon gets a taste of, by which to judge of the desirableness of cutting deeper.

Charles Mackay is too well recommended to us by his graceful and romantic "Salamandrine," for us to hesitate long at the threshold of his new and beautiful little volume entitled *Legends of the Isles and other Poems.* There is a fervour and purpose about this writer, a healthiness of sentiment, and a hearty appetite for the beautiful and manly, which stamp him as a genuine poet. The Legends of the Isles comprise a variety of subjects all happily treated:—"The Sea-king's Burial," "The Eve of Flodden," "The Invasion of the Norsemen," "St. Columbia, or the Counting of the Isles," are but a few of them. Amongst the miscellaneous poems is one entitled "The Founding of the Bell," which, in spite of recollections of Schiller, will bear reading and reading again. The author informs us in a note that he had not read Schiller's "Lay of the Bell," and that having the fancy on him to take up the theme, he resolved not to read it till he had said his own say. There is sufficient of similarity, and yet sufficient of difference in the two poems to render a perusal of both extremely interesting, and to rank the more recent one amongst the curiosities of literature.

Dramatic and other Sketches, by the Rev. James Wills, have chiefly appeared already in Blackwood's Magazine, and other periodicals. The Dramatic Poems are three, "The Court of Darkness," "Last Days of Nero," and "The Daughters of Time." The author's style is ambitious, and generally correct; and there are several passages of great beauty and power to reward a perusal.

"*Gaëtano, a Dramatic Poem in three acts, and other Poems*," by Gilbert Mayfield. Gaëtano is a strange mixture of the sentimental and the sensual. He begins by apostrophizing the stars, whilst his boisterous guests (he is wealthy, and princely in his entertainments) are carousing in various parts of his villa. To him, however, enter Myrtea "dressed in flowing robes—her breast laid bare in voluptuous freedom," who upbraids him for his want of gallantry. But the moral fit is on him, and he tells her—

> "I shudder, girl, as o'er the few past years
> My mem'ry wanders, painting all thy deeds!"

Women have winning ways, however, and the end of the scene finds him "overcome by her vehemence;" when "casting her arms, with a sudden start of passion, around his form, she hurries him from the chamber" to the banquet hall, where "young and beautiful females richly clothed," are already assembled. After this relapse, Gaëtano is as good as lost; wine and women are the order of each day, "money no object." At last, when very nearly cleaned out, he orders one vast feast, which he enjoins to his servants,

> "may swallow up his all,"

who take care to obey him; and in the third act he dies a beggar and an outcast. We have gone thus much into detail on this work, as the author has especially addressed himself to the critics, as a competitor for the brightest laurels of poetry, which he considers to be unappropriated at the present moment. We are sorry that in candour we cannot give him encouragement to proceed in this ambitious contest.

CÆSAR BORGIA.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WHITEFRIARS."

CHAPTER VII.

"A net in th' one hand, and a rusty blade
In th' other was; this Mischiefe, that Mishap;
With th' one his foes he threatened to invade,
With th' other he his friends meant to enwrap,
For whom he could not kill he practiced to entrap."—*Spenser.*

Messer Niccolò followed in the steps of his companion at a more leisurely and careful pace; but such was the strength of the chain which bound the unlucky Orsino to his rock, that the rescuers had not succeeded in severing its links when he too arrived. It was of the kind used in fastening up in their stalls the mighty animals intended for the bull fights—a pastime which the Spaniards had introduced with themselves into Italy.

The Florentine took a leisurely survey of the whole scene, and of the person of the prisoner, which indeed was not unworthy of notice, for it presented many of the finer characteristics of the Italian race, deteriorated indeed from the manliness and vigour of the Latin, but retaining much of the symmetry and grace befitting the boasted descendants of Venus. The Orsino was a man in the prime of his age, and possessed a frame rather remarkable for elegance and proportion than for power, yet which was probably of much greater strength than might at first have been concluded, from the perfect harmony and adjustment of the parts. The features were strongly, but at the same time finely delineated, traces of ardent passions visible in their rapid workings, and ever-restless variety of light and shade; which yet, at pleasure, could sink into a marble repose, that mocked the scrutiny of the observer. The complexion, too, might be compared to that which marble takes when long exposed to the rays of a southern sun, that golden paleness of hue which we rarely or never behold in the north, now deepened to swarthiness by the dark sweat which bathed the visage of the exhausted captive. His long raven-blue hair heightened the cadaverous tint which suffering and dread had bestowed, and over which his sunken eyes, flashing with delirious excitement, diffused a strange light. His whole frame was indeed in agitation, the muscles throbbing, the palpitations of the heart visible through the mantle of flock cloth which he wore, his general costume being that of a Lombard merchant, which he had probably assumed as a disguise for his real quality. Surcharged with the electric fluid of the passions as was the nature of the Italian of the sixteenth century, still he had nothing of the mercurial vivacity of the Frenchman in him. His vehemence vented itself in thunder

storms occasionally, but for the most part smouldered under a calm aspect, differing equally from the pompous gravity of the Spainard, and which was not melancholy, and yet resembled it as twilight resembles moonlight. It was in this age that the Italians achieved that character throughout Europe which induced Shakspeare to make Italy the scene of some of his most vigorous and terrible creations, for there the passions of humanity seemed to have reached their hottest glow; the human intellect to have attained its subtlest polish—there the sunstruck passion of Romeo, and the refined fiendishness of Iago, were natural productions of an atmosphere so fraught with good and evil, with horror and beauty, treachery and cruelty so remorseless, love so absorbing as to resemble madness, and which only the delirious splendour of the imagination of that age, excited by the strange convulsions and revolutions which befel it, could have reflected into such terrible and yet magnificent distortions.

So much were the actors in the scene absorbed, that no one noticed the entrance even of so dignified a personage as the Florentine ambassador, except the jester, who had himself halted under the black natural archway which the piled rocks formed opening into the cavern.

"They have saved him indeed, the deadliest snake of the whole brood!" muttered the jester, half to himself, half to Messer Niccolò. "I will attempt no enterprize again on this day of the moon, for on it the blindest chance has foiled all wisdom and foresight! Yet stay! look, how his tongue is swollen too big for his jaws—water would refresh him. Methinks I will bear him some; 'twere a charity."

"And lest the cold wave should strike chill, you will season it with some eastern powder, which warms the stomach suddenly?" returned Messer Niccolò, with an inquiring glance, adding, in a somewhat deprecative tone, "But I see not any good policy in that—it is one of my maxims, that a prince who intends to crush his enemies, should not attempt to do it in many blows, but in one which shall concentrate the strength of many, for else he runs much risk of exciting a resistance which may baffled him. Never injure but where you destroy, or you but sow the dragon's teeth for your own destruction; therefore, until you can extirpate the whole Orsini family, I would not have you provoke them by the destruction of one of its greatest members, in whom its life-blood flows—its heir—for you can scarcely hope so sudden a catastrophe should hap without suspicion."

"It is another of your maxims, Niccolò, that whoever would keep a newly-acquired state, must root out the whole race of the expelled prince," replied the motley, musingly. "My power is only that of which I have deprived the feudatories of the Holy See."

"Without doubt you are the destined instrument to exterminate the petty tyrants of Italy, and once more to restore her unity," replied the politician. "It is also true that Paolo Orsino is one of the most powerful—nay, since the Colonnas were stripped naked—*the* most powerful of the church's rebels; still, I do not think the time is seasonable at this moment for his destruction."

"Niccolò, thou hast a better brain to devise, than heart to execute," replied the jester, somewhat contemptuously smiling. "But thou art ever mine oracle; and moreover, there is something whispers me that, like all the other mischances of my life, even this is working to my good. I may yet need Paolo to play against the proud coxcomb of

Ferrara—what doth this Bembo with his sharp nose cutting the air of Romagna?"

"I would I could assure myself on that thesis, sir," returned the politician.

"I will not give the Orsino to drink then—now, moreover, I must learn who hath betrayed me thus by suffering him to live to need a draught at my hands, or the tickling in his ribs of a sprinkle-of-mercy!" continued the motley. "But I much doubt whether Signor Paolo, who has cause to know me, who has met me in battle, where men's looks strike into each other's souls, may not recognize me even in this disguise. Anon, and I shall find it as difficult to hide me as the sun, were he to play at bo-peep with the world."

"Nay, sir; in this disguise, with those fiery red locks, that bepatched visage, those strange eyes, who could recognize the great duke of Romagna? And considering how little some do love you, who could suspect such folly in the subtlest spirit of the age, as to believe he would trust himself to its protection?" said Messer Niccolò.

"Nay, good lad, not altogether; these fellows of mine will not turn their backs on double their number," replied the jester, rather hastily, as if he liked not the covert sneer. But, at this moment, a shout of joy interrupted the dialogue. One of the massive links of the chain had yielded to a prodigious blow which Sir Reginald struck it with a sharp fragment of rock, and the prisoner sprang up, at liberty. His next movement was to throw himself on his knees before the crucifixion, and solemnly to vow the erection of a chapel to Saint Guidobald, as near as possible to the scene of his miraculous deliverance. Then, rising, he embraced his deliverers in turn, with the most vehement protestations of eternal gratitude.

"My castles, lands, revenues, my heart and soul, and those of my whole race, are at your devotion, noblest knights!" he exclaimed. "The life which you have preserved is yours, and there is nothing I call mine, excepting the love I bear my beautiful mistress, which I would not gladly part withal to lighten me of the vast burden of gratitude which will else overwhelm my soul."

"We shall not ask you to surrender that sole reservation among your treasures, my lord, more especially as it seems only a talisman of mishaps," replied the Hospitaller, with a sarcastic smile. "But your thanks are more truly owed to the compassionate Dominican monk who guided us hither, than to us, to whom it was merely an exercise and a sport."

"A Dominican!" exclaimed the young baron, with an appearance of much surprise. "Surely, then, 'tis my guardian angel, sent in that disguise by my sweet patroness, Our Lady of the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, to whom I also vow threescore torches of Turkish ambergris at Candlemas."

"Of Santa Maria Maggiore!" muttered the jester. "Ay, forsooth, because Our Lady's portrait there so nearly resembles his beautiful mistress."

"It had like, for I do hear that incomparable piece of Leonardo's was painted from your beauteous mother, Madame Vanozza," said Messer Niccolò, in a whisper to his companion, whose whole frame vibrated as if struck with some jarring association.

"Do you notice,—did you ever notice, my best Niccolò, how little I

resemble either the Virgin of Santa Maria Maggiore, my mother, or the Vicar of Christ, my father?" he said, in an eager and hurried tone. "Well! I have heard it often whispered, (I am half convinced of the truth of it myself,) that I was exchanged at nurse; for, after all, the pope fears much more than he loves me, and I never had much brotherly affection for my kin, nor they for me, by Saint Peter's rock! and his holiness as good as disowned me when he made me a cardinal. I think some day to question the hag who nursed me; ay, and if need be, in a way that shall force the truth out, if it be anywhere in her withered old carcass!"

He spoke with a singular vehemence, and even fury, as if stirred with the remembrance of this imaginary wrong. Messer Niccolò looked at him with a keen and penetrating gaze; but he replied, as if not laying much stress on what was said, "Methinks it were no stroke of policy on your part, my lord, to prove this rumour fact, if rumour it be."

"You are mistaken, Niccolò,—Niccolò, for once you are mistaken!" returned the jester, in a lower, but still excited key. "By heaven! I would rather be acknowledged, at this moment, the lawful heir of my old foster-father Schiavone's poverty, than remain the monstrous bastard of a priest!"

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Machiavelli, gazing incredulously at the speaker, and subjoining in thought, "Can remorse or shame, in reality, enter this fiendish bosom?" But an idea, suggested by the dreadful reports afloat in Italy, occurred to him, and he continued, with a subtle smile, "But you will not tempt or force your old foster-mother to tell the truth until you are established in Italy as yourself, and not as a Borgia, monsignor?"

"Oh, thou brother of my soul! our thoughts are ever twins," replied the jester, in a tone of some displeasure, as if vexed that he had so far revealed his secret mind. "Therefore I can hide nothing from thee, were I even willing. But, come, let us keep the start of the mob, for I see they mean to lead their precious prize once more into the free air."

After the first enthusiastic outburst of joy and feeling, the Orsino had, it appeared, become again exhausted, and was now supported staggeringly towards the exit by some of his numerous deliverers. The ambassador and his companion immediately hastened on before, unwilling to mingle in the confusion of the returning multitude.

As they approached the end of the fissure on the river, the voice of the canon was audible, calling in an excited tone, but not venturing to explore what had happened in *propriâ personâ*. The jester amused himself with answering in a variety of ghostly and discordant cries, which were multiplied and made hoarse by the echoes of the rocks; the due effect of which appeared, when, emerging on the river, they found that the canon had disappeared.

"Methought he dared not encounter the substance of those sounds! methinks few priests dare, even of those which themselves make," said the jester, laughing sardonically. "But I can in no wise fathom this matter of the Dominican. It was my father himself who invited the Orsino to Rome, hard against my will, until I bethought me of the dangers that beset travellers in these times, and that with Paolo's the brains of the confederacy were knocked out. But how could his sanctity have such certain notice of my designs?"

"You are not then, my lord, of Signor Paolo's opinion, that heaven itself took so strong an interest in his affairs as to send one of the blessed to his deliverance?" said Machiavelli.

"If the heavens troubled themselves much about what is done on earth, methinks the world's business would be nigh bankruptcy," returned the jester. "But I deem, if all the saints in heaven were as contentious after an errand as the porters at St. John Lateran's gate, there is ne'er a prince nor lord in Italy, at this present naming, who is not too affectionately and zealously served by the devil to need their aid."

"Then, perchance, my Lord Paolo's good devil hath stood his friend on this occasion," said the Florentine, gravely. "Mayhap he prayed so earnestly in his tribulation, that it was thought expedient to leave him to be plucked in a time of less grace than this of the Jubilee, when heaven showers indulgences with both hands as liberally as girls throw the yellow asphodels at one another in the Campagna, in April."

"What if it be rather the work of my bad devil,—for I have one, that thwarts and ravels all my plans!" exclaimed the motley, with passionate and sudden vehemence.

"Do I live to hear my Cæsar say that of a man above ground?" said Messer Niccolò, with great curiosity.

"No, Niccolò, thou dost not—thou dost not!" returned the motley, hurriedly; and Machiavelli remarked that his features became of an unearthly purple paleness.

"My lord! you would not say, that ———" began the Florentine, when his companion interrupted him—

"Thou dost not believe in ghosts, Niccolò, dost thou—at all?" he said in a calmer tone. "Whether in the flesh, or out of it; or else thou dost oft jest daringly! But wouldst thou disbelieve in thine own eyes?"

"There is nought that I do less believe in; the cores of things, and not the rinds for me, my lord," replied the politician. "Had I believed mine eyes, I should have written word to my serene lords that your grace was making a brother of the Medici's nephew, this Orsino, and that consequently they should keep our drawbridges up in Florence as expecting an enemy."

"The confederates strain at nothing else; neither of us can trust the other; so that for either party to keep his forces we can only unite against some third;—but thou hast my word for it—the Venetians shall feel the earthquake first, if I am he who loosens it," said the jester. "But what saidst thou concerning the rinds of things? Is it not Lucretius who fancies spirits represent the forms of their once bodies as the flimsy onion peel its substance when stripped from it? But, being so, a ghost should preserve the exact appearance in which its carcass disappeared! They are not like players, that can shift their garbs at pleasure behind the black curtain, ha? What say you?"

"Pray you, my lord, explain yourself more clearly to a dull apprehension," returned Messer Niccolò, with an eye, however, which in its piercing earnestness gave no evidence of intellectual hebetude.

"I would say, for example," observed the motley, in a tone of dark rumination, "I speak as the thought flashes over my mind—that if my sometime brother, the Duke of Gandia, for instance, would

obligingly gratify my father, who whines so often over the fate of his firstborn, that was forsooth so beautiful and good that people blessed him as he went along merely for his fair looks, and all the women doated on him!—I say, if Francesco's ghost should take a fancy to present itself some night to—to Alexander VI., what form and what garb deem you he were likely to appear in?"

"To his father?" replied Ser Machiavelli, without daring to trust his eyes to meet the fiery gaze which he felt was fixed upon him. "Oh, fathers are a strange people! Certainly not with all those dagger-wounds upon him, and the slime of the Tiber streaming from his long golden curls, which I have heard his holiness fondly call his rays. But, if it consulted the parental taste, most likely it would appear as the blooming young Antinous he shone among all the youth of Rome that day he was made gonfalonier of the church, when he wore the white velvet habit trimmed with rubies, and rode the snowy charger bit with silver and pearls."

"I will shoe my horses with silver, but the Romans shall forget that pageantry!" returned the motley, vehemently. "But, for myself, I shall not very soon; for I remember, when I rode behind him on my silly mule, perked up in my violet cardinal robes, his horse bespattered me all over with mud, as he reined it suddenly up to salute his sister, Donna Lucrezia!—for I can scarce call her mine. I was in such a passion that I nigh choked in silence! I thought it was done with the purpose to affront me; for you should have heard how the rabble laughed."

"I did hear; for they laughed so loud that we heard it at Florence," returned Messer Niccolò playfully. "Then, when we took it up, the laugh went on to Mantua, and so to the king of France's court at Milan,—where they laughed too, no doubt, for they hated you then."

"They hate me now! but I care not who hates, provided men serve my purposes; nay, it pleases me to see my haters fawn upon me. What is power, but to sway men against their wills?" replied the jester; and, reverting to the strange topic which he had himself chosen, as if it amused him, he continued—"Let us say, then, that Francesco would put on his state-robes to visit his august sire; he would surely shift them to visit his murderer?"

"I should conjecture he would appear with the very look, garb, and gesture with which he died beneath the monster's blows!" returned Machiavelli, kindling out of his habitual tone of cynical indifference. "His countenance convulsed with horror, pain, and desperate entreaty; his nine wounds panting out the crimson blood of his youth, like young vipers gasping for food; his fair hair drenched and bedabbled; his beautiful face drained of its lovely colours, and whitening into stone! yea, with the very aspect of the sinless Abel, bleeding on his odoriferous sacrifice!"

"Lamented over by his wife—and sister, ha!" exclaimed the jester, with a wild and scornful laugh. "Well, Abel merited his fate, though not perchance at the hands of Cain, if divines now-a-days are right—but my poor brother! Alas, what had he done to anger any one, whose fiery temper was yet as manageable and full of all comely sweetnesses as the high-blooded steed of Arabia, so docile to the rein, so furious to the spur!"

"He was, indeed, a most excellent and well-conditioned youth; as

promisingly laden with fair qualities as an almond-tree with blossoms," returned Ser Machiavelli. "Peace to his soul, if he had one! He has been long enough in purgatory to burn out that worst offence he had—a too lavish affection for that which Plato did *not* call—the beautiful."

"But when we consider, too, that from his offence sprung his chastisement!" said the jester, with hypocritical suavity. "Some jealous husband, or revengeful lover, no doubt met him that fatal fourteenth of June."

"Or maddened father, or irritated brother!" said Machiavelli. "They told us in Florence that at the great feast which your mother gave to you on that day,—the next, and your grace (then cardinal) was to depart for Naples, to crown King Don Federigo—a masked stranger frequently applied to see the duke, and at length had access, and delivered him a perfumed letter at table. Whereupon he soon after pleaded some indisposition, and withdrew; and your grace (having preparations to make for your journey) went with him."

"We parted on the steps of the Palazzo Sforza; 'tis all true enough," said the jester, calmly. "And he, in his merry way, would needs have me give him absolution, (being a priest,) for that he was wending to see the fairest lady in all Romagna! I, as laughingly, alack! told him he must first do penance; and away went he, waving his hand, and singing in his gaiety, as it were in triumph. Perchance he meant, too, to have wished my sister Lucrezia good night, for he went towards the convent where she was staying until the divorce was pronounced which severed her from the Lord of Pesaro."

"And your grace never saw him again?" said Machiavelli, suddenly.

"Surely!——when we drew his corpse all streaming from the river, near Castel Santangelo, and also when we buried him in state, in his armour and gauds as gonfalonier," replied the jester. "I was obliged to ordain all, for his father took no notice of anything, but bolted himself in his chambers, and starved for three days; and would have starved himself to death but for Lucrezia's prayers and tears, and getting very hungry. And oh, what vows of reformation did he make! but his holiness is like Vesuvius, ever either raging with fire, or silent in snow."

"Ay, it is so, my lord, but surely you are the Titan whose throes within cause the mountain to heave," said Ser Machiavelli; "yet continuing our confabulation of the secrets of Orcus, in what guise does your lordship imagine the spirit of your noble brother *would appear to his murderer?*"

"As a black shadow, without voice, visage, colour, or form," replied the jester, turning with so strange an expression to Messer Niccolò, that but that he was a perfect diplomatist he must have started. "Yet, lacking all these means of enforcing recognition, still would he be recognised! The murderer of the pope's darling can be no coward; he might not fear this presence; still would it irk him more than the direfullest form, shake his soul with its silence more than by the most terrible imprecations; until he shall defy, madden, rave, rush at it sword in hand, and wake and laugh, and gnash his teeth, and know that it is only a darkness, and yet that is there, and will not away throughout time or eternity!"

"I marvel not you solace your vain revenge with such fearful hopes," said the Florentine; "since the murderers have so long eluded all search that 'tis past expectation they should ever be discovered, on earth at least. Alas! what feelings must be yours, my lord; you that were his brother, that played with him in childhood, that spent your flourishing youth together engaged in all manly exercises and joyous sports, budding and branching like two fair cypresses planted by the same hand in the same hour."

"No; but like two acorns, one of which by the mere accident of the sun shoots up and dwarfs his brother," returned the jester, bitterly. "But let all that pass. I must find the bottom of this strange matter of the Dominican. Migueloto dared not have thus trifled with my orders. Have I not heard thee say, Niccolò, that my lieutenant, Don Remiro, has received some kind of obligation from the sacred chamber lately without my connivance?"

"His holiness admired the rigidness of his justice so much, that he gave him a general indulgence for all the cruelties he has committed in his office," said Ser Machiavelli. "Moreover, his wife is some kindred to the Colonnas."

"How came I ever to forget that?" observed the jester, musingly.

"Nay, my lord, you needed a man of a nature so relentless in right as Don Remiro's," said the Florentine. "And has he not justified your confidence by routing out nearly all the robber-holes in Romagna, so that the peasants even sow corn as far as Spoleto?"

"And what is more, they reap it," said the motley. "When I made Don Remiro podestà, I told him that I would not have a rogue left in all Italy, if I could prevent it, but myself. Yet they tell me, he is as little loved as the fierce iron with which we have our wounds seared up; and if he has stood in the way of my will in this matter, I know the people would clap hands to see him come out on one of his own streaming scaffolds."

"Then, I approve the sending of him forth," said the ambassador, jocosely. "No man has a right to govern another, even to his advantage, against his will. But where in the name of marvels have we wandered?"

"Whither I have been leading all along, for I never forget business in pleasure, Niccolò," replied the jester. "I would have you send me my mute, Zeid, and this gigantic pine is a landmark by which you may guide him to my biding-place."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BLACK PENITENT.

"Nay, my lord, you will surely feel very melancholy to be left alone n this dismal gorge, especially after our ghostly conversation," said the Florentine, looking up the mountainous valley towards the torrent which they had left at some distance in the rear.

"'Tis very sad indeed to think of it; but the Duke of Gandia is better in heaven, and we have more room on earth," said the jester, mockingly. "Hasten, my good Niccolò, and send this fellow to me, but let them not note his coming; and let him bring my hounds with him."

"They are here, my lord," said Ser Machiavelli, pointing to the dogs, which, with dejected steps and drooping heads had hitherto followed their master in silence.

"Poor things! they are not accustomed to be so cheated of their rewards," said the jester, compassionately patting the heads of the savage brutes. "But there is no time to be lost, Machiavelli; I will sit and watch the bear in the skies until I have given Zeid his orders, and then rejoin the bear in the convent."

"But again, my lord, I would have you think well ere you devise aught against this gentleman," said Messer Niccolò, slightly shivering, and then wrapping his cloak around him as if it were the night air which chilled his blood.

"Rest content; I mean only to dispatch Zeid on a message," returned the motley, impatiently; and observing that he was chafed and out of temper, the Florentine bowed respectfully and withdrew. Retracing his steps with some trouble up the steep paths which led to the monastery, he could not refrain from pausing once on a projecting precipice whence he could easily distinguish the pine tree at whose root Cæsar Borgia had seated himself.

"Tyrant, murderer, fratricide!" he could not forbear from exclaiming aloud, as if to give the suppressed feelings of his soul vent. "But also destroyer of tyrants! be a king, that thou mayst make all form of royalty detestable, as thy sire is a priest, to make all forms of superstition terrible. Cement the shattered provinces of Italy in an ocean of blood, if it must be, but once more together. Live to make Italy *one*, thou shalt die to make it *free!*"

And, clutching the hilt of his dagger with a kind of convulsive gesture which was not unusual with him, the Italian republican of the sixteenth century strode on his way.

Before reaching the gate of the monastery, however, the personage of whom he was in search luckily presented himself. Excepting the ambassador himself, no one in the train beside this being knew the real rank of the jester; and there was no great stretch of confidence in his knowing it, for besides being an African Moor, and therefore scarcely at all acquainted with the language of Italy, he was one of the miserable victims of oriental cruelty and jealousy, and had formerly been a mute in a Turkish seraglio, his tongue being slit in a manner which rendered any attempt which he might make to speak an inarticulate babble. But discretion was a quality which the Borgia esteemed in his instruments, and this enforced silence made him acceptable to his European master, who raised him gradually to a post which obtained him in Rome the title of Il Strozzacatore, or the Strangler; but which in Cæsar's household ranked him as first runner to his grace. For the former office, although never ostensibly employed, and having apparently no instrument to perform his operations with ever about him, extraordinary stories were afloat as to his capabilities; for the latter, which answers in some respect to a modern king's messenger, except that the Moor always travelled on foot, and in straight lines, swimming rivers and crossing mountain and valley with equal facility, still more singular legends were believed as to his qualifications. Among others, it was said that he had frequently hunted the stag on foot, and had never failed to run down his prey without assistance either of hound or arrow.

The Strangler's appearance was such as might gratify expectation, considering him under either point of view. If a leopard stood upright on its hind legs, with its paws abjectly dropped in front, it would have been the figure of the Strangler, and its huge, round, bestial, hairy visage, black and brindled, with the same wild-beast expression of eye, would have daguerreotyped his countenance. In fact, he had little more than a rough resemblance to the general attributes of humanity, and one or two shades of its feelings; among which the most abject respect and obedience to his terrible master might perhaps be reckoned.

The few simple words which the Moor understood, enabled him to comprehend Machiavelli's order, and he hastened down the ravine with such rapidity that the Florentine almost imagined that he had doubled himself up, and rolled down like a dry bush of furze. Crossing himself, notwithstanding all his scepticism, he gladly continued his route through the convent gates.

The Strangler, by whatever means he reached a footing in the ravine, speedily made his way to the appointed spot, indicated by a lofty pine, which was entirely bare to its summit, where it was singularly tufted. He found his lord with folded arms walking restlessly up and down, on a strip of green turf beneath it.

"Zeid, thou art weary; my good dog, I now wish I had not diverted myself with seeing thee chase the hare in the snow-hills above," he said in a mild and somewhat cajoling manner. "But I know thou lovest me! Did I not beg off thy life, when Sultan Zem slashed thee once in the neck, and had raised his scimitar for a second blow?"

The slave acquiesced with a slight snort, like that of a horse when it perceives danger.

"Then thou must be Ronciglione to-night, wert thou twice as spent," continued Cæsar, changing his tone to one of command. "In the castle there thou wilt find the podestà of Romagna, Don Remiro d'Orco, awaiting my arrival. Take this ring as thy credential, and bid him on the very instant despatch Don Migueloto, with all the Spanish men-at-arms not necessary to keep the walls, to meet me as near as may be to this place to-morrow morning."

Zeid knelt, took the ring, and placed it on his head in token of obedience,

"Follow the course of the river to Narni; thou knowest the track thence," continued Cæsar; and the runner made a spring as if to dart forward on his journey, when his lord with a rapid clutch detained him.

"Delay not on thy journey so long as a hunted stag to lap in a stream," he said; and pointing to the moon, which shone serenely above, he continued—"In an hour yonder light will sink behind the hills; and when its last rim has disappeared I shall loosen my hounds on your traces, so if you pause to sleep, you know by whom you will be overtaken."

The Moor again bowed reverentially, as if the supervision indicated was a very proper and usual one, shot away like an arrow from the bow, and was almost instantly out of sight.

As it seemed with the intention of faithfully keeping his promise, Cæsar remained on the spot which he had selected for the interview, pausing for some time in deep thought, and then resuming his restless

pacing up and down, without noticing that the two hounds never failed to follow him, however short the trip and sudden the turn. And yet it was a scene and a night which might have diffused its calm even over that perturbed and terrible mind. The mountains towered around in a kind of transparent darkness, so bright were the Heavens above, and so soft the shadows which the moonlight threw among their rugged sides and aerial pinnacles. The distant roar of the cataract rather harmonized with than disturbed the blessed silence; even the turbulent river was there calm and undertoned, as if it feared to disturb the sleep of the mountains and forests around.

But Cæsar's step rather increased in fretful rapidity, and his eyes shone with more impatient sparkles, as he occasionally glanced up at the moon. At last he became weary of this exercise, and leaning his back against the pine, with his face to the fair planet, he seemed to watch it as if his gaze could follow or hasten its imperceptible movement over the sky. Sylla and Marius seated themselves on each side of their master, and appeared as if engaged in the same occupation, for certainly their red glistening eyes were fixed on the ball of light above.

While apparently the hounds and their lord were absorbed in this survey, the two former uttered a low whine, stretched their noses to the wind, and began to tremble in a very strange and unusual manner. Cæsar, after a glance at the dogs, looked in the direction whence it was evident they apprehended some approach, expecting to behold either a wolf or wild boar, or some other of the savage denizens; but, for some moments, even his vulture gaze could discern no object. But suddenly a black form about the height and breadth of a man, but with no distinct outline of one, appeared on the bank of the river, at some distance, looking towards the cataract.

Cæsar's visage grew for a moment stonily pale and fixed, and he clutched at the pine to support his tottering limbs; but the next instant, either his self-possession returned, or his terror took the form of defiance. He sprang forward several steps, and although he paused irresolutely, he shouted in an unwavering tone, "Speak! who goes there?—Friend or foe to the Duke of Romagna?"

"Hillo, echoes! hillo, ladies! play me none of your cheats to-night!" a voice was heard gibbering in reply; the mere sound of which restored Cæsar to himself. He continued to watch, but no longer with any alarm, the gradual approach of the dark traveller, who came along with singular slowness, as if he were a very aged man, and talking to himself all the way. But the fears of the hounds did not diminish; they crouched on the grass, and continued their low tremulous whine. The stranger approached without apparently noticing any of the group, and in any other age and country might indeed have been pronounced a terrific object. He seemed to be a very old man, for his figure was much bowed, and his gait feeble, supporting himself with difficulty on a staff; but his face and form were completely covered with a black mantle tied round the waist, and perforated with holes at which the eyes looked out, but which was else all of a piece. This was the garb of a Black Penitent, which was only enjoined to be worn on a pilgrimage by criminals of the greatest atrocity.

"Good even, father! whither wend you so late by night, and so lonely?" said the motley, in a cheerful tone, as if relieved from some secret apprehension.

"Lonely!—when the owl and the wolf hoot and howl at every turning," replied the Penitent with a wild laugh.

"Have I not heard that voice before?" said Cæsar, musingly. "Why, thou art come as if a wish could summon thee! Art thou not mine ancient master in the great art, Dom Sabbat, of Padua, who put fine thoughts in my head by showing me my fortune in a mirror of magic stone, and who, when the Inquisition sought thy acquaintance, left books and chambers in a blaze, and disappeared like the flame on pools where murdered men lie rotting?"

"Or like yonder tongues of fire on the hill-side?" returned the Penitent, extending an arm of singular length, terminated by a hand so fibrous, lean, and withered, that it resembled the branch of a fir-tree in winter, and pointing to the brow of a distant mountain which presented a brilliant phenomenon not unusual in those vcolcanic regions. The craggy side of the mountain seemed as if set at intervals with blazing torches thrust from the earth by demon hands, which appeared and disappeared in fantastic evolutions.

"But thou art he?" said Cæsar, after gazing with an instant's careless attention at the spectacle.

"I have been so for a long time," replied the Penitent, with a dark chuckling laugh.

"Yes, thou art old, and very old; and thou needest some comfort in these thy worn-out times," replied Cæsar, cajolingly. "I am not so poor and powerless to do my friends good turns as I was when we studied the cabala at Pisa together—and I love to encourage the sciences—therefore, my good Sabbat, if thou wilt come and sojourn with me, thou shalt have a tower in Santangelo, and practise thy forbidden art so nigh to the Inquisition, that thou canst spit at it from thy windows; and thou and I will make brazen heads that chatter, and devise antidotes, and study the plants that poison so prettily that 'tis a pleasure to die by them, and such like toys, which thou wert wont to love in the old time when I was thy so reverent and faithful pupil."

"Truly, your grace is no longer a younger brother," replied the Penitent, inclining himself forward as if to do homage to the accession of dignity in his pupil, but with a degree of mockery, "and I thank you for your noble offer; but it behoves men who have lived for fifteen hundred and odd years to think of dying;—and so they have compelled me to abjure the dark science, and have sent me to Rome to save my soul this Jubilee time!"

"Fifteen hundred years!—thou jestest, or art mad, Dom Sabbat!" exclaimed the Borgia, somewhat startled.

"Oh, you know not how long Heaven can hate!" returned the Penitent with wild vehemence. "'Tis many a thousand years since the great bonfire was kindled; and he who spat in the face of the Son of God when he bore the cross up Calvary still wanders alone through all time!"

"Yet come with me; I know thou hast many noble secrets which the church herself permits us to learn," said Cæsar, soothingly. "Have I not seen thee raise the dead in the person of that imperial phantom who offered me his sceptre?"

"What would it pleasure thee or profit thee to trouble him again—besides shaking the towers of Aix-la-Chapelle, which are already so old and tottering, to raise him?" returned the Penitent.

"But if thou canst raise the dead, canst thou not also lay them?—Canst thou not bid them back to their tranquillity?—why should they blot sunshine with their dark presence?" exclaimed Cæsar, with an impatient and fierce glitter of the eye, and knitting his hand convulsively.

"That is the church's office to exercise, not mine!" returned the Black Penitent.

"Tut, tut, I have been a cardinal, and I know what priests can do," said Cæsar.

"And stand the dead too in thy light?" returned the Penitent, his strange eyes flaring through their holes like flame, if flame could glow with meaning, with diabolical, sarcastic, and at the same time insane thought.

"Thou art deft at guessing riddles," said Cæsar, calmly. "It is not that I fear him—IT!—but it wearies me when so oft in the midst of banquets and splendid feasts, I raise mine eyes and behold it standing before me. But do not deem I fear it—I despised him living—I despise him dead!—I tell thee, Dom Sabbat, when I first beheld it, at the instant when, as legate of the holy see, I put the crown on the head of King Don Federigo in Naples,—I did not even start."

"You speak some feverish fancy, my son; the strongest of your recollections haunts you, which only a stronger can efface," replied the Penitent, with a short discordant laugh. "But you forget, boy, to slip the hounds, and the moon is far behind Monte Somma."

"Heard you my threat to Zeid?" said Cæsar, with a slight shudder. "But I never threaten in vain, or I should be no better served than my hot sire himself; so, whoop, hounds—after him, after him!"

He stirred the hounds with his foot, which still lay couching and panting on the grass, as if the presence of the stranger infused terror even into their savage natures. They whined, but would not move.

"There is surely a spell about me—but I am going," observed the Penitent, with his dark inward laugh.

"It is late; rest with me to-night in the Carthusian monastery above," said Cæsar eagerly; but the penitent shook his head.

"I am forbidden to rest under any roof—out of Rome—much more to profane consecrated stone and mortar with my presence," he said, in a derisive and yet profoundly gloomy tone.

"Then I will spend the night in converse with thee under this mightiest roof above!" replied Cæsar.

"Nay, for I may not pause, and thou art needed with the company. Dost thou not feel thy cheek sear, for they are talking of thee?" said the Penitent, taking his staff as if to resume his journey.

"But promise me at least that thou wilt visit me in Rome," said Cæsar, very eagerly. "Thou hast but to present thyself at Santangelo, with a token from me to Donna Fiamma, who honours science equally, and she will see thee lodged and attended more zealously than ever Merlin in King Arthur's court."

"Give me thy token; I have heard of the lady, and of her nourishing love for the art," replied the sage, after a moment's pause.

"I must give thee then my poison-emerald, which reddens when my drink is dangerous; for I have sent my signet on another errand," said Cæsar, slowly and somewhat reluctantly taking a small leaden box, about the shape and size of dice, from a hollow in the stick of his fool's bauble, which, nevertheless, he handed over to the Penitent. "And

when we meet again, Dom Sabbat, as thou canst no longer fear I should betray thee, either for lack of faith or wit, let me at least see thy face, which thou keepest ever so strangely masked and muzzled."

"Trust none, fear none," replied the penitent, gloomily. "But hark! they are calling thee, or what voices are those which make the rocks ring?"

"Farewell, then, till we meet in Santangelo," said Cæsar; and he stepped forward to offer his hand in parting. But the stranger contented himself with a fantastic salute, by waving his withered hands in the air at an extraordinary height, and hastening forward, almost instantly disappeared behind some projecting rocks.

Indistinct voices were now audible in the distance, calling "Zany, Zany," as if the ambassador had taken alarm at the long absence of his jester. The hounds sprang up with their wonted alacrity the moment the adept in the unholy science had disappeared; and remarking it, Cæsar endeavoured, but in vain, to get the dogs to follow even the shortest distance on his trace. They howled fearfully, but would not stir, until he took them back to the pine tree where the strangler had left him, whose scent they took eagerly, and followed with emulous swiftness. After listening till the light patter of their delicate feet was inaudible in distance, even to the fine organs of the Borgia, he turned and retraced his way to the Carthusian monastery.

CHAPTER IX.

"O Voi ch' avete gli intelletti sani,
Mirate la dottrina che s'asconde
Sotto 'l vellame degli versi strani,"—*Dante.*

"O ye of subtle intellect, mark the doctrine hidden under the veil of these strange words."

Returning up the rocks, and imitating as he went very accurately the cries of a screech-owl, the jester guided Messer Niccolò, and two or three soldiers who were in search of him with torches, until they met. The Florentine affected to rate his fool severely for the trouble his lingering had occasioned; to which he replied, that he had been trying to get the great gold crown which hung in the sky, and whistled vacantly, until the soldiers, who turned back at a signal from Messer Niccolò, were at a distance.

"It is possible, after all, my lord, that the Dominican was sent by your father; for I hear that he met and warned Signor Paolo to turn back long ere he fell into his danger," said the Florentine.

"How should that be?—Banditti were not likely to make a confidant of our holy father," returned the jester, drily. "But in truth, I know not what to think on the matter. My sister's confessor is a Dominican."

"The famous father, Bruno Lanfranchi, that successor of Savonarola," replied Ser Machiavelli. "But wherefore should your sister——"

"Ay, the insolent monk, whose revilings should long since have obtained for him the justice of having his tongue plucked out by the root, but for Lucrezia's folly!" replied the motley, fiercely. "They control me in all things now—but my time will come."

As he spoke they entered the monastery, and made their way to the

great hall, in which they found the Orsino and his rescuers engaged in discussing the recent event, and such viands as the austere rules of the order permitted them to furnish. In addition, the canon had found in some part of his baggage several skins of excellent wine, some draughts of which had evidently much revived the late prisoner.

"I was saying, Messer Niccolò," he observed, as the ambassador took his seat, while the fool threw himself carelessly into his old place on the straw heaped round the fire, "that I do grievously misdoubt—that I know not by what means the banditti could have learned my intentions to cross the mountains with the slight escort whom they murdered when they captured me?"

"If only Alexander knew of your intentions, and not his detested son! Still the inference needs no cart-horse to draw, signor," said the Hospitaller; and there was a moment's general but most emphatic silence.

"Nay, sir knight, though you be my noble and most gallant deliverer, I pray you speak not thus!" said the Orsino, his countenance becoming of a livid paleness. "Lucrezia is as good as she is beautiful, and 'tis blasphemy even in madness to dream such hideous phantoms."

"You are fortunate in thinking so, my lord," said the knight, very coldly.

"Her charities are boundless! There is not a beggar in Romagna but has tasted of them," continued the young baron.

"They had need be, to cover such sins, uncle Niccolò," said the fool, with a vacant look, as if of enquiry, at the Florentine.

"Beware that these soldiers hear not our prattle, Lord Paolo; they serve the duke," said Ser Machiavelli, with real uneasiness.

"Nay, the worst of my English is a match for the best of yon mixed scum!" said Le Beaufort, scornfully. "And the thieves are mostly asleep in their litters, and truly, being chiefly salvages, they can understand but little of what we speak at this distance."

"Sooner than wed this lady, were she Dame Venus herself," exclaimed Le Beaufort, who had been musing for some minutes, a very unwont practice with him, "I would wed the fiend's eldest daughter, with damnation for her dowry!"

"Were she even that, and Death the high priest who should solemnize our bridalty, I would to my grave with rapture, if only her beauty shared it with me," returned the passionate Italian.

"She must needs be beautiful!" said the canon, with a glance at the Hospitaller.

"Perchance the sire and son *then* made signs to each other in this affair of your betrayal, Signor Orsino?" said the unmoved chevalier,

> "For in the rose there was a wasp
> Which stung his nose to smell—to smell,
> And then he blamed the rose—the rose—
> And flung it in—a well,"

improvisated the jester, with a sarcastic and yet vacant expression, as if he lost sight as he went on of his own meaning.

"No, no, sir Knight!—indeed such treachery were impossible!" exclaimed Messer Bembo.

"But hath *he* been thrusting his hand in among the thorns too,

that he complains so bitterly?" continued the Zany, gazing still more earnestly on the priestly knight; but suddenly turning a look of stony stupidity to the Orsino, who for the first time was regarding him with attention.

"Light of Heaven! what is impossible to the Borgias?" exclaimed the Hospitaller, without heeding the canon's deprecating look. "For what cause do men report that the unfortunate Duke of Gandia was murdered?"

"There is a Roland for an Oliver—Cæsar is Duke of Romagna," said Le Beaufort laughing, but not with his usual cheer.

"Rome was founded by a fratricide; why, uncle, 'tis the very man to restore her?" said the jester, with a sudden sparkling of his diamond eyes as he glanced at Messer Niccolò.

"Of a truth, and Rome is as full of thieves and vagabonds as ever it was in that chieftain's palmiest day," said the ambassador, with a forced smile. "Signor Orsino, you are aware that it is not the policy of my serene lords to make peace between your faction and the duke; but surely his affairs being at such a pass and low ebb, he could not but have every motive to act sincerely and fairly by you, who are the chief agent in this reconciliation?"

"Moreover," said the Orsino, eagerly snatching at this straw, "in proof of his sincerity, Cæsar betrayed to me the secret dealings of those gentlemen of Bologna with him, the Marescotti, who were willing, from their hatred of the Bentivogli, to surrender the city to him."

"He betrayed them because he thought they had not power to keep their promises," said the relentless Hospitaller.

"Then is he a very shame of knighthood, a base disloyal chevalier!" exclaimed Sir Reginald vehemently.

"Dare you tell him so in Rome, Sir Knight?" said Machiavelli, with an uneasy smile.

"Yea, or in his native hell!" returned the young knight. A slight gesture from the Zany cut short some reply which Messer Niccolò intended to have made. "Nay ye cannot blame some eggs for hatching crocodiles," the former observed, with his strange unmeaning look presenting its usual contrast to his pregnant words.

"I do grieve to hear ye talk in this heedless manner, gentlemen," said the canon; "for indeed you must needs involve our holy mother, the church herself, in this scandal which you throw upon her supreme minister on earth; yea, sap the foundations of our blessed faith, for can that religion be divine which has a monster of abominable wickedness for its representative on earth?"

"He was elected by simony, and therefore but usurps his seat until the thunder drives him out of it," returned the Hospitaller with vehemence.

"Or the confederacy of the Roman barons, who I do hear plot some such security to themselves," said the Florentine ambassador.

"The vengeance of Heaven has already overtaken his electors, and even by his agency, for their sin against the Holy Ghost," continued the Knight of St. John. "Cardinal Colonna is in exile, Julian della Rovere, Ascanio Sforza, Savelli, are stripped of their possessions, and have fled from Rome for their lives; the old Cardinal of Capua was poisoned; Cardinal Orsino and the Archbishop of Florence will be

destroyed in time with the rest of their name, Signor Paolo!—Cardinal Michele died very suddenly—but then he was old and rich."

"And yet it may well be that Heaven . . . that is—only so violent and terrible a spirit as that of his sanctity could restore the grandeur of the church, and her plundered inheritance, and therefore Heaven may have suffered his elevation," said the canon, somewhat staggered.

"Nay, 'tis perchance, the devil's master-piece, to poison the source that men may refuse to drink of the stream, or to set them on digging wells of heresy for themselves and their children to drink destruction at," said Messer Niccolò, with a subtle and as it were inward smile.

"A lawyer, a soldier, and a priest!—is that the receipt to make a devil, uncle, for he hath been all by turns?" said the Zany.

"And adjudged so great in all!" replied the Florentine. "Surely there hath been infinitely worse said of him than he deserved; 'tis his immoderate love of power, and of his children, his desire to aggrandize his name, his vast and furious passions, which have driven him into such monstrous acts of tyranny, which are yet so well directed that they can scarcely be accused of injustice. Which of his victims has not deserved his fate?"

"But how accuse you the cardinal of simony, when, at the time of his election, no saint in Heaven ever had so high a reputation for all divine and human virtue as he had on earth?" chimed in the canon.

"Hideous hypocrisy!" returned the knight of St. John. "But I am willing to admit that his son is the worse demon of the two, and that he stimulates the angry old man to his furious acts; for until Cæsar acquired influence in his counsels, Rome was governed as if by the Areopagus. Nay, even now, at times, they say, he hath fits of remorse, and would halt, but for the torrent which urges him on! Alexander is a mad tiger, but Cæsar is a cross between the tiger and the snake."

"Noble knight, I would advise you, for your goodly person's sake, let not the walls hear you whisper matter like this in Rome," said the ambassador, very earnestly.

"In Rome my deliverer will be under my custody; and we Orsini have bearded the pope and Cæsar both in it!" said Signor Paolo, with a haughty flush of his pale cheeks.

"I know your family is very powerful, my lord; but you speak it strangely for a vassal of the Holy See," returned Messer Niccolò, coldly.

"If there be one species of wickedness, this Cæsar hath not committed, by'r lady, I know not what name he gives it in confession!" said the young English knight. "In my land we should have smothered him at his birth, had he shown his soul in his visage!"

"Why strangled ye not your king then, Cæsar's pattern, Richard Crookback?" said the canon, drily. "Shone the sun ever on a blacker miscreant than he?"

"Speak not against King Richard, or, by the mass! cry you mercy, sir canon! but you know not that 'twas that brave king who made me a knight, on the morning of Bosworth field, and gave me the broom from his own bonnet for a cognisance!" exclaimed Le Beaufort, warmly.

"..arry, and what good feat of arms had you done, being, as I take

it, then scarcely a dozen years old?" said Ser Machiavelli. "Tell me, I pray you, sir, for I know that king did little without a reason."

"My father, brother, and their following withdrew, in the night, to join Richmond, that is now king," replied the knight. "But I, who knew nothing of Richard's misdeeds, and loved his valiant chivalry, secretly left them and returned to his camp; which, when he knew, he swore by St. Paul I was worth all my kindred, and shouting, 'Oh, mon Beaufort, seras *le* Beaufort,' he drew his sword and knighted me, with so hearty a stroke that my back ached for a week after,—when the poor king himself was nigh rotten in Leicester Abbey."

"In very faith, brother Reginald, a notary might make a fair penny of the list of the Cæsar's crimes," continued the Hospitaller, with unslackened heat.

"Crimes imputed, sir, it were more fit and just to say," returned Messer Niccolò, speaking also with much warmth. "But what hath been proved against the Borgias? Are the accusations of their bitter enemies, whom they have dispossessed of unjust and insolent usurpations, to be taken for gospel? Alexander endeavours to restore the rights of the Church over her vassals; they resist—he crushes them—he is therefore a tyrant! The princes of the Church rebel against their sovereign—he banishes their persons, and confiscates their wealth—he is therefore an oppressor! His eldest son falls by the hand of a secret rival, and therefore his brother has slain him, and oh, horror of horrors, animated by what unimaginable jealousy!"

"The sons-in-law of the pontiff are slaughtered one after another, and men hint there is a reason for it," said the Hospitaller, ironically imitating the tone of Messer Niccolò. "The Bishop of Selta is poisoned, and country folks dream that he perished for daring to falsify Cæsar's denial that he had brought the bull with him to France which dissolved the marriage of King Louis with his cousin, the cripple, and gave him the buxom widow of Brittany to spouse. They war down the chief barons of Rome, and utterly ruin them; turn their arms against the feudatories of Romagna, and then people have the simplicity to think they mean to erect their own tyranny on the ruins of the common liberties!"

"Some old voluptuaries die suddenly, and therefore Cæsar has poisoned them!" said Messer Niccolò, with a degree of pettishness, which even his practised dissimulation could not suppress, in his tones.

"Nay, young ones, too!" retorted the resolute Hospitaller. "The Grand Signor offers three hundred thousand gold ducats for the life of his rebel and fugitive brother, Sultan Zem; and even in the very camp of the King of France, who did so lovingly intend to use him in his crusade against the accursed Turk, he perished, by poison."

"And therefore follows it of course that the Borgias did it? If Bajazet would give so great a price for his brother's death, could he find no other hand nor means to procure it?" said the Florentine.

"Cicero's question regarding a crime whose perpetrator is unknown were a fair touchstone—*Cui bono*, to whose advantage was it?" returned the Hospitaller. "Who but Cæsar inherited the young Turk's treasures, his seraglio, and all the plunder which he had borne into Italy after the failure of his rebellion?"

"The state is the lawful heir of all foreigners who die without leaving any other, and it pleased the sacred chamber to transfer its rights

on monsignor the Cardinal of Valenza, as he then was," interposed the Orsino.

"You mean, my lord, that it pleased the Cardinal of Valenza to have it, and the protonotary, Giovanni Battista Ferraro, to sign it over to him in the name of the sacred chamber," returned the Hospitaller. "The cardinal of Valenza! a sweet churchman, truly, that stole a dedicated nun from the cloisters, and one too that bore the noblest name in Rome, a Colonna."

"You shall pardon me, sir; the Orsini yield to none; our charters are the oldest which the church ever granted!" said Signor Paolo, with an asperity, which was perhaps as much occasioned by the disparaging tone of the religious knight's observations upon his promised bride, as even the fierce hatred and emulation which had existed between his race and that of the Colonnas for many ages. "Moreover, 'tis well known that it was the pagan sultan who lured that hapless damosel to her destruction, eternal and temporal."

"Nay, that was only the pretext which that chivalrous Turk allowed to be used, to varnish Alexander's refusal to seize and punish her as the canon law enjoins," said the stern Knight of St. John.

"Messer Bembo, I pray you tell me what punishment that may be?" said Sir Reginald, turning to the ecclesiastic with an expression of some interest.

"Her punishment would be immuration; that is, she ought to be bricked up in the convent wall, and in the cloisters where the sisters walk, that they may not soon forget it," replied the canon, gravely. "But you do not often hear of these sentences being properly executed, to the great relaxation of discipline."

"Then all honour to Pope Alexander, and I drink his health a thousand times, that would not suffer it!" exclaimed the hearty young English knight, swallowing a deep draught of the canon's wine.

"Methinks, gentlemen, the night being far wasted, and this conversation likely to bear no good fruit, it were time we hopped up on our perches," interrupted Ser Machiavelli, with a feigned yawn. "Signor Paolo, you most of all need rest."

"But I would not have it last too long," said the Orsino, starting from a reverie into which he had fallen, and looking palely around at the sleeping soldiery, and the silent Carthusians, who had yet been listening with the eager interest which only men so long secluded from the world take in its affairs. "Who knows," he continued, in explanation of the somewhat singular observation, "who knows what these wild soldiers of the Borgia's may have overheard or project?" And his eye fell with a puzzled and profound earnestness on the countenance of the fool, who had for some time nodded and dozed on his lowly couch.

"I will watch, then," said Sir Reginald, "and, lest I fall asleep, will stride up and down the hall till I see as many shadows on the wall as there are moonbeams on the windows."

"Brother, we will watch turn about," said the Hospitaller, gravely smiling, "or we shall have thee dropping from the saddle to-morrow."

"That will be much the best," said the canon, who loved his ease and safety almost equally. "And but that I am nigh dead with the jolting of my mule, I would let none of you share the vigil with me, for you are young and need rest, God knows." So saying, he adjusted

himself as comfortable a couch as he could achieve out of the materials at hand, and finally fell asleep on it, without learning with any nicety the issue of a controversy which arose between the Orsino and his two deliverers, the former of whom insisted on taking his turn in this seemingly superfluous watch. But so powerfully worked in men's imaginations the extraordinary anecdotes of the Borgian subtlety and cruelty, which had formed the staple of the conversation, that no one seemed to perceive anything ridiculous or excessive in the precaution.

LONDON BRIDGE.

By Arnheldt Weaver.

> "Mad from life's history,
> Glad to death's mystery
> Swift to be hurl'd,—
> Any where, any where,
> Out of the world."—*The Bridge of Sighs.*

I was crossing London Bridge one night during the last winter, when out of the severe heaven blew the coldest wind that ever in my remembrance had visited our latitude. Few persons were in the streets, though it was comparatively an early hour. Even the mendicants had deserted them; but there was here and there to be met with, one of that class of unfortunates, who are despised by the self-righteous,—but whom the real Christian pities with a compassion that is as large as the universe.

I thank God that there was a Thomas Hood. Who else could have written "The Bridge of Sighs?" Clarkson and Wilberforce are names that the world has ploughed into its history—messiahs of the negro race. And that of Hood shall be as memorable to the repentant magdalen; and the good angel who wraps his wings around the fallen female that drops a tear for her lost virtue,—shall,—if wit, if kindly feeling for all humanity, if faith in human progress and generous exertions in behalf of human suffering should die out and drop from the memory of man, preserve that name coeval with the endurance of the race for which he wrote and strove.

I was crossing London Bridge on the night to which I allude, and was meditating upon Hood's poem. There, beneath me, rushed the dark waters of the Thames, flashing in the light of the bright stars. Beneath and upon each side they rushed, bearing to the sea—what tidings from this great metropolis? Suddenly there was a cry, a thronging of many persons to one spot. Eyes looked strangely out of human heads, and people held their breath with singular fear.

A young female had cast herself from the bridge into the river. Boats below, there—lights and boats—to rescue a fellow-creature, a poor despairing girl. Oh! for God's sake, save her. Save her, that the future may be better to her than the past. Save her, that she may know that not God only, not alone the angels, but that man also knoweth and doeth mercy.

I climbed upon the bridge and looked over into the dark abyss of waters. The Thames, as seen at night, is possessed of features

peculiarly its own; the lights gleaming from the various craft that, either stationary or in motion, occupy the river's edge; the dark masses looming through the shade like living creatures, huge in bulk, and undefinable in outline; the red glare issuing from furnace fires, and casting its lurid reflection on the tide. I have noticed these at other times, but upon this occasion I had no eye for them,—only below I gazed with straining vision, that tried to pierce the obscurity that hovered like a fog over the surface of the river. There was great stir beneath, of men searching in boats for the rash girl whose faith in the compassion of her fellows had been all trodden out.

"Spurned by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Into her rest."

They found her, and landing at the stairs on the Southwark side, carried her into an adjoining hotel. Instantly the doors were besieged: there were human faces in crowds, and never shall I forget the expression that dwelt upon them all. Only upon that occasion, and since, in my dreams, have I beheld it. Elsewhere nothing like it. Men *have* hearts, and when they see borne into a dwelling the corpse of a young girl, who with her own hands has severed the thread of life, they cannot choose but wear their awe-impressed souls upon their foreheads.

I was one of the few that, half by force, half by entreaty, obtained admittance.

They deposited her upon the floor in a side apartment. Immediately the carpet was saturated with the water that streamed from her apparel. A medical man was present. She was dead, quite dead, he told us.

When the light first fell upon her features, I thought that I had never beheld such Grecian beauty in a face of human flesh. It was like the ideal which haunted the sculptors of old Athens. But so pale, the marble which sprang into vivid life beneath their chisels was not whiter, was not colder.

She would never breathe again. I fell to thought as I looked upon her, and wondered what her history might be—

"Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?"

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On quitting the hotel and proceeding on my way, oppressed with terrible thoughts of wrong and crime, I was conscious that I was closely followed by some one. I found that his steps kept equal pace with mine, never went faster, never slower. Step for step, the frosty pavement rang with the tread of our feet until we had reached the Town Hall, Southwark. I was about to cross towards the other side, when I felt myself touched on the shoulder. I turned and beheld a man, whom I had noticed in the room, and had observed him take in his own one of the hands of the poor drowned creature. I fairly

started at the sound of his voice, so husky and unnatural. "That girl, sir; that girl,"—he said, with singular abruptness.

"Yes; shocking," I answered, annoyed at the interruption. "I must hurry home. It has made me feel ill."

"And me also," he returned, "VERY ill. You—you pitied her, did you not?"

"Can you ask? I trust I am not heartless. It is so horrible for any one, but especially for a female,—a young female, too, to be driven by desperation to commit suicide."

"She a suicide?" the stranger retorted angrily. "You are mistaken. She was murdered!"

I looked at him with surprise. We were standing beneath a lamp. I saw into his eyes—down deep into their hollow sockets. He had a hold upon me from that moment. He was the Ancient Mariner, and I was the wedding guest. Say what he would, I could not choose but listen. His presence was as a spell.

"She was murdered!" he proceeded. "Call a policeman. Give me into custody."

"You—you!" I stammered; for I could not articulate distinctly. Overpowered by some singular charm, I seemed bereft of speech.

"Hearken!" he said. "For a man to be a murderer, it is not imperative that he should have laid violent hands upon his victim. When I tell you that, but for me, that poor girl would now be seated at her father's board, happy as a blithe bird, do you not see that I am her murderer?"

I attempted to dispel the illusion which was cast around me. "Yes," I replied, with an effort, "I perceive your meaning. You have been very, very guilty!"

He laughed; for he, as well as I, knew the strait I was in, and how I was fascinated by his basilisk eye.

"Let us retrace our steps," he said.

I complied, though I would as soon have accompanied Pluto to the infernal shades. We returned, side by side, in silence to the hotel.

The crowd outside had not dispersed, but, on the contrary, had grown more dense. Voices traversed the whole assembly, and every new comer lost all sense of the cold night in the sudden awe which seized him when he had learnt what the concourse meant, and what a sad spectacle the stars had so lately beheld. My companion pushed his way through the multitude, and I followed him. The human mass closed instantly behind me, and left me no retreat. I was compelled to go onward.

We entered the hotel, no one seeming to offer any opposition, and once more I found myself in the room I had previously quitted, with the body of the self-slain girl before me.

My companion advanced and took one of her hands in his own, as I had noticed him to do before. Falling upon his knees (the spectators made way for him to do so), he bent over the corpse, and addressed the poor girl, as if she only slept.

"Mary," he said, and his voice on this occasion seemed human and full of feeling, "speak to me, love; why have you done this? To-morrow would have been brighter than to-day. It always is."

I know not what was his impression, but I confess to an expectation that the dead girl would, by some movement, indicate her knowledge

of his presence. It was very foolish, but such was my belief. I was breathing a preternatural atmosphere, and was as one in a trance or dream.

All present were much moved. From a feeling of delicacy, they restrained their curiosity, and withdrew a few paces further from the corpse, that they might not seem to intrude upon the grief of the speaker. I loved them for the action. Looking at my companion, I saw that tears were falling in torrents from his eyes, and that they glittered like diamonds upon the dead girl's face, which had previously been wiped and cleansed of the slime and muddy water of the river.

The spell was dissolved, and I was released from the singular fascination which had before enthralled me. I remember that I was accosted by several individuals, who had noticed that I had entered the room in the company of the man who was kneeling by the side of the corpse. They desired to know the meaning of what they beheld. I professed ignorance. I would not repeat what he had told me. I left him to act as his own conscience impelled him.

Suddenly rising, he said, addressing all present, "Is there any one here who will send for this girl's father?"

There were numerous answers in the affirmative, and a youth volunteered to go himself, and fetch him. My late companion took him aside and communicated the necessary instructions.

I resolved to remain and witness the sad scene which I expected was to follow. I remember that there was much moving to and fro, much going and coming, rapid change of faces, frightened looks of appalled human beings, suppressed sighs, and long-drawn breathings, as fresh individuals entered the room, and beheld the ugly sight upon the floor. I remember, as I stood apart, that every thing wore a phantasmagorical appearance, and seemed to pass under my review like the swift succession of objects in a magic lanthorn. There was one object which never moved, never shifted its position; inert, striking a chill by its very presence, the centre to which all eyes were turned, its silence illustrated a fearful history, which I would have given much that all the fine, dashing men about town had been there to read.

One hour passed before the youth returned, accompanied by the father of the deceased.

He was a man turned of sixty,—a grey-headed man, with whom time, as well as the world had dealt roughly. I subsequently learnt many particulars of his history. I shall not relate them. He had reared a family of eleven children. Seven he had buried honourably and decently. Three were still living, and the other had occasioned the panic of that night.

The youth who had fetched him from his home had been silent respecting the event which had happened. When he entered the room, wondering for what he had been withdrawn on that cold night from the comfort of his fireside, those who were present, knowing who he was, formed a circle around the corpse of his daughter, so that the horrid sight did not meet his eyes. But my late companion stood apart, in full view of the doorway, and upon him the old man's glance rested immediately. He started back, like one who has trodden upon a serpent.

He was bewildered. The crowd without the hotel, and the crowd within, puzzled him. What could it mean? Why were so many per-

sons assembled? And why was *he* sent for? The sight of the seducer gave him a partial insight into the actual state of things. He looked wildly around him. His attention was arrested by the circle of individuals, whose object was betrayed by the position which they had assumed. He rushed towards them, forced his way through them, and, with a despairing cry—fell lifeless upon the body he had pressed to his bosom in its infancy.

There were many eyes in the apartment. Few—few among them that were not dim at that moment, and glistening with such tears as men but seldom shed.

He did not move. They raised him. He looked strangely, and mumbled words that had no meaning in them. HE IS NOW IN A LUNATIC ASYLUM.

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In less than a month afterwards I saw *that man* again. I was walking beneath the Quadrant in Regent Street, and near to the door of a gambling house of notoriety. He was standing at the entrance of this "hell." There was a youth in his company, whom he was evidently inveigling—upon whose ruin he was clearly bent. He saw me, and recognised me in his turn. I would have flown to the youth's rescue; and he knew that such was my intention, for he kept me at bay, fixing upon me those wonderful eyes, whose basilisk glances had held me in thrall upon the former occasion.

I saw how the youth strove and strove; and with all the might of filial love, (for, as I afterwards learnt, he had a mother to support,) endeavoured to resist the fascination of this man's company. Great hopes of gain, and thereby of the acquisition of means to purchase increased comforts for his parent, operated upon the victim's mind, and he allowed himself to be drawn into the snare. They entered the gambling house together.

I entered it also.

I was never a lover of games of hazard, and I know not at what venture we played (for I also joined them); but I remember that I lost a considerable sum, and that the youth, who carried his quarter's salary about him (he was in some government office), quitted the "hell" with, as he asserted, only one shilling in his pocket. I have heard Calvinistic preachers dwell upon the tortures which the damned undergo; I have seen pictures in which fanciful painters, delighting in morbid and revolting subjects, have endeavoured to pourtray them in the endurance of those agonies; but not the forbidding eloquence of the preacher, nor the rash talent of the gloomy painter, ever left such a direful impression on my mind, as did the parting glance which that youth cast upon the room, and upon the man who had seduced him to his ruin.

He hurried from the house. I followed him hastily, but he fled—fled like the wind. I was unable to keep pace with him. I saw him in the distance enter a druggist's shop.

It would appear, from a subsequent event, that the druggist refused to serve him with the article he demanded. I saw him quit the shop; and, intent upon following him, I had but one present design—that of keeping him in view. It was growing dusk. He took the way of the Strand, thence onward to Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, St. Paul's

Churchyard, and Cheapside. Intervening objects were constantly hiding him from my sight, and at last he fairly escaped me.

I was again, in my way homeward, upon London Bridge, where the din of the vast metropolis was rushing from all quarters to one centre. While I gazed again upon those dark waters—in whose bosom what wild, turbulent passions have been stilled—what terrible despair has found its rest!—I thought of *that man*, of his basilisk eyes, of the sad grave of the wretched girl whose ruin he had wrought. The cold snows of winter were now freezing over the earth which covered her. Suddenly, as on the former occasion, there was a loud cry, and a thronging of all persons to one spot. A youth was in the river. He had sprang from the centre of the bridge, and the tide which was flowing rapidly out, was bearing him beyond the reach of aid. His body, they said, might be landed at Rotherhithe, or it might get clear of all obstructions, and, in that case, would be cast up at Greenwich.

I turned away overpowered with nausea. The image of the youth, whose ruin I had witnessed on that afternoon, flashed upon my mind: it went to my heart that I had been present at the scene and had not prevented it. I cursed the tempter. I almost feared his power over myself at some future period. I shuddered when I reflected on the fascinating influence which he possessed.

I mingled with the crowd; they were sad men all. Some women were amongst them, and *they* wept. A child had lost his brother, and ran to and fro seeking him in terror; his shrill voice calling upon his relative rent the air. I gladly escaped from the confusion of the whole scene, and hurried homeward. At the foot of the bridge, on the Southwark side, and near the hotel into which the body of the dead girl had been carried, I once more encountered *that man*.

I shrank from him in violent disgust. He advanced. He took my arm. I could not resist. I knew, although I did not venture to look at him, that his eyes were fixed on me. I felt the power of their glances. I perceived that the same spell was again laid on me. His breath came hot against my cheek, and I heard his voice hissing in my ear.

"I am very sad," he said; "I have been again guilty. Another victim! That poor young man! What will his mother do? He was her only support. Do you not pity me? Do you not *hate* me rather? I am not the less a murderer because the law has no power over me."

I shook him off with a violent effort, and calling a cab, bade the driver, as I entered it, urge his horse to its utmost speed. By this method I effected my escape.

I subsequently exerted myself to discover the youth's mother, but without success. Very lately I heard that she ended her days—dying of a broken heart—*in a workhouse.*

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One more tragic recollection of London Bridge, and I have done. On a dark midnight, in the month of March, two men thus conferred, whispering, although they were alone—alone with the Great City and its lamps—alone with the night and the clouds:—

"His father, on his dying-bed, spake to him, as it might be, thus," said one of these men, a sexton and grave-digger, addressing his companion: "'Your sister will inherit all. In case of her death, or in the event of that which is more to be feared than death, that dreadful

malady which has been for generations in our family, your cousin will inherit. If *he* should die also, the money and the land will be yours.' And that was what they found in the will, when they came to open it."

"And the cousin *is* dead?"

"Yes, he has been dead some months. The sister is where I told you."

The other shook his head incredulously.

"It is true—or may I be a corpse to-morrow, if it isn't."

"What! shut up in a vault along with the coffins, and that for several weeks past?"

"Yes."

"And she has made no noise? kicked up no dust? Why, how old is she?"

"Turned eleven. Her mind is weak. And our threats of punishment are more terrifying to her even than the dead and their coffins!"

"'Tis very horrible!"

"We shall make something handsome by it. Do *you* say it is horrible? you, who have ——"

"Hush! I can do *that*, what you were going to say—but to shut up a child among coffins ——! And she is not mad yet?"

"No; and 'tis plain that she never will be. She is used to the situation now; and all her terror is that she will be beaten, if any stranger should discover her. When we take a fresh coffin in, she hides herself like a boy robbing an orchard."

"What is it, then, that *I* am wanted for?"

The answer, whatever it was, was whispered in a lower tone than even the foregoing conversation.

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It was quite true what they had spoken. There is a church in London, of which, with reference to its locality, we will here say nothing. Underneath its floor—underneath the pews, in which the living assemble, the dead for upwards of a century have made a temporary rest, waiting till the sexton has chosen to disperse their bones, by selling them to the bone-crushers.

You can look at broad noon-day through the iron gratings by which the light of God enters this dismal vault, and behold coffins piled one upon the other in heaps that are almost innumerable. At night the moon glimmers faintly on them. The ray of the farthest visible star pierces into that charnel. They lie all in one direction. Here, the feet—there, the head; and you can fancy the shroud—even the folds of the shroud—the rosemary, and the cold clammy corpse within.

At night also, the dark walls of this dismal vault gleam with a phosphoric light. Drops of water that are of a blood-red hue by day, that trickle constantly from roof to floor, shine in the dark with an unearthly brilliancy. The fetid atmosphere deposits these ugly evidences of human decomposition.

Oh! what a horrible thing for a child to be constrained to make its home in this storehouse of the dead, into whose recesses the living are constantly stooping and diving, sorely laden, but departing empty-handed, when they have deposited the new and glittering coffin by the side of that which arrived yesterday. What an appalling destiny for a poor child, a meek and timid girl, not yet twelve years old, to be im-

prisoned day and night—a human fungus, growing in the damp, slippery moisture of this charnel vault!

Alas! this poor child, thus incarcerated—thus consigned to a most revolting fate—dares not peep from the interior of her living tomb through the rusted bars of iron, to catch one glimpse of the serene and beautiful sky, dares not hurry to this grated aperture when she hears the halting step of a passenger, who, more curious than his fellows, darts a shuddering glance within.

She would be beaten if she ventured to make known her condition. Such is her fear. She dreads the lash, poor thing, for she is ignorant that the law would protect her, that the first word syllabling the horrid truth to the public ear, would cause a crowd to collect around the dungeon which confines her; that a thousand hands, and strong, manly, muscular arms, would be outstretched to rend away the iron bars, to force the entrance across whose threshold she does not hope to pass.

In the furthest corner of this horrible abode, hidden from view by a pile of coffins, the child sleeps—sleeps and dreams, not of the dead, as one would imagine, she is too used to *them*,—but of the living, of the living that crowd the streets and public places, of children that wind their arms around each other's necks, and hurry off to play; of mothers and sisters, of the sun, of birds, of flowers. *These*, the child dreams of, when midnight falls upon the city, and a twofold midnight on that loathsome, harrowing den.

In the solid wall of mouldering mortality, a recess has been formed by the removal of four coffins, a hole, a stye, scarcely bigger than a dog-kennel, the floor of which is littered with humid straw, and *that* is the child's home, apartment, and bed.

Is she not a type of thousands of young children who are consigned, almost from infancy, to that brute condition, that hopeless ignorance, which is worse than death, coupled with a premature tasking of their infant strength, producing disease, debility, early and incurable deformity? What thousands of young faces, that should be sunny with the smile of childhood, wear nothing but a perpetual gloom! The factory, the coal-mine are *their* charnels. *There*, death, and not life, is ever present with them; the death of all the pleasures which are theirs by right of their tender age; the death of the moral sentiment; the death of affection; the death of hope; even the death of the undeveloped soul.

For these children, as for our poor child dwelling in the charnel, every object is the coffin which encloses a corpse. There is no sun, no moon, no summer, no carpet of perpetual flowers, no laugh, no rejoicing. For the boys there are no young maidens; no sweethearts for the girls. A pall is spread over every object in nature. From the dome of the magnificent firmament to the silent growth of the corn at night beneath the stars, every thing is dead for these little innocents.

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Three days after the conversation recorded above, the sexton and his companion upon that occasion, entered a boat at the Middlesex stairs of London Bridge. They were accompanied by a young female child, whose exuberant joy attracted the attention of two or three bystanders—myself among others. We thought she was pleased at the prospect of sailing on the river, and said as much to each other. Poor child! it was the broad daylight, the smell of the fresh air, the sight of human

faces, the delight at being restored to liberty, that caused her impulses of exhilaration.

When she was seated, the men pushed off the boat.

"It isn't what I like at all," muttered the sexton. "But we must go through with it. She won't go mad. It's no use trying *that* on any longer. If anything would have done it, those coffins would. Pull away; we shall get an opportunity presently. Mind," he added, "we shall have to swim for it."

"All right," answered the other.

We watched the boat as it glided over the water. A steam-vessel, one of the numerous craft that ply upon the Thames, was bearing rapidly down, and the little boat seemed making straight towards it.

"Those fellows will get capsized, if they don't take care," said a spectator of the scene to his companion. "See, the steamer is bearing right down upon them."

The rowers did not appear to heed their danger, or were unable to avert it. The passengers crossing the bridge, attracted by the noise and cries of warning that issued from the deck of the steam-vessel and from various other quarters, rushed to the parapet, and looked forth upon the river. I pressed forward likewise, and was barely in time to see the boat disappear.

The sexton and his companion were drowned, as well as the little girl. The newspapers gave an authentic account of the catastrophe, and laid the entire blame upon the steamer. It was known shortly afterwards in London, that a young spendthrift had come into the possession of a large fortune, through his sister's death.

OCTOBER.

BY EDMUND OLLIER.

THE floral crowds of summer-time are dead,
And hush'd the voices that above them rung,
And gone are all the pleasant winds that sung
Their elfin music in the trees o'erhead;
And vanish'd are the many scents that shed
Tokens of sweetness the wide air along;
And every little meadow-bud that clung,
Child-like, around its mother earth, has fled.

A grand repose, immutable and deep,
Hangs o'er the still woods and the meadows bare:
The cold cerulean waters feel no breath
Ruffling the glassy calmness of their sleep:
The leaves scarce move; and in the placid air
The old year lies a dreaming of its death.

GLIMPSES OF GERMANY, WITH A GLANCE AT FRANCE.

BY A TRAVELLING SATELLITE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

When comets take their royal road through the heavens, a long bright train of light is left behind to mark where their course has been. When the kings and queens of this little speck called earth make royal roads in their sudden and erratic travels on its surface, they too shed an unwonted lustre on their way, kindling all into life and enthusiasm as they pass along. If ordinary monarchs, even, thus dispense the rays of their magnificence as they move, and leave their track still illumined with the recollection of their presence;—to the Queen of England this mighty power of attraction has been vouchsafed to a degree never enjoyed by even the greatest potentates before. Her sex, her reputation, the grandeur of her empire, the talismanic power which the very name of England has over continental minds, all these combined to render the visit of our Queen Victoria to the continent an object of interest so commanding as to draw to one great focus all the elements of grandeur and effect of which the courts and the people of the five great kingdoms through which she passed were capable. There was even a degree of the romantic in the magnificent courtesy with which she was greeted by princes, and the hearty, loyal, and chivalrous welcome she received from their subjects.

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So much for a beginning; a flourish of trumpets to attract the reader's attention. Though it is very grandiloquent, it is quite true; but as it is not easy to keep up that sort of thing long—stilts are troublesome crutches—I shall subside at once into the ordinary chit-chat style; because I am not going to weary the reader with a new account of the queen's late tour, (he must have been bored enough already by the newspapers,) but merely mean to use up a few stray memoranda, jotted down hastily without connexion or arrangement, some of which may and some may not be quite *apropos* to her Majesty's movements. At the same time, a few of the sights we saw were so remarkable, so unique, so unlikely to be ever seen again, that they will bear yet one more passing reference, notwithstanding all the newspapers have said of them.

Kings pay their compliments right royally, whenever it is their pleasure so to condescend. The whole series of scenes prepared for her Majesty by the King of Prussia, the King of the Belgians, the King of the French, the King of Bavaria, and above all by the dukes and dukelings of Coburg and Gotha, what were they but a continuity of graceful compliments? And on such a magnificent scale, too! reviving the reckless profusion of splendour which characterizes the middle ages, when all the power and wealth of kingdoms were staked to win a lady's smile. This was really the great and peculiar feature of the queen's tour. The Rhine scenery, exaggerated as the praise is that is bestowed on it, can be seen at any time. The lions of Antwerp or Cologne, or any other of the many towns visited by the queen, are ready at all seasons to absorb the money of the travelling English. Vast concourses of people, triumphal arches, troops and bands of

music, and royal personages, and receptions at railway stations—these can be had in England; nay, the queen must by this time be tolerably *blasée* of such sights in her own country; and all that was done of that kind in Belgium, Prussia, or Germany, was but a repetition of what we are here so familiar with. But the two grand illuminations of the Rhine were what perhaps no one will ever see again. To prepare such a sight for the queen was a proof of fine taste in the King of Prussia—to repeat it would deprive it of half its fascination. Troublesome as it is to be a travelling satellite of Queen Victoria, that sight of the illumination at Cologne amply repaid me for all I had, and that all have to undergo whose fate compels them to attend on the queen. Such a combination of the grand and the beautiful was never before attempted, and certainly it could never have been realized. Long may the princes of the earth be in amity to give and to receive such compliments! Apropos of compliments—one of the neatest, nay, the most elegant national compliment I ever heard was paid through my insignificant self to the whole British nation. It was on board the vessel coming from France after her Majesty had left Treport; and the gentleman who paid it,—I wish I could associate his name with his compliment,—was a Pole in the service of Louis Philippe. We were somehow or other talking of the favourite opera, "Les Diamans de la Couronne," some of the prettiest airs of which we were singing as we leant over the side of the vessel in the moonlight. Presently, our attention was attracted by the exquisite effect, phosphorus-like, of the light reflected on the water in the white foam of the quick-shifting waves. Each eddy sparkled with phosphoric light, till the sea seemed brilliant with myriads of diamonds. The Pole, with an instantaneous courtesy, pausing in the midst of an air from the opera already mentioned, pointed to the sparkling ocean, and cried "Voilà les Diamans de la Couronne Anglaise!" And it was said so gracefully, with so much true respect for the great nation it honoured! The scene would have given a French journalist a fit of the jaundice.

Talking of French journalists, they were almost as much the rage at Bonn as the royalties who were assembled to do honour to Beethoven. Almost the first question asked by a new-comer to the town was, "Which is Jules Janin?" And the same as to some other *feuilletonistes* who were supposed to be there. Well, like a great many other things that are talked much about in this world, the French journalists are best at a distance. Jules Janin is a sort of bourgeois dandy, with a great deal of consequence, and very little conversational wit to support his claims. He has mortally offended the whole German nation. Think of the exquisite coxcombry of the writer (none but a Frenchman would have dared to commit such a piece of impertinence), who could commence an article with the assertion, that the French had first taught the Germans to appreciate Beethoven! As well might a monkey spout Milton. But nothing is too absurd for a thorough-going French journalist. Putting aside all the nonsense they wrote about the Beethoven festival, (which by the way was a poor affair—all empty show, tinsel, and melo-dramatic display,) the way in which they collected together and republished all the calumnies they could hear or invent against the Queen of England, was utterly unworthy of the high and responsible function which they usurp. Regardless of probability, they printed every thing they heard. Not

active enough to keep up with the queen, they followed in her wake, and published, with their own ingenious additions and comments, the gossip of the *table-d'hote*. I will jot down one or two stories they tell, (or will tell as soon as they hear them, which is the same thing,) in order to give them a flat contradiction. You will observe, that they are all directed against the queen as a woman, and reflect personal discredit on her, as attributing want of courtesy, and a disregard of the ordinary decencies of life. To be sure they have this excuse—that the Germans (some of them only—as a nation they would be ashamed to slander a lady) tell these stories over their pipes and beer; but the French used to be the defenders of the sex, not their traducers.

Story the first:—You will remember that when the queen first arrived at Aix-la-Chapelle, there was a grand preparation to welcome her. There was the King of Prussia, and a grand procession of noblemen and gentlemen to escort her to the cathedral, and so forth. Well, among the rest, there were drawn up to receive the queen, a bevy of the prettiest girls in Aix, (and no place produces lovelier,) all dressed in white, with ivy wreaths and chaplets. Now Queen Victoria is remarkable for one quality—extreme consideration for those who, on public occasions, come forth to see her, or who make preparations for her honour. The story told in connection with these girls at Aix, is, that Her Majesty in passing them treated them with marked contempt and disdain! And this is told as an instance of the innate and natural rudeness of the Queen of England. The affair is almost too ridiculous to mention; but it is gravely talked about, and the whole story commented on as true, and circulated in France, by people whose rank in Germany, and whose position in France, ought to make them ashamed of such folly. It was a remarkable fact, that not only did the queen treat these pretty girls of Aix with marked kindness, but she seemed to draw the attention of the King of Prussia to their gay and graceful appearance.

Story the second:—It is stated, that when the Queen of England arrived at the palace of Bruhl, the King of Prussia had invited a considerable number of the first noblemen and people of the kingdom to meet Her Majesty at supper. This is the custom of the country: and were the King of Prussia in England, he would be met by a similar company at Windsor, only that the supper would be called dinner. Well, the tale-bearers say, that as soon as the queen found that these noblemen and gentlemen were invited to meet her, she took it "in ill part," was highly offended, and absolutely refused to meet them. It is added, that she and the prince, with the King of Prussia and some of the suite, supped alone, leaving the noblemen to make merry with each other as well as they could under the circumstances. I am really ashamed to mention such absurdities as these, nor would I, except to laugh at them, but that scarcely an Englishman who has followed in the wake of the queen can have failed to hear these tales told as truths. I am not quite sure that the French papers have got hold of this story; but, knowing their tricks so well, I don't think it amiss to anticipate them. There is no more foundation for it than for the other story they trumped up about a quarrel between the Queen of England and the King of Prussia; or their elaborate fiction of a coolness between Lord Aberdeen and Prince Metternich, when the two statesmen were lavishing compliments and favours on each other.

Another story, much more rich than the others, is that when Queen Victoria arrived at Stolrenfels, the King of Prussia had caused to be hung up in her bedroom, portraits of the Prince of Wales and the other royal infants. The *raconteurs* add, that Her Majesty was so affected at the incident, that she rushed up (or down, as the case might be,) to the King of Prussia, fell on his neck, (rather a difficult thing to do, considering their relative height,) and, bursting into tears, kissed him affectionately, and daughter-like! How this squares with the stories about the quarrel with the king does not appear quite clear; but I myself heard the tale gravely related by a German nobleman of high rank, who had heard it from some other equally gullible person. It is better, however, that these stories should be invented and circulated to meet the demand on the lie market, than that there should be any attempt at giving a political turn to the queen's visit. A more purely friendly, social affair could not be. No doubt the Aberdeens and the Metternichs tried to oppose each other in the most friendly way in the world; or, perchance, their views may be so alike, that they were glad of the opportunity of disclosing them to each other; but, that the queen's tour had any immediate political object, I do not believe; nor is my unbelief the less strong because Messieurs the French journalists assert the contrary so stoutly and so ingeniously.

I am positively afraid to read what I have been writing—I know it is sad rigmarole; but then you must remember that my function is not to write. I am not apt at stringing sentences together, or making "points;" nor have I any design in what I write beyond putting on paper the passing thought of the moment. No doubt all we saw in Germany was *couleur de rose:* everything was dressed up in holiday garb for our amusement, and in our honour; but still it could not be all fictitious; the honest Germans are too slow to be able to ape enthusiasm at a moment's notice. Nor could all the semi-pastoral scenes we saw at Coburg be improvised for the occasion. The family-like way in which princes and people live there, and at Gotha, is positively delightful. There is no ostentation—no show—no sulky grandeur; the people and the duke seem born and sworn friends. I never was more agreeably surprised than by what I saw in the duke's dominions. We have been accustomed to look on the queen's German relations as a set of poor and hungry creatures, who were looking to their more fortunate relations in England for a share of the rich spoil they get from John Bull's liberality; no such thing. The Duke of Saxe Coburg is a man of immense wealth; lord of a territory teeming with the richest products of the earth, and master of an independent revenue, over and above the wants of the state, which places him in this respect almost on a level with the sovereigns of England. Politically speaking, he may not be important, but in everything else that makes life valuable he is rich indeed. Among the many novel sights we saw in his dominions, the children's feast of St. Gregorius was the prettiest and most unique. I am much mistaken if we do not find the habits of royalty at home much altered by the effect of the example there set. The curse of royalty in England is that it is kept too much apart from the people. Queen Victoria is doing much to remove this evil; but still she is too much surrounded by state and ceremony when she goes among the people. At this feast at Coburg she was, perhaps, for the first time, a partaker in quite a new kind of royal life—dining and

taking part in rustic amusement in the presence of thousands of people. This was the other peculiar and remarkable feature in the queen's tour. All the particulars have been fully given in the papers; the moral of the thing is what I wish to refer to—that the more princes and people are brought into contact, the more the former are beloved and respected, and the more are the latter civilized.

In Belgium much the same kind of manners prevail; there the king and queen mix with the people, as friends and companions; and the Queen of England must here too have had the contrast between English and foreign court customs forcibly brought before her. Another change in this panorama of five weeks brought her to her old and affectionate friend, Louis Philippe; here the same amiable freedom of intercourse between king and people was renewed. I could not help thinking that the scenes through which the queen had passed in Germany had prepared her for a great change even in her own habits—that court ceremony and etiquette had become still more valueless in her eyes than ever. If something of the kind had not been going on in her mind, would she so readily have fallen in with, and so heartily have enjoyed, that ludicrous adventure of the bathing machine? Of all the grotesque sights I ever saw, that, taken with its associations, was the most perfect of its kind. And to see the agonies of the respective suites, compelled by etiquette to follow their royal leaders, and obliged to scramble (no, wade) to the shore as best they could. And to see the merry style in which the crowds who lined the shore greeted these new royal aquatics; the roars of laughter from the shore, and the peals of the same that every now and then rang out from the bathing machine. A year ago, no two sovereigns of Europe would have done such a thing; but these royal visits and royal festivities are working wonderful changes in royal personages, and through them, in the people themselves. The English people particularly are imitative in their social relations. They do what the court and aristocracy do, at least as far as they can. The fashion of exclusiveness was set by the court and aristocracy; it was followed by the people, till the ambition of each grade in society, down to the lowest, was to be exclusive towards the grade below it. If the court, seeing the mischief done by this to the national manners and character, shall think fit to adopt a different course, the people will soon follow, and England will be relieved from one great disgrace under which she labours. English sterling qualities, with a dash of foreign freedom of manners, would make a character not to be surpassed in the world, either of men or of books.

Where will Her Majesty whirl us to next? St. Petersburg? Dublin? Berlin? Vienna? It is a paltry weakness of mine, but I really should like to date a despatch from Moscow. I believe Napoleon had the same little failing.

Φ.

JAMES SHEPHERD, THE JACOBITE*.

A STORY OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE I.

BY CHARLES OLLIER.

"Force only can maintain
The power that fortune gives, or worth does gain."
COWLEY.

"Four o'clock! Twilight is coming on. I can see to work no longer. I am faint, tired, exhausted! My master is gone out, and will not return till night. I have worked hard all day, so that he cannot, in the fruits of my labour, detect the exemption I now seek from toil. Besides, Mr. Scott is a good man—not a tyrant. He is a Jacobite; and in that single word I include all virtue, moral and political. He is a true Scott of Scotland, Would *I* also were Scotch!"

Having said this, James Shepherd laid down the palette and pencil with which he had been emblazoning a coat of arms on a coach panel, and stretched himself along a bench in the workshop. But though the recumbent posture eased his limbs, he felt no inclination to slumber. Bodily quiet brought on, in a tenfold degree, mental activity—a very tumult of thought on one all-absorbing subject,—the inalienable right of the Stuarts to the throne of these realms. Poor, misguided, enthusiastic boy! His heraldic studies were merciless precursors of his fate.

The month was February. As he lay, the shadows of evening grew deeper and deeper, casting a gloom against the long line of windows that formed one side of the workshop. But this gloom was light itself, compared with the brooding shadows of his mind. James Shepherd was the victim of his own insane predilections. Living in a time when the kingdom was almost rent asunder by political factions, his inconsiderate but generous spirit linked itself with the weaker party, and espoused the cause of the pretender, James Francis Edward, son of James the Second, and called by his adherents, James the Third, King of England.

Shepherd was a solitary youth, little more than eighteen years of age. From his infancy his bodily health had been feeble; but his spirit was strong, and his imagination dominant. Like many persons of morbid physical temperament, he was fond of reverie, and lived in an ideal world. He was ready to endure any torment, yea, martyrdom itself, rather than renounce an opinion which he might deem to be founded in honesty; and he had unluckily conceived that the Hanoverian accession was brought about not only by treason to the people of England, but to the lawful dynasty of the Stuarts. This besetting notion derived fresh strength from the genealogical studies to which his occupation as a painter of escutcheons impelled him. Pedigrees, ancestral honours, and the claims of family descent, were to him sacred things. To violate them was worse than sacrilege.

* This unfortunate youth, whose name has passed into history, was the victim of a political delusion, not common in persons of his age. Had he lived in these days of judicial clemency, his punishment would have been that of the boy Oxford.

James was born in Southwark. When only five years old, he lost his father. In his studies at a school in Hertfordshire, young Shepherd made so much progress as to conciliate very strongly the favour of his uncle, Doctor Hinchcliffe, who removed him to a better academy at Salisbury, where he remained three years—three fatal years, during which time his destiny was sealed. The rebellion which immediately followed the accession of George the First, and which had so sanguinary a termination, was, of course, the all-absorbing topic of public discourse, and was earnestly discussed by Shepherd's schoolfellows at Salisbury, many of whom favoured the pretender's cause, especially as the rising in the North had in it all those elements of romance so captivating to young minds. Shepherd thus became an ardent Jacobite, and greedily perused all the pamphlets which at that time were secretly circulated, and which vindicated the doctrine of legitimate succession to the throne. In this idea he indulged to the exclusion of all others, and it became at length a monomania,—

"The fatal shadow that stalked by him still."

On quitting the Jacobite school at Salisbury, Shepherd was, by his uncle and friend, Doctor Hinchcliffe, apprenticed to a Mr. Scott, a coach painter, in Devonshire Street, Bishopsgate, where, as we have seen, he addressed himself industriously to his business, and to those heraldic studies which, though of value to him in his calling, fixed on his mind, with greater intensity, the one prevailing and destructive idea.

At the time when this narrative opens, James Shepherd was, as we have said, between eighteen and nineteen years of age. During the preceding year, an affection had sprung up between himself and a Scotch girl who visited at his master's house. Jane Wilson was, like Shepherd, in her teens—a fair-haired lass, pretty in person and quiet in manner, but veiling by external composure an enthusiasm akin to that of her boy-lover. Her greatest charm, however, in his eyes, consisted in her being a confirmed Jacobite.

Turbulent and distressing were young Shepherd's thoughts as he reclined on the workshop bench where we left him. Even Jane could not long divert his meditations from the overwhelming thought which haunted him day and night like a spectre. He conceived that his life was not his own, but that he was by all obligations, divine and human, bound to devote it to his king, James the Third. In his case, the prospect of martyrdom brought with it no glory; it was merely a stubborn duty, involving not the slightest merit in performance. His prince, he thought, had every claim on his services, even to death; and he would resolutely meet death whenever it should be necessary.

"Dreadful, indeed, are the times," ruminated he as he lay, "dreadful!—Usurpation is in the country hand-in-hand with savage cruelty. Of what must that man's heart be made who could see unmoved three ladies of high birth prostrate at his feet, and with tears and convulsive cries supplicating for their husbands' lives! But nothing can touch the tyrant's heart—nothing but steel. Ah! why cannot my arm thrust the blade that shall avenge the murder of Derwentwater and Kenmure, and the humbler victims starved to death in prison? I'll do it! My own blood will no doubt be made to flow even while his is gushing forth. What of that? I'll do it! Jane, my best beloved, I shall lose

thee; but we shall meet in the tranquil courts of Heaven, where no usurpers are, and where might is not right."

Motionless as a statue did Shepherd recline, contemplating the means by which this mad project could be carried into effect. In his diseased mind, its manifest atrocity was invested with the hues of virtue; and no consideration on earth could dissuade him from attempting it. But how should he—a friendless and unknown boy—set about so daring and perilous a scheme? As a preliminary step, it was necessary that he should see the pretender, who was in Rome—that the prince should be concealed in England at the time of the meditated assassination of George I.; and that the abettors of the Stuart cause should be ready to take advantage of the confusion which would follow such a deed. How was all this to be accomplished? Shepherd had not money sufficient for a voyage to Italy; he knew not how he could obtain an introduction to the so-called James the Third, neither was he personally acquainted with any of the influential Jacobites in England, who, he feared, would not readily admit into their confidence a stranger and a boy. Though thus perplexed, he still cherished the horrible idea, and summoned to his memory the names of several nonjuring clergymen of whom he had heard, and who must of course be hostile to the existing government. He thought that his secret would be perfectly safe in the breast of one of his own party, especially if that one were a minister of religion, a nonjuror, and a sufferer in what he esteemed a sacred cause. Shepherd was himself devoutly inclined; he had read in the Bible of the smiting of wicked kings, and he remembered that the bulky champion, Goliath, was destroyed by a shepherd-boy, with a sling and a stone. "Even thus," thought he, "shall the unjust mighty perish!"

Poor youth! he had brooded over this matter till reason was entirely gone. He knew not that his legitimate king was George I., who had been advanced to his lofty dignity by the best of all possible right—the national voice. Had the pretender succeeded in his mischievous design, it could only have been by invasion and conquest, and thus *he* might fitly be called an *usurper*, as holding by force that which belonged to George by indefeasible claim. Had he been instructed in the true principles of our constitution, James Shepherd might have been saved.

At last the name of Mr. Leake, a nonjuring clergyman, occurred to him. "I will write to that man immediately," exclaimed he, starting up, "and then I shall have taken the first step. I will pledge myself to attempt the act, and he shall find I will not recede. My heart is already lighter."

Having procured paper, pen, and ink, he wrote the following letter:—

"Sir,—From the many discontents visible throughout this kingdom, I infer that if the prince now reigning could be by death removed, *our king*, being here, might be settled on his throne without much loss of blood. For the more ready effecting of this, I propose that if any gentlemen will pay for my passage into Italy, and if our friends will entrust one so young with letters of invitation to *his majesty*, I will, on his arrival, *smite the usurper in his palace*. In the confusion, if sufficient forces may be raised, *his majesty* may appear; if not, he may retreat or conceal himself till a fitter opportunity. Neither is it presumptuous to hope that this may succeed, if we consider how easy it is to cut the thread of human life; how great confusion the death of a

prince occasions in the most peaceful nation; and how mutinous the people are,—how desirous of a change. But we will suppose the worst—that I am seized, and by torture examined. Now, that this may endanger none but myself, it will be necessary that the gentlemen who defray my charges to Italy leave England before my departure; that I be ignorant of *his majesty's* abode; that I lodge with some Whig; that you abscond; and that this be communicated to none. But, be the event as it will, I can expect nothing less than a most cruel death; which, that I may the better support, it will be requisite that, from my arrival till the attempt, I every day receive the Holy Sacrament from one who shall be ignorant of the design.

"JAMES SHEPHERD."

"To the Rev. Mr. Leake."

"That will do," said Shepherd, folding up the letter and sealing it. "I am now irrecoverably implicated, just as I wish to be. At this present moment, I enjoy a serenity to which I have been long a stranger. I will now go forth, and leave my letter with Mr. Leake. *He* will never play me false. Of that I feel assured."

Shepherd then left the workshop, and went towards the dwelling-house, that he might change his clothes previously to going with his letter to the residence of Mr. Leake. As he passed the back parlour, a well-known voice accosted him.

"James, James, you're leaving work earlier than usual. How glad I am! I've been waiting an hour to see Mrs. Scott. She will be in soon. Come into the parlour and sit with me."

"Ah, Jane, is it you?" rejoined Shepherd, still remaining in the little court-yard, and talking to her through the window; "you know what delight I take in your company; but I have business on hand, urgent business, and may not delay, no, not even for you, dear Jane. I am going to my garret to dress myself. Good bye, and God bless you, dear Jane!"

There was something in the tone of voice in which he spake—something in the expression of his features—and a certain significance in the manner of his valediction, that stimulated the curiosity, and aroused the suspicion of Jane Wilson. She hastily left the room, and came into the open space.

"James," said she, laying her hand on his arm, "you look ill at ease; pale, agitated, scarcely yourself. What go you about? I fear for you, James. These are troublous times. I know the feelings that actuate you, and I share in them, as you are well aware; but I should die of grief if any disaster happened to you," continued she, hiding her face on his shoulder. "There, you have now a maiden's secret. No secrets should be between you and me. Let me, therefore, know what is the affair which has so transformed you that at first the visage of James Shepherd seemed to me almost that of a stranger."

The youth looked earnestly at her, and tears stood in his eyes, as he replied.—

"Question me not, dearest Jane. What now engages me, appertains to myself alone. Suppose I am ill, and that I seek medical aid; or that I am troubled in mind, and need spiritual consolation; or that Doctor Hinchcliffe has sent for me. Think what you will, but do not hinder my course. Jane, dear, best-beloved Jane, you are more precious to me than my heart's blood; but do not stay me. I will hasten

back, and see you again, if possible, before you go. Give me your hand, Jane—let me kiss it. We shall meet again—be assured of that. Trust in me; more than life I love you. For the present farewell! Nay, do not turn away your face. Farewell!"

So saying, Shepherd gently disengaged his hand from that of his companion, entered the house, and ascended the stairs to his own room, when, having arranged himself in his best garments, he sallied out to leave his letter at Mr. Leake's.

Mr. Leake was seated with his family at tea when Shepherd's strange communication was delivered. The clergyman, though a conscientious nonjuror, was too honourable to be concerned in a plot which was to end in the desperate crime of assassination. He was, moreover, a timid man; and never having, previously to the present time, heard of James Shepherd, he was not without a suspicion that the letter was a snare contrived by the emissaries of government to entrap him.

"I am a suspected person," thought he, "and this is a scheme to ruin me. I can secure my safety in no other way than by taking this letter immediately to a magistrate. If the authorities seek to ensnare me, I shall thus foil them at their own game; and if any mad-brained desperado be really aiming at the life of the Hanoverian monarch, why the sin must be on his own head. I have clearly no alternative but to give information to a magistrate."

The poor deluded Shepherd had not left Mr. Leake's house a quarter of an hour before the latter was on his way to Bow Street, where his information was thankfully received. Officers were sent to the clergyman's house to be in readiness to apprehend the writer of the epistle whenever he should again present himself, which was on the following morning. His person was not known; but on his requiring an answer to the letter he had left the preceding evening two constables appeared, and he was apprehended.

This was a dreadful moment to Shepherd. Without having been able even to attempt his great purpose, he was manacled and hurried off to a prison. But he bore himself bravely, resolutely. He looked with scorn on his captors, and his wan face had no other expression than indomitable pride.

For the first time, the boy had stolen from his work in the busy hours of day. Mr. Scott knew not whither he had gone. James had imparted his secret to no one. Noon came, and still he did not return. His master, who much esteemed him, felt greatly alarmed. But who shall paint the distraction of Jane when she heard of his absence, and still more on learning that he was in custody, and had been examined at the office of Lord Sunderland on a charge of high treason!

Shepherd, however, had made up his mind to the worst. He confronted his accusers, before Lord Sunderland, with perfect composure; avowed himself, without hesitation, the writer of the letter; and only lamented that fate had interposed between his design and its fulfilment. He declared that, for the last three years, it had been the cherished object of his contemplation. Having admitted this, he was reconveyed to prison to await his trial.

In the interval which elapsed between his committal and his appearance before a jury, which was to decide his fate, James was kept in solitary confinement. Access to him, under any pretence, was strictly prohibited. In vain did the poor Scotch girl supplicate ad-

mission. The gates of the prison were closed against her, and she was sent away despairing and broken-hearted. But Shepherd's spirit did not quail. He would not disgrace the cause for which he knew he was to die. In his mistaken enthusiasm, death was preferable to life under usurpation.

Had not his mind frequently reverted to Jane, the youth would have exulted in his approaching martyrdom; but when he thought of her, his spirit fluttered and fell at the prospect of the misery into which he had plunged her. Even this dismay was, however, overcome by self-congratulation that he would perish for his lawful prince.

On his trial, Shepherd proudly disdained to make any defence. He at once acknowledged the truth of what had been deposed against him; and declared that, by dying for his principles, he had attained the summit of his ambition. The jury gave a verdict of "Guilty;" and when the culprit was asked why sentence should not be pronounced on him, according to law, he drew himself up haughtily, and said, "I cannot hope for mercy from a prince whom I will not own." He was accordingly condemned to be hanged.

It was a harsh and drizzly morning on the 17th of March, 1718, when the unfortunate enthusiast set out on his last pilgrimage in this world. The progress from Newgate to Tyburn was long and tedious; but a serene and happy smile played during the whole time on poor Shepherd's countenance. Some few persons were bold enough to bid God bless him as he passed the crowded windows on his road; and even those whose timidity made them dumb, sympathized with sorrow in his fate. He did not, however, anticipate that he was *not* to be the only actor in the tragedy about to ensue. Had he known this, his firmness must have given way. How often does Providence mercifully hide from our sight approaching terrors!

The prison ordinary and a nonjuring priest of the name of Orme were in the cart with Shepherd, engaged, during the whole procession, not in affording spiritual consolation to the culprit, but in acrimonious disputes with each other as to certain tenets of their faith. These indecent wranglings were continued even on the scaffold, to the hindrance of the executioner's office. Some thought the time was purposely prolonged in expectation of a reprieve; and one panting, trembling creature was there who, seeing the contest between the clergymen, dared to cherish a faint ray of hope.

At length, the ordinary quitted the spot, leaving Mr. Orme to pray with the malefactor. After Shepherd and the priest had gone through several religious exercises, Orme, with a loud voice, gave the youth public absolution; for which daring defiance of government he was taken into custody on the spot.

The executioner now advanced; there was a breathless silence: the rope was fixed, and in an instant James Shepherd was seen swinging in air. At this moment, the spectators were still more horror-stricken on hearing a piteous shriek from one of the stands. A rush was made towards the place, where a young girl was found gasping in the agonies of death. Her power of utterance was gone. A slight quivering of the limbs indicated the final agony, and she soon ceased to breathe. Life must have departed from her nearly at the same moment as it left Shepherd. Her body was conveyed to the nearest tavern, where, ere long, it was owned as the corpse of Jane Wilson.

A TALE OF EAST INDIA LIFE.

(FOUNDED ON FACT.)

BY J. H. STOCQUELER, AUTHOR OF THE "HAND-BOOK OF INDIA."

ONE of the strongest proofs that can be afforded of the prevalence and force of the aristocratic principle in English society, is to be found in the deference invariably paid to *good blood*. The peer is not singular in his anxiety to exhibit a high descent, and display a 'scutcheon untarnished by the misconduct of an ancestor, or the accident of an ignoble connexion. Every country gentleman, every citizen, every member of the liberal professions, delights to trace his origin to a proud and honourable source; and if he cannot commence the family pedigree with the visit of the Norman conqueror, he is not at all displeased to be able to speak of his great-grandfather the Bishop, or even his grandfather the General. Mothers with dowerless daughters, and sons who have only their wits to depend upon for advancement in the world, will be content to seek for the former a comfortable establishment without much regard to the birth, character, or social position of the man to whom they consign their child; but a son's marriage is always a subject of fearful domestic anxiety. He may degrade his family by a humble alliance; he may forget that the blood of all the Snookses courses through his veins, and in a moment of passionate enthusiasm espouse an unpresentable Tomkins, whose portion is only derivable from a successful speculation in figs. But there is still one consolation left: the girl is the result of honourable wedlock. John Tomkins *père* was duly called in the parish church, and no one saw "just cause or impediment" why he and Mary Briggs should not be joined together in holy bands. Were it otherwise—if it should so fall out that the son and heir of Duffy Snooks should give his hand to one whose parentage had never received the sanction of the law,—the family honour is blighted—the shield is blotted, disfigured, stained irrevocably, and the "anxious mother" can no longer hold her head erect in the pew of the parish church.

This tenaciousness of family consequence—amiable it may be, and politic it certainly is—characterizes, as we have said, all classes of the English, but nowhere does it operate so extensively as in our colonies and East India possessions. *There*, a man's marriage becomes almost a national question: his family, absent in the mother country, are seldom made aware of his matrimonial intentions until too late to interpose a remonstrance or offer a friendly caution; he tells them by one mail that he is in love, and the next, perhaps, announces that the knot has been irrevocably tied. But his fellow-men on the spot see with concern his disregard of the paramount claims of legitimacy and purity of blood, and revenge themselves on what they regard as an outrage on national honour, by a coldness and contumely which they extend to even the second and third generations. Neither education, nor talents, nor conduct, nor wealth, secure to the youth who has sprung from an Indian source, on the mother's side, that degree of consideration which is awarded as a matter of course to the pure descendants of Europeans: he is looked upon as a living type of the in-

continency of the emigrants from the West; he is a connecting link between the white man and a race he disdains to recognise as his equal in the scale of humanity. He is, in short, a person who, for good reasons or bad reasons, should be "kept down," let his individual merit be what it may. But habitual contumely, however much it may, in a general way, brutalize its objects by lowering them in their own esteem, has not the effect of degrading the Eurasian East Indian country-born, or half-caste*. Proud of his parentage on the father's side, he claims to be treated as a European, whom he imitates in costume and pursuits, and of whose acquirements he obtains a smattering by a course of such education at one of the local grammar-schools as the bounty of the government or the European community, or a vague sense of duty on his father's part, may open to young persons of his grade of life. And be it said to his honour, that in his after career he rarely disgraces his teachers or dishonours his paternal origin. He takes pride in cherishing good principles and sober practices, assured that these alone will enable him to boast of his father the Colonel, or his father the Judge, without exciting contemporary ridicule. Sometimes it is his lot to be sent to England at a very early age, for the benefit of a higher kind of education than is generally attainable in India. Personal fondness for his offspring, a conviction that scholarship and good training may serve the boy in after life, if he be not destined to inherit a fortune, or help him to adorn it if he *is* to be a legatee, will induce the father of a Eurasian son to go to the expense of consigning him to some tried friend or well-conducted establishment in the far West; but the result is fatal or otherwise to the youth's happiness, according to whether he remains in England or returns to the scene of his childhood. *Here*, we are not disposed to scan very narrowly the birth, parentage, and complexion of men whose conduct and demeanour entitle them to a friendly reception in society; but in India, as before observed, the highest qualities are insufficient to set off the individual who wears "the shadowed livery of the burning sun." Hence, on his return to his native country, the Eurasian finds himself suddenly and almost unaccountably placed beyond the pale of society; and his natural sensibility, stimulated by education, is thus outraged to a most cruel degree, and often to a fatal issue. A tale, illustrative of this fact, occurs to me just now, and I am not aware that I can do better than relate it, with the double view of entertaining the reader of "Ainsworth's Magazine," and inducing the European in India to evince more consideration for the feelings of the educated Eurasians than is at present extended to them.

Edmund Merton was the son of a major in the Bengal army who, being stationed for some years in a part of the country remote from the great towns in Upper India, had formed a *liaison* with a female whose occupation was that of a nautch or dancing girl. This female became the mother of my hero, and as she and her companions appeared to the major to possess very few qualifications for the task of rearing his heir, he resolved, as soon as the child had reached his fifth year, to separate him from the tenants of the *Zenana*, and send him to a relative in

* This latter term is repudiated by the class, and its use regarded as an insult. The term *Eurasian*, first employed by the penultimate Marquis of Hastings, when Governor-General of India, is perhaps the most appropriate, combining as it does the titles of the two quarters of the globe.

England for his education. His relative, a cousin, having no family of his own, felt himself at a loss to rear so young and helpless a charge, and therefore committed him to the care of a maiden lady, who eked out a decent existence at a village near Totness, in Devonshire, by playing custodian and teacher to half a dozen of the tenderest youths of both sexes. With this lady and his companions the child was happy. His gentle disposition and pretty black eyes, added to the presumed helplessness of one so far removed from his parents, made him the pet of the guileless beings. One of them, Emily Bertram, a fair girl exactly his equal in years, especially attached herself to him, regarding the little Indian with the interest which an affectionate sister extends to a younger brother. Six years of the childhood of Edmund Merton were passed under the roof of Miss Worthington, and they were years unclouded by either sickness or family misfortune, or any of the bereavements which ever and anon cast a gloom over the existence of infancy. Major Merton, who in due course rose to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, was punctual in his remittances to his cousin the merchant, who as regularly transmitted the stipend to Miss Worthington, receiving with the stamped acknowledgment a favourable report of the progress of little Edmund. When our hero attained his eleventh year, however, it was deemed expedient by his guardian to transfer him to an academy where a higher class of education was obtainable than that which Miss Worthington professed to give. He was accordingly sent to a school in Yorkshire. Bitter was the separation between the poor boy and his little companion Emily Bertram—they had "grown together,"

> "Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
> But yet a union in partition,
> Two lovely berries moulded on one stem."

But they hoped and expected to meet again soon, and, with the elasticity common to young hearts, the grief of the parting was soon forgotten.

Years rolled on—Edmund Merton was as happy with his new as with his late schoolfellows, for they liked his bland and unassuming manners, and instead of regarding his colour as a reproach, they deemed it, with the generosity common to youth, an appeal to their sympathies. He was a comparative stranger, and therefore entitled to friendly consideration. With the master of the school Edmund was likewise a favourite, for to his tractability he added a quick capacity, which saved the pedagogue a world of trouble, and gave our hero good places in the several classes to which, with his years and corresponding acquisitions, he advanced.

Pass we over the details of his school life. Edmund remained under the care of Dr. Parkinson until he was nineteen years of age, and had by that time attained a high degree of proficiency in all the branches of polite learning proper to a good position in society, and essential to further advances in the higher grades of life. He had scarcely passed his nineteenth birth-day, however, when one morning a carriage drove to the door of Stadbrook House, (the name of the school,) and an elderly gentleman alighted and desired to see Dr. Parkinson and Edmund Merton. This visitor was no other than old Mr. Merton, the guardian of the youth. Fourteen years had not passed over his head without leaving their traces in his silvered hair and furrowed

cheeks. He had had his share of personal cares, though the dissolution of the bonds of love had formed no part of his affliction. He had "had losses,"—men in whom he trusted had failed to large amounts—a clerk in whom he confided had plundered him of heavy sums. To solace the decline of life, with the affection of one on whose gratitude he had, unknown to the party himself, established a claim, was now the object of the venerable visitor. He thought, by making Edmund Merton the inmate of his house and his confidential friend, he should find a compensation in old age for the disappointments and vexations that had embittered the prime of life. And in making this transfer of the youth from the school to his domicile, he was but carrying out the wishes of Edmund's father, who, dying in India, a few years previously, had, by will, bequeathed the bulk of a tolerably handsome fortune to his son, enjoining the executor and guardian, his cousin, to withhold from Edmund the free use of the property until he had passed two or three years under his own eye, subject to the discipline of the counting-house.

Mr. Merton was gratified to find his charge had grown into a fine young man, and that his mind had undergone a due degree of cultivation. Edmund, on his part, was pleased to learn that he was about to commence the world under favourable auspices. A few hours, and the carriage rolled over the streets of London, bearing him to Finsbury Square, where his protector and future host resided. A few weeks, and he had seen enough of the great city to satisfy present curiosity. He was now installed in the office of Mr. Merton, who followed the business of a merchant and ship-broker, and though conscious of the possession of a handsome independence, his well-regulated mind suggested to him the prudence of acquiring fixed habits, and profitably consuming time in the pursuit of a not uninteresting business.

For two years our hero conscientiously pursued the vocation of a clerk, rising early and working each day until a late hour; he became a proficient in book-keeping—no one could enter or clear a ship with greater expedition—no one was more ready with appropriate replies to business applicants. In short, Edmund Merton had made himself as necessary to his friend and guardian as if his very bread had depended upon his diligence. One afternoon, in the summer of 1825, as he was closing the accounts of the good ship *Marquis of Granby*, and writing letters for despatch by her upon the morrow, a lady entered the counting-house, and enquired of the clerk who had charge of the passenger branch of the shipping business, whether she might safely prolong her stay in London another day without losing her passage by the *Marquis of Granby*. A reference was made to Merton, for he alone could tell when the vessel would actually sail from Portsmouth. The lady addressed herself to him. For the moment, Merton could not answer. Her beauty had powerfully arrested his attention—the softness of her voice had bound him as with a spell—and what rendered the enchantment more potent still, was a vague presentiment that he had seen that face and heard that voice before at some remote and now forgotten period. Pausing before he made reply, he ventured to ask the lady's name, and whether they had not met in by-gone days. The question operated upon her with electric effect—the features and complexion of Edmund Merton at once suggested his identity, and he, to his inexpressible delight, again clasped to his heart the idol of his

infancy, the beautiful Emily Bertram! A thousand strangely conflicting emotions at once seized the bosoms of the pair—a thousand questions were asked and answered—a thousand kind expressions were exchanged. But the real question at issue was forgotten—was the vessel likely to be detained? Could Miss Bertram stay another day? She could not—the ship was proceeding down the river, and by the following evening would be in the Downs. A hurried farewell was the result of the official reply.

That night was the first night of torment Merton had ever known. Sleep forsook his pillow; his pulse throbbed; his heart beat high: his brain was racked. The keen sensibility of his nature had been aroused. Love, ardent and ungovernable, had taken possession of his soul, and the hope of inspiring a corresponding passion had been fortified by the recollection of early interchanges of affection. But what availed it all?—what was to be done now that the precious jewel with which the *Marquis of Granby* was freighted was actually on the way to a far distant land?

Love is an ingenious counsellor: he supplies expedients to his votaries when all the schemes suggested by ordinary ingenuity have failed. Coming to the aid of Merton as the clock of the nearest church struck four, he whispered that there was yet time to proceed on board the outward-bound vessel, and exact from the beauteous object of adoration, and cause of restlessness, a pledge of future regard—if not something more. With characteristic energy, Merton sprang from his couch, and hastily dressing, sallied out of the house; and proceeding to an hotel in the neighbourhood, quickly obtained a post-chaise and four swift horses. Not a moment was lost—whip and spur were vigorously applied, and in a few hours Merton found himself at Deal. Rushing to the beach he obtained a boat, and commanded the men to row towards *the Marquis of Granby*, which at that moment had weighed anchor, and was filling her sails for the down-channel trip. Vigorously the boatmen plied their oars, and in a few minutes Merton stood on the quarter-deck. Emily was in her cabin: without waiting to be asked, Merton ran below and entreated an interview. Her own feelings were too much in unison with his for denial. Surprised, but not displeased, by his visit, she reciprocated all the passionate outpourings of his full heart. Would she become his wife if he followed her to India? Would she cherish during the voyage a recollection of that brief interview? Would she build her hopes of the future upon her recollections of the past? Her rapid answers were all in the affirmative. To quit the vessel with him, then, was, if not impossible, at least, imprudent: she would consider herself pledged, and he would speedily join her in India. Merton, in a perfect ecstacy of hope, left the ship, which then, favoured by a six-knot breeze, approached the South Foreland.

In the brief interview which had taken place, Merton learnt all the circumstances which led to the departure of his early love for India. It appears that, when at school, she had formed an intimacy with a girl who had married a member of the Bengal civil service; and this person, upon Emily's becoming an orphan, had offered her a home in Calcutta, if she felt disposed to avail herself of it. Emily had no other resource,—she readily accepted the kind offer, and had engaged a passage in the *Marquis of Granby*.

Four months had now elapsed. The ship that bore Emily Bertram

had safely reached Calcutta, and she was soon installed a guest in the magnificent palace (for the Calcutta houses are more like Italian *palazzi* than English residences) of Mrs. Flammenbury, the civilian's wife, and had received the homage of half the *élite* of the town.

And how had Edmund passed the same period? Greatly to the grief and consternation, and much against the earnest remonstrances of Mr. Merton, he had taken a passage in a fast sailing A 1 trader announced "to sail immediately." He did not attempt to remove his property from the custody of his old patron, for it was his purpose to return to England as soon as he should have espoused the beautiful Emily Bertram. He therefore merely took a sufficiency with him for present purposes, and in a few days he was fairly on his voyage in the good ship *James Pattison*. Calms and contrary winds were not, in point of fact, much more rife than usual; but, to Edmund's ardent imagination, they appeared to be prolonged beyond all ordinary limits. At length, within a month after Emily's arrival, the *James Pattison* entered the Ganges, and as she slowly sailed up that portion of the noble river which skirts the sylvan suburb of Calcutta known by the name of Garden Reach—a locality which transcends in verdant beauty the umbrageous vicinities of Isleworth and Richmond,—Edmund pictured to himself the boundless joy which would distinguish the meeting with his future bride.

An hour or two later and the ship was anchored abreast of the superb town of Calcutta. Edmund did not wait to land his luggage, but springing into one of the handsome covered barges which wait upon vessels immediately upon their arrival, he was soon ashore, and, ensconced in a palanquin, on his way to Garden Reach. The novelty of the scene—for even to Edmund, a native of the soil, long absence had made it novel—did not divert his mind from the one engrossing topic. Neither the stately buildings; nor the busy, sable population; nor the strange scenery, of surpassing arboraceous richness, had the slightest attraction for him: his senses were enwrapped in one delicious anticipation. In less than three quarters of an hour he had reached the gates of the compound—a Lilliputian park—in which the house stood, and in a few minutes more he had entered the cool and spacious vestibule where sleepy servants, squatted on the marble floor, awaited the summons comprised in the words *Qui hye!* Sending up his card, he was ushered by one of the domestics into a large and handsome saloon, used as a dining parlour. The punkah—a broad fan suspended from the ceiling—was instantly waved over his head by an unseen agency; but the zephyrs which it put in motion were insufficient to cool the fever of his brain. After a longer delay than he had anticipated—a delay which served the purpose of giving birth to some undefinable apprehensions which covered his teeming fancy, as it were, with a pall, he heard the rustle of a female dress. In an instant he was on his legs, and at the door of the apartment, to greet the object of his idolatry. An elegant and stately woman, on whom climate had only just begun to stamp a delicate pallor, met him at the door, and, advancing into the room, motioned him to a chair, at the same time bidding her servant to leave the room. It was Mrs. Flammerbury. Edmund was amazed. What could it all mean? Why this stately reserve where he had looked for hearty welcome? Where was Emily? —was she ill—absent—or—? He asked at once a hundred incoherent

questions, but received no reply until he had ceased to interrogate. Mrs. Flammerbury then commenced something very like a set speech, in which she intimated that, unconsciously, perhaps, Mr. Merton had placed Miss Bertram in a cruel and unlooked-for position, from which it was his duty as a man of honour to extricate her, or leave her the sad alternative of acting for herself irrespective of his wishes and feelings. Edmund, parenthetically, protested against the insinuation that any part of his conduct would bear a construction inimical to his honour. The lady continued. "He (Edmund) was probably not aware that, however recklessly Englishmen in India rushed into alliance with ladies of colour, English girls had not yet so far forgotten their obligations to society as to form matrimonial connexions with persons of his complexion. Such unions were not tolerated in Anglo-Indian society, and Miss Bertram had only assented to Mr. Edmund Merton's advances, in ignorance of the insurmountable barrier which prudential considerations had established, &c. &c. Under these circumstances"—the fluent lady proceeded—"Miss Bertram casts herself upon the generosity of Mr. Merton. She was sure he would not expect the fulfilment of a hastily formed contract which could only lead to perpetual misery—but that if he did ——."

Up to this moment Edmund had listened in a kind of stupified amazement, but now he could restrain his pent-up emotions no longer. Bursting into a flood of tears, he gave vent to the most passionate ejaculations, now denouncing his own ignorance and folly which had led him so far in a vain pursuit—and now anathematizing the artificial distinctions which had converted a marriage promise into something like a crime. Not a syllable of reproach did he breathe against her whose want of resolution had now cast him into a slough of fearful despond; his generous nature rather excused her as the innocent victim of a system of which they had both been ignorant. Recovering from the paroxysm into which the dreadful intelligence had thrown him, he rose to take his leave, simply asking whether he might not see Emily Bertram for a moment, to assure her of the constancy of his attachment, and to bid her farewell. This privilege was denied him. "*Miss* Bertram," said Mrs. F., "thinks it would spare the feelings of both parties if no meeting took place."

Slow and sadly did Edmund Merton retrace his steps to the river's brink, to rejoin the vessel that had brought him to the abhorred shore. His pride and his love had received a terrible shock. He had learnt, for the first time in his life, that he had been born with a stain upon him more offensive in the sight of the oligarchies of British colonies than the "original sin" which is the heritage of all God's creatures. He had been "discarded thence" where he had garnered up his heart —and his only fault was that his skin was tawny! It was a cruel and overwhelming visitation.

In the Captain of the *James Pattison*, Merton had ever found a kind, a frank, and intelligent friend. To him, therefore, he unbosomed his griefs, and sought consolation and counsel. The Captain had frequently made voyages to India, and was sufficiently well acquainted with the strange constitution of society, to be able perfectly to comprehend the process of reasoning by which Emily Bertram had been induced to swerve from her pledge. He knew that, bred up as Edmund had been, it would be a source of daily mortifications to him to remain in Calcutta,

and find himself, a young man of fortune and good education, debarred the society of his mental equals; he accordingly advised his instant return to England, and to that end introduced Edmund to the captain of a small vessel that was on the point of sailing to Liverpool. Edmund at once removed his luggage, and in a very few days turned his back upon India, not, however, without addressing a letter to Emily, in which he upbraided her perfidy, spoke of the deep wound she had inflicted on his peace, and wished that she might find, in another, as fond a husband as he would have made her. He reminded her of the happiness of their early days; and in closing his letter bitterly quoted the beautiful apostrophe,—

"Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
——— ——— the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us – O, is all forgot?
All school-days friendship, childhood innocence?"

Two months have elapsed, and the little barque has rounded the Cape of Storms. Time, and the delicate attentions of the pretty wife of the old seaman, have done much to soothe the irritated feelings of Edmund Merton, and he has now resumed, in a great measure, the cheerfulness by which he was ordinarily characterized. He is returning to the land of his adoption, and to the bosom of an enlightened circle, who recognise none of the distinctions arising out of the accidents of birth. But an event occurs which has a material influence upon his future career. The captain is taken seriously ill—there is no competent medical adviser on board, and death soon terminates the mariner's earthly sufferings. The chief mate assumes the command and direction of the ship, and it now becomes Merton's duty, in his turn, to offer the interesting widow all the consolation her bereavement has suggested.

The human heart is strangely constituted. It admits as readily of the rapid ejection of one object by the introduction of another, as if there were the same neutralizing virtue in new affections that the blood finds in counter medicines—

"All love may be expelled by love,
As poisons are by poisons."*

An illustration was supplied in the present instance. Merton soon forgot the cruelty of Emily in the society of the widow, and the latter, before the ship entered the Mersey, at the conclusion of the voyage, had consented to accept the hand of the interesting passenger, as compensation in full for the loss of the affectionate skipper!

We have too much respect for the homes of decent married people, to think of obtruding upon the public a detail of the manner in which Mr. and Mrs. Merton passed their lives. We have reason to believe that Merton gave very few occasions for serious Caudle lectures; and Mrs. Merton performed all her duties, even to the stocking Merton's quiver with a small supply of arrows, in a most exemplary manner, during the first six years of their union. Indeed we should close our tale with the charming picture of domestic felicity their lives present, did not strict poetical justice require that we should follow the fortunes of Emily Bertram, and exhibit in their true colours all the unhappy consequences of yielding to a strong and unworthy prejudice.

* Dryden's "All for Love."

It was on a fine night in the middle of August, 1832, that Merton, who had been dining with a friend at Kensington, was returning along the pathway which skirts Hyde Park, when he was accosted by a female who appeared rather disposed to solicit alms of the stranger, than propose an offensive traffic. The general demeanour of the woman caused Merton, whose heart was always alive to generous impulses, to slacken his step and listen to her. She walked by his side for a short distance —the voice was familiar to his ear—the gait was not altogether foreign to his eye. Presently they reached a lamp-post, when stopping to take out his purse and afford her aid, he suddenly beheld in the stream of light the well-known features of Emily Bertram! Great was his grief and astonishment at this sudden rencontre. He had supposed her to be living in affluence in India, the honoured wife of a Senior Merchant (as the superior servants of the company were then called), for he had seen her marriage announced. She recognised him as readily as he discovered her, and with less reserve than she would have shown in prouder days, revealed her sad history. It involved a tale too often told in India—of selfishness, ambition, passion, remorse and disgrace. Emily, instigated by her *burra bebee** friend, had given her hand to a gentleman very much her senior in years, who had a large income and a handsome establishment. Her heart she reserved for a later suitor—a captain of dragoons. The *liaison* was discovered; banishment from her husband's house, followed by a formal separation, was the immediate result; her paramour refused to receive her—society turned its back upon her, and she was only too glad to receive from one who had tasted her hospitality, when in affluence, the means of returning to England, a prey to the undying worm. She had landed only a fortnight previous to her meeting with Merton; no one of the few friends she had would admit her, and beggary, or something worse, was the only source of subsistence open to her. Merton shed burning tears over her narrative—gave her the present means of existence, and appointed to meet her in Hyde Park the following day, intending in the mean time to consult with his wife as to further arrangements for her welfare. On reaching home he told the whole story to Mrs. Merton, who, out of the fulness of her sympathy for the erring sufferer, proposed that their house should afford her an asylum.

The next day Merton proceeded from his residence to the appointed spot. Emily was not true to her engagement. For an hour he waited in expectation of her coming—but she came not. He was leaving the Park by the bridge across the Serpentine river to retrace his steps homewards, when some policemen, followed by a ragged crowd, emerged from the house of the Royal Humane Society, bearing a human body upon a board. "Poor thing!" ejaculated an old woman who formed part of the curious assemblage, "tired of her life, I dare say." The words arrested Merton's attention—he addressed himself to the police officers and begged to look upon the face. His curiosity was gratified —Emily Bertram was the hapless suicide!

* Great lady.

BELGIUM AND THE BELGIANS.

Eine Tour durch Belgium, im Iahre 1844, *aus dem Tagebuch des Grafen A. von Gurowsky.* Bei D. PHISTERER, in Heidelberg, 1845.

THE Count Adam Gurowsky, whose name is familiar to the German world from a late controversy which he has had with General Uminsky in the public press, and since, by a general excomumnication of his countrymen at Posen, is one of those Poles who took office under the Russian government, and who some months since made a precipitate retreat from Cracovy. The reasons for his sudden abandonment of his post seem to have been sufficiently urgent, for he tells us, in the opening of his volume, that he "had narrowly escaped an *involuntary* journey to the far East," meaning Siberia. His story seems, however, to have been no secret to the Prussian authorities, for he adds "that he was conducted out of Aix-la-Chapelle by gens-d'armes." What the political reasons may have been for his flight, the count does not explain; but he says, "For fifteen years I have had much to endure —have passed a life of suffering; but various as my career has been, I can, with a quiet conscience, look back upon it. Not that I am proud, in the most stormy moments, of not having been accessary to any acts of bloodshed—but that my hands have been unsoiled with gold—and that, in spite of all temptations, my life and thoughts have remained pure." The Count Gurowsky's fate, if such be the case, whether through his fault or ill fortune, is no enviable one. A Pole by birth, and a Russian by adoption—he is repudiated by both—and he, in this volume, takes his *revanche* on either nation.

Of his own countrymen, under the head of *Grafomanie*, he says, "What in Belgium, as well as other lands, excites astonishment, is the monstrous number of counts that are found among the emigrants. It would appear that Poland produces nothing but counts; and yet, foreigners object that the history of Poland speaks of a democratic nobility hostile to all titles, and cannot conceive whence such a sudden elevation of rank has sprung—the more so, as the Committee, which has been sitting at Warsaw for some years, for the purpose of officially searching into such claims, has recognized very few as authentic. About the end of the seventeenth century there was a law passed, forbidding, under severe penalties, such an assumption. Under the dominion of the House of Saxony, many heads of families, during their travels abroad, which then were general, thought proper to give themselves the title of Count, or to receive it from the complaisant foreigners. As, at that time, the Polish tourists belonged to the powerful and rich classes, and took with them large suites, and heavy bags of gold, and were thus enabled to outvie the native nobles, they admitted them to their own rank. Even before the entire fall of Poland, in 1794, some but not many families were, in public documents, ennobled by the neighbouring German princes. But after the great catastrophe, the Court of Vienna, in order to gain over adherents, gave to every magnate living in that part of Poland which fell under Austrian rule, (who was of old but a *Wojewode*,) or who filled any high

office, the title of Count; but only personally and for life. This, many of their descendants continued to assume. Out of this grew, not a right, but a pretension." And to prove how very few families really are entitled to claim the distinction, he cites that of the *Potocki*, more distinguished, perhaps, than any other by the high posts about the Court they have filled; and who yet were only, in 1742, by the favour of the Emperor, elevated to that rank. He adds, caustiely, "that most of the titled Poles, who are met at every step in the hotels, do not belong to the above named historical category, but are either self-created, or waiter-created counts." Count Gurowsky's nobility is, of course, unquestionable. Of the Russian travellers, after justifying the severe *Ukase* of the Emperor against absentees, he says, not very flatteringly, "If we fall in with them, we cannot help remarking how young and old, of whatever grade of society, instead of going to see what is worth seeing, pass their time in gaming or other houses; and how the ladies go about from one dressmaker to another, and how all of them, when they enter a bookseller's shop, never inquire for anything but novels. What sort of enlightenment or improvement is to be derived from such travelling, and how much more usefully they might be occupied at home, naturally suggests itself."

But it is time we should remember that we are in Belgium. Spa was the first place in which the Count made any stay. He says of it, "I had represented to myself this far-famed town as better built, with wider streets, and of greater elegance. Eclipsed by its numerous rivals on both banks of the Rhine, and almost excluded from the tours of the fashionable world, that in swarms pass on to the privileged robber-dens, where the green cloth, under the pretence of benefiting the *Communes*, daily adds victims to victims, and falls upon to plunder them, as once did the bandit knights from the neighbouring mountains,—Spa, instead of its former renown and bustle, presents yet to the stranger the evergreen of its thickly-wooded hills, and offers to him an agreeable retreat, cheap accommodation, and a friendly welcome." It was in Spa that the Count found his brother and sister-in-law, the Infanta of Spain,—whose elopement made so much noise in Europe, and who, by-the-by, were married at Dover. The portrait of the Princess, as drawn by the Count Adam, is a very flattering one—so flattering indeed, that it appears overcharged. He says, "Whatever poets have conceived of the ideal, of the beautiful, and sublime, is found united in the Infanta.—She is a being gifted with all that is noble and great, with a strength of mind that would do honour to a man—an energy of character, such as few men possess, and yet without injuring the charm of the tenderest womanhood. A depth of understanding combined with a singular presence of mind—a soul open to the purest impressions, place the Infanta above most of her sex, as she, by the elevation of her mind, is raised above most of the members of her royal house. With a wonderful insight into the human mind, she has preserved the purity of her soul. With the most lively disposition, she never wounds the *amour propre* of any one by a word, or its intentional accentuation. Poetry and the fine arts fill up the leisure hours of the Infanta; at such moments she gives full scope to her feelings, and pours them out in fiery, passionate, poetical effusions—or yielding to an irresistible impulse, reveals, in rich and affecting tones, and

snatches of song, the harmony of her soul. At length having extorted the obedience of her yielding pencil, with the speed of thought she gives birth to impressions, recollections, landscapes, and figures which she has seen, or created out of her exuberant fancy. That the external appearance of the Infanta is in graceful accord with the inward harmony of her soul, need scarcely be added. There is no *petitesse* in her, no affectation, or straining after effect, and with genial *many-sidedness* adorning the sanctuary of her home, she spreads around her a magic circle that enchants all who approach her. When she leaves Spa, her image will remain graven on all hearts, her name be honoured and blessed. There was no cottage where she had not brought consolation, no misery which she had not sought to alleviate."

A fortunate man, that emigrant Count, the cadet of the House of Gurowsky, seems to have been! Among the bath guests we are also introduced to the Prince and Princess of Capua. The tourist says, after speaking of this equally strange marriage, "About ten years have flown over the head of the princess without having effected any visible change in her classic and regular features, and her imposing beauty cannot fail to produce a deep impression. The married pair lived retired, and only associated with the prince's niece, the Infanta, and her husband, Lord Dinorben, and a few aristocratic notabilities. But ten years have passed over the noble Princess of Capua, and over the rage of her crowned relative, without having diminished it.

"It is easily conceivable that the King of Naples, deeply indignant at the step his brother took, should still refuse to recognize his sister-in-law's claims; but it is an indisputable truth, that the prince was ill advised by his friends, in throwing himself into the arms of the *English public*, the *minister* and the *parliament*. By the aid of their combined powers, the prince thought to force from his brother that which, not by defiance, but by family influence, might have been brought about. He forgot that every private individual would, with a proper pride, have indignantly spurned the interference of a foreign parliament in his family affairs." Before we go further, we must here remark, that Count Adam de Gurowski seems to have been strangely mystified regarding the affair of this marriage. He may be now informed, that the English public have taken little or no interest in it—the minister less—the parliament none. The Princess of Capua has never been received at court; nor can the marriage, according to the laws of Naples, be considered as other than a *morganatic* one. The count goes on to say, "The king, by this conduct of his brother, has been led to exercise towards him an unnecessary severity—keeps him in exile; this, though cruel, is not unaccountable, but it shows in the king a cruelty without a name, to withhold from the prince his revenues, though he may lay by their amount for his use hereafter—to subject him to every privation,—the pressure of want, and all its burthens and consequences, and render him a victim to the greediness of usury.

"The swarm of British birds of passage, with their *somebodies* and *nobodies* (the last naturally the most numerous)," continues the count, "and their viaggiatory misses, that pounce down on the Continent, was not wanting at Spa, and as the saints and blues are ever sure to meet together, so Spa had a specimen of each. There was a Lady Long, who writes holy novels, and holds religious discussions at balls with

attachés, else a good-natured woman, and in England and France distinguished by her writings, high fashion, and elegant anecdotes,"—(*quære* who this Lady Long can be,) "and a Mrs. Maberly, whose works are full of moral and high feeling. This Mrs. Maberly was, during Guizot's embassy, once in London, as a blue, placed next him at a dinner party. Her first question was whether M. Guizot had ever written a novel,—and when he gave a negative reply, she advised him by all means to have the courage to try, adding, that it was not such a difficult task as he might think. It may be supposed that the *amour propre* of the leader of the Doctrinaires was not much flattered. And yet full many of his opponents had rather that he should write romances than see them carried out in politics—for his love for England is no romance"!!! The count, like most Russians, seems to look with an evil eye on the good understanding between France and England. The tourist, among other well-known public characters, mentions also the Carlist General Balmazeda, who was detained there by illness on his journey to St. Petersburg. "His name," he says, "is fearfully notorious in the annals of the Spanish civil war. A right Spanish, dark, haughty Don," he adds, "is General Balmazeda, a character such as poets, from Calderon to Victor Hugo, have depicted them." He speaks very openly—without the slightest reserve—of his cruelties. —'Yes,' said the general, 'I have made examples of pitiless severity, but my grey-haired father, my mother and sister, were barbarously forced out of their homes with the butt-ends of muskets, and cruelly murdered. Then I smothered in my breast every feeling of compassion.—Revenge and blood were my watchwords. My enemies will not forgive me—but from their party I ask for no forgiveness.'

"The general would not hear of the marriage of the Prince of Asturia with the young queen. This were, he thought, a round-about expedient unworthy of the cause, for accomplishing its ends. It would be a virtual abandonment of his rights, paid for with so much Spanish blood; or if by treaty and marriage he should, from a prince, become king, and by these means establish his rights, and bring into power his adherents, it would be unbecoming in him so to overreach his enemies. Don Carlos, or the king, as he called him, ought, in the general's opinion, to put his trust in the arms of his faithful subjects, and wait for a favourable moment to strike the blow, which, according to him, could not fail to come. Perhaps these ideas are not consonant with the political state of Spain, but they are noble and manly. When the general spoke about the last occurrences at Bergiera, his eyes sparkled and his words were streams of fire. It would be a vain attempt to describe the impression they made on his audience. Like the hollow moaning of the hurricane, they sent forth the utterance of a thrilling anguish, from the wildly agitated breast of the intrepid man. In the eyes of the distinguished publicist, Herr L., of Aix-la-Chapelle, who was present at this conversation, I saw tears of emotion, and Herr L. is no friend to the traditions of absolutism—actually a thick and thin Progresista. The health of the general is undermined, indeed, by passionately glowing hate, eating care, longing for home, eternally annihilated hopes. Though he may with confidence rely on a worthy reception at St. Petersburg, the climate there will operate as destructively on his consumptive and broken constitution, as his campaigns against the Christinos."

Of the Brussels *Harte Velu* the count does not seem to entertain any very high opinion. He says, "One sees that affectation is their prevailing atmosphere, that they have no individuality of character, but have formed themselves in foreign models. For this reason," he adds, "the graceful is not their *forte*," and he does not think they possess a talent for conversation, or an *esprit de jouité*.

There are many deep and excellent observations scattered through these pages—none more so than the following, under the head of *Lions*. —"The warlike ancestors of the present European nobility were also *Lions*, only that they had different fangs and claws, that could not be hid by *Gants jaunes*. True to the present fashion, instead of wearing swords and carrying spears, they sport handsome shirt-pins, and instead of a coat of mail, know how to make a good *tie*. Not by such *lionism*, not by *steeple* chases, and such things, can the nobility regain its lost pre-eminence. But it would seem that by far the greater part of the European nobility only show their superiority by such unworthy and low pursuits. If our progenitors, true to the elements of their times, sought their renown, and found it in arms, war, and chivalry, and self-denials, so it now becomes *us*, under changed circumstances, by a cultivation of mind in conformity with the progress of mankind, to distinguish ourselves by the development of great ideas, and a creative energy, in order to remain true to the tradition of our pre-eminence. By such means, in accordance with the requisites and demands of the present epoch, the nobility might infuse some warmth into this cold machine-phrase world. The noble should not support himself alone on his coat of arms, but accomplish acts for the welfare of the people, such as real chivalry enjoined, and the masses would then again do justice to their traditional badges of honour, and those who bear them, and would trust in and follow them. The people begin already to have their ideas cleared up respecting the philanthropy of the steam-sprung mighty, and leaders will be ever necessary. The noble has previously allowed others to take the lead of him in acquirements, and yet it was he who for hundreds of years took the lead. Now the people stand above him, and rightly so, for talent and education are the highest nobility. With perverse obstinacy and levity the noble has done his utmost to drive on the destructiveness of the age. In the stagnant and weedy pool of materialism he expends his powers and loses his honour, and goes down into this morass without enwrapping himself, as he is sinking, in the sturdy manliness of his ancestors."

A large portion of the count's book is occupied with speculations on the growing and crying evil of the times, pauperism, and its causes, but for which, like other political economists, he seems to suggest no remedies. The Belgians do not seem more exempted than other nations from this curse of manufactures and civilization. He observes, "The Ardennes, like the οι πολλοι of other countries, has to struggle up to famished old age with oppression, poverty, and the toilsome dragging on of daily labour. He is equally a prey to the covetousness of the rich, the factory-lords, and other sons of speculation. The curse of the *Sic vos non vobis* is ever prominent under all the forms of social life —Adam's curse; which as soon as he had tasted of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, had already begun. I have heard the poor citizens or inhabitants of Spa, as well as the peasants of the Ardennes, that surround it, universally express this sentiment:—'If one is sure of fire-wood in

the winter, and a store of potatoes, one is happy and secure.' The Polish boor says the same; the Bohemian and Silesian weaver; the Saxon, Hessian, Westphalian, Rhenish, day-labourer. We have the same sentiment in later times from the once rich Flemish; in short, it is everywhere a repeated echo, from Ural to the Atlas, wherever there are men. The rich live, the poor starve. Misery, therefore, prevails in all longitudes and latitudes, climates, religions and political institutions. Misery and potatoes! To this have philanthropy, the political economists, and philosophy, brought the world! Want and hunger is the pressing cry, which is sought to be smothered with potatoes. Not for 'their daily bread' do the poor cry, but potatoes!"

Of Liege the count says, "Whatever the manufacturers require in rough materials for their employ, is furnished by the Ardennes' iron and coal. In what manner, however, these materials (and it is to be hoped in part only) are employed, is proved by the fire-arms which are fabricated for those over the seas, especially for the African coast trade. These, according to orders, are to burst after five or six shots, else the article is destined to form part of the manufacturer's stock in trade —is not vendible.—Industrious industry!"

Speaking of the clergy, he says, "It was to me an unaccustomed sight, and an unagreeable one, and my catholic *esprit de corps* was shocked everywhere, and at all times, to hit upon priests, on whose brows might be read no apostolic humility, but arrogance and a proud consciousness of their power. I speak not of the church, but of railroads and diligences, and what was worse, to find them in gaming houses, and animated spectators of races, in the dress of their order!"

Under the heading of Forts, the count gives an excellent anecdote: —"At the building of a new fortress, the officer in command said to a Jew, one of the labourers, 'Now this fort, when finished, will put an end to revolts outside.' 'Suppose, however, those inside should revolt,' retorted the Jew."

At Bruges, he makes the following apostrophe:—"O cotton wool! thou universal and all involving material! For thee there has been, for more than half a century, more blood shed than for any other idea of the old or new world. For thee is the earth and its people stirred up. Cotton, thou Alpha and Omega of our time; thou turnest the negro in America, and the white man in Europe, into slaves; thou hast dominion over nations and kings, the press and diplomacy; all live but through thee, and for thee! How can we wonder or complain of the insensibility of the age. All the channels to the human affections are stopped up with bales of cotton!"

At Ostend the count speaks of King Leopold:—"In a narrow street I observed coming out of a five-windowed, two-storied house, an oldish gentleman plainly dressed, and his clothes of a very old-fashioned cut. Right and left, he, without intermission, saluted those he met, and which greetings were returned with more cordiality than respect. His haggard, elongated features expressed German *bonhommie*, not without talent, but at the same time a tolerable dose of true British spleen. In answer to my inquiries, I learnt that this was the King of the Belgians, and that the modest house was his and his family's summer palace. The king is fortunate in understanding how to make so easy his thorny *constitutional* throne, and retaining his good humour under the oppression of *ennui*. King Leopold is set over spirits so unruly

and discordant, that it required as much art as policy in him to preserve the necessary calm and endurance, and to be esteemed as he is. Many a time and oft has he had to sacrifice his personal inclinations to ministerial constitutionalism. Such was the case with his favourite aide-de-camp, Gen. von N., whom the minister dismissed in the royal ante-room. So was it with the cavalry general, Count von L., a brave active soldier of Napoleon's time, and who, in spite of the wish of the king, and the order of the day, which had received the king's signature, on account of his aristocratic birth; was by the plebeian minister placed on half-pay. By such means, constitutional royalty loses the only ground that justifies its existence, whose prerogative it is to defend and promote the welfare of all; if it fulfils not this, it sinks down to party. Belgium," he adds, "has only the name of a kingdom, for the king has less power than the president of the United States." It is clear from these remarks, that the count is no friend to constitutional governments; indeed, the whole tenor of his work—his one sided view of Belgium and its institutions, and his fulsome praise of the Emperor Nicholas, shows this; but he cannot "help confessing, that in no country in Europe have the freedom of the press and equality become so much the fundamental principles of the state." No small praise.

This desultory volume, spread out by a river of margin to a size which exempts it from the censorship of the press, is, as may be judged, rather a political pamphlet than a hand-book of Belgium, and his descriptions of Brussels, Bruges, Ghent, Mechlin, and Ostend, are of little use to the traveller. His knowledge of the fine arts is very limited. He finds no picture of Rubens to commend but a Dead Christ at Antwerp; of its port he says, "It is the haven of the Continent—there is none so great—so secure—so thoroughly fit for the *frightful* (furchtsamen) trade of the Continent. If we add to this, that it is the central point, from which the railroads diverge, its destiny menaces that old *coquette*, *Lady Thames*"!!!

It is natural to suppose, that the count, like all Belgian tourists, should have visited the plains of Waterloo. It is a thrice-told tale, but his account of it is original. He says, "Almost all the inhabitants of the village of Waterloo are cicerones. An Englishman who has, since the battle, resided there, and who was in the action, is on that account, and because more of his countrymen make pilgrimages to it than others, in most esteem. In order, however, to guard against a one-sided view, I associated with him another guide, a young man, who, in the year 1815, was fourteen or fifteen years of age, and at that time employed in the *Ferme Mont St. Jean*. With these companions, and Jomani's map and description, I sought the plain of grim recollections. My Belgian was body and soul made over to French renown; he hated, like a true son of the Continent, the *Insulars*, but most of all his rival, who reaped a better harvest from the field than himself. The altercation between them began with the taking up of the positions. The more we got into the thick of the action, so much the more dark and threatening were the looks of the two hostile representatives of history. But it is impossible to describe the rage of the Englishman, when the Belgian pointed out to the hollow way, which right from the monument, some hundred yards long and a foot high, lay in front of the English lines, and where he declared the Man of the Allies, as he called the Duke of Wellington, had, with the regiments of guards, laid down be-

hind this breast-work, thus protected from the balls of the French; adding, that it was only at the retreat of the old guard, that they sprung up and precipitated themselves on the already overpowered. At this blasphemy my Englishman was speechless with wrath and indignation, and at length declared that my presence alone prevented him from splitting the sconce of the blasphemer. He said this in English, and the other replied, "*C'est pourtant cela*," without being at all aware that his French skull was threatened. His opponent did not really mean what he said, for the Belgian looked as if he could have broken any two Englanders over his knee. We approached the end of the drama, and the narrative. The event of the battle was all on the side of the Englishman. Here, however, the Belgian called out to me, "*Ne lui croyez pas, Monsieur, jamais les Anglais ne seraient Venus à bout des Français—C'est les Prussiens qui sont les vrais vainqueurs, et les Français sont morts comme des saints et des braves.*" This anecdote is amusing, but the tenor of the count's book is anything but cheerful. Count Gurowski is, however, an exile and a wanderer, and can, as he says in conclusion, "strike no chords on his heart that do not vibrate painfully."

The work is written in German, and the style keeps pace with the looseness of the materials; it is, however, though untranslateable, worthy of attentive perusal; the production of an active, inquiring, though somewhat of a Machiavellish mind, of a man the want of whose services must be a loss to the autocrat.

STANZAS.

BY MRS. PONSONBY.

THERE are moments when the heart,
Shrinking from its bitter part,
Wearying of its course of pain,
Finding all things false and vain,
Cares but to forget the past,
Die in peace—and rest at last.

Sometimes—o'er calamity
The Spirit riseth proud and high;
Conscious of its enduring might,
It struggles to the onward light,
All shapes of agony defied
By its unconquerable pride.

Strange are these moods—but stranger still
How some can, by their own free will,
Soaring above the storms of Fate,
An inward Paradise create,
From which calm home of sure delight,
They smile to scorn the world's despite.

ST. SILVESTER'S NIGHT.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

BY MADAME DE CRESPIGNY.

No country in Europe is so famous for its superstitions as Germany; a land of forests and mountains, full of the ruins of castles and fortresses, which have been the witnesses of scenes of bloodshed and rapine, the abodes of so many bandit-chiefs and petty tyrants, who waged war with each other, or with their oppressed serfs; there is scarcely a part of it, from the *Swartz-wald* to the Hartz, that has not its legend, kept alive by tradition, or recorded by the romance-writers or poets; and these not only of olden but modern times. In England, all the interest in our legends is gone by. The pressure of the day, the destitution and misery of the so-called lower classes, awakening even from its lethargy bloated wealth, absorbs all other contemplations. But Uhland, Rückert, and Körner, owe their popularity to such themes. Germany lives only in the past. Perhaps it would have its Dickenses, its William Howitts, and Hoods too, were it not that the press is shackled. And that reminds me where I am, under the eye of Heidelberg Castle.

Who has not heard of Heidelberg Castle? the old seat of the Palatines—a mountain of stone—once a town in itself, capable of containing within its walls an army, frowning defiance on its enemies, but vainly, for it has been frequently besieged and captured—devastated by the Bavarians—ravaged by Melac—blown up by the sanguinary Tilly—and finally destroyed by lightning; and now the most extensive and picturesque ruin perhaps in the world—its *Ritter Saal* one of its wonders still. It may be supposed that so spectral a pile is not without its legends; but the story I am about to treat of is no legend. Ten years have scarcely transpired since the occurrence took place, even the name of my hero is no supposititious one. He was well known to a young physican now residing here, his cotemporary, and member of the same Cöre in the University; and the cicerone of the castle has enabled me to fill up some details with which he was unacquainted, and if I could connect them well, I think I could prove to my readers, that reality surpasses fiction—life all romance.

It was on St. Silvester's night, and near on the stroke of eleven, for the curfew, warning all *Kneipers*, had ceased tolling, when three students, who had since sunset been drinking large potations from out the ample beakers before them of that favourite German beverage, beer, were seen seated in the *Hirsch-gass* Hostel. *There* had been held an *allgemeine*, or general assemblage of the Cöres. The table, which extended from one end to the other of the vast desolate-looking lofty room, or as much of it as a single lamp in the centre, whose light was dimmed by thick clouds of smoke—tobacco-smoke—could show, bore signs of having been lately occupied, for huge stone flagons, and ample *choppin* glasses, in admired disorder—some full—some empty—some half filled—others upset or broken, were scattered over the surface of the floating deals. The chairs too kept no regular line,

but formed groups in all directions, and many of them upset, others broken, betrayed that harmony had not reigned in the assembly, but, on the contrary, bore incontestable marks of those differences that universally attend such meetings, and mute testimony to the excesses that had characterized this occasion. There is nothing more grim than such a spectacle. The mind reverts to what has been, even goes beyond the reality: it peoples the place with Banquo's ghosts, and suggests that the morrow is pregnant with scenes of blood that have been engendered by intemperance and debauchery. But the trio I have mentioned were in no moralizing mood, nor engaged in such contemplations. The *Kleeblat*, or *Trefoil*, as these students were called, from their being constantly together, hanging like the three leaves of the shamrock on one stalk, belonged to the same club, and were what is denominated *corps burshes*, fellows of the corporation, and worthy ones, for though they had roared their songs louder than the rest of their brethren, and drank deeper of that Lethean flood, and though, unlike Socrates in the Symposium, after the celebrated drinking-bout, they were neither of them in a fit condition to give a lecture or attend one, could not be called intoxicated.

It was, I have said, the last day of the year. From time to time the report of pistols was heard from the town, half a mile distant, by way of rejoicing at the approaching death of the old year, or welcoming the coming of the new one, and an occasional fall of sparks from an expiring rocket outglared the dim light of the flickering lamp. But I must not forget my triumvirate;—one was a Freiherr, a ruby-faced bloated Silenus-looking beardless youth, with his coat off and sleeves tucked up to show the muscle of his arm, which he was in the habit of constantly caressing; the second a Graff, who would have been a distinguished ornament of Frederick the Great's body-guard, remarkably dandified after the student fashion, with long ringletted black hair hanging over his shoulders, a coat elaborately embroidered, and who prided himself on a beard that might have done honour to a Persian. Of the third, the hero of my story, it is necessary that I should speak more in detail. He was about twenty-five or twenty-six years of age, for students do not go so young to college as with us, of a very emaciated frame, a face pale and wan from late hours, devoted to hard study and excessive drinking, and which appeared yet more ghastly from the quantity of flaxen hair which covered it, and presented to my mind some resemblance to the flower vulgarly called "Devil in a Bush." He was the son of a rich wine-grower near Worms, renowned for its congress in old times, and now for a vast gloomy cathedral, that occupies as much space as half the town, a pile that seems properly conscious of its former greatness, and proud of the *prestige* that hangs over it. But Worms is at the present day not without a name, for it is here, under the shadow of another church, that the grapes grow from which is made the celebrated *Liebfrau milch*. Wine and a church!—what an antithesis! Both, however, equally belong to my tale. Rappert, for such was the name of my hero, had been brought up to associate them together, though not very religiously, for the proverb "The nearer the church the further from God" was not inapplicable to him; and none of the Cöre vociferated with greater emphasis those parts of the students' songs that depict Heaven as a Moslem Paradise. His thoughts now had turned on Worms; he had

received that day a letter from his father, taxing him with his wild and extravagant courses, and another from one more dear to him, full of evil omens; and he confounded, with no very clear intellects, the church, and love, and wine.

He had made all these that evening the subjects of discussion, the first last; and the rubicund Freiherr, who was in a jeering humour, and as merry as Rappert was inclined to be lachrymose, said, slapping him on the back,—

"Thou talk of a church!—Why thou hast, to my certain knowledge, not been within the walls of one since thou hast passed thy five *Semesters* here in Heidelberg, nor do I think thou hast often paid thy devotions in that great doomed mass of *pretension*, which you so much bepraise, the cathedral at Worms. I saw enough of it from the steamer as I came up the Rhine—a skeleton thing it is—the ghost of the past."

"Remember," interrupted the Count, with mock seriousness, "this is a night of solemn warning, an ominous night, and perhaps at this very moment thy name is being whispered in the church porch, for thou knowest that the names of all those fated to die, or worse, during the next year, *are* whispered there every *Silvester's Abend* to fair questioners, anxious for the welfare of those they love.

"Eh, Rappert!" added he, changing his tone to one of familiarity, "hast thou any such? Come! confess, old fellow."

The eyes of the person addressed were gloomed with an unusual expression of melancholy at these words, but he would have thought it a sacrilege to divulge to his companions, at such a place, and on such an occasion, what was passing in his mind. He therefore said, for all reply—

"'Ominous night!'—'Whispering in church porches!'—mere vulgar superstitions; as education advances, a belief in such forewarnings grows weaker and weaker, and would have been long worn out altogether, but for romance-writers, like Hoffmann, a half madman when sober, and quite one when drunk, as he generally was. But who now-a-days reads his fantastical and diabolical tales?—his *Doppelganger* and *Goldene Topf?* One would think, to hear thee, that thou hadst become a second Anselm."

"Sacrilege, downright sacrilege," responded the last interlocutor," thus to speak of the divine Hoffman.—Who reads them? You might as well ask who reads Shakspeare's Macbeth. But last night, after I left the *Kneipe*, I devoured a *märchen* very appropriate to this season, and quite as stirring as any of his, entitled *St. Silvester's Abend*. Know'st thou that story?—It is as true as that thou hast not emptied thy glass this half hour."

"Tale for the nursery," answered Rappert, with a sneer. "None but weak minds can be affected with such idle fancies."

"Come, come, old boy," shouted the Silenus, "Thou art pot-valiant to-night. All men who disbelieve are at the bottom superstitious. And thou wouldst, like a bully, bluster to hide thy fears. To me, a church is a familiar object, and I look upon that grim anatomy in St. Peter's, that skeleton of old Time with his scythe, as unconcernedly as I look on thee, old death's-head! What wilt thou bet now, that thou visitest at this witching time of night—this very night—St. Silvester's—a church—alone, mark ye?"

"Aye," chimed in the Count, "after the regular traditional and *alt*

Deutche way, with a torch in each hand, to light thee to see the ghosts, or they thee, half a ghost as thou art. Thou knowest that before cold reason and philosophy had quite extinguished all the sparks of imagination, the belief in spirits was universal, nay, there are books that contain a *formula* for invocations. Spirits do not come without being called. Why should they? It can be no pleasant office to execute, no very agreeable task to issue forth out of the dark, damp, wormy ground, to revisit the living—scenes that present a sad contrast to their present abode. The light of the sun, would be too much for them—*that* they could not support, or venture into its beams; and even at night, though they haunt the churches, doubtless they never trust themselves in the open air, for the moon and stars, aye even the faintest glimmering of either, must make them unwilling to return to their charnel-houses. Hamlet's father felt this, for he appeared not very well satisfied to be conjured up, unquiet ghost as he was, even by his own son, to bear witness in a case of murder. How then would those strangers to the invoker treat him, if forced to gratify his impertinent, his insolent curiosity? Fancy now, for instance, one of those old tremendous warrior-Palatines ranged along the façade of the castle chapel, looking like the tyrants of the world—Barbarossa, for instance, bursting the cerements of the grave, and advancing towards thee, his eyes like burning coals, and his armour girt with blue flames, fancy him now brandishing his crimson blade—eh! Rappert! what say you to an interview with old red-beard, Rupert, the founder of the University, braining you with his mace, or *Otto Heinrich*, the builder of the *Ritter Saal*, hurling his globe at thy sconce?"

"The beer has addled thy head," said Rappert; "I would stick one of my torches into his face, and singe his beard for him.—Ha, ha, ha!" There was something strange and hollow in this laugh, and as it shook the empty room, an echo louder and deeper than the original intonation vibrated in three repetitions. Rappert looked round, he thought some drunken student, who had escaped observation, was mocking him.

"There spake old Twopenny, as Shakspeare says," resumed the Graff. "But, Rappert, fancy thyself in half an hour in that old chapel in the castle court.—Pope Julius III. called it the most magnificent in Germany, and so it might have been in his time; but now it is a damp, deserted, windowless, desolate-looking place, only fitted for witches to hold their sabbath in—fancy thyself there, I say,—the wind whistling through the balustrades of the long gallery, once filled with the brilliant beauties of *Carl Ludwig's* court, howling about its vaulted roof, or playing, in its grim gambols, with the wormed altar-piece, till it flaps and rustles like a tattered sail in a storm. The figures on the canopy, undulating with the undulation of the blast, nay, even the very saint in it, indignant at your sacrilege, with his hands uplift in prayer, as if to call down upon thee the wrath of Heaven. That wind will be anything but an Æolian harp, Rappert. Thou shrinkest at thine own echo, thou would'st shiver with more than cold, at every gust, and conjure up in them the mumbling of ghosts, and the wailing of unearthly voices!"

"Thou hast not recovered from thy nightmare, after reading Hoffmann's trash," said Rappert. "If I could find a church open, I would prove to you both that I am no slave to such childish phantasies."

"To the proof," with a loud laugh of exultation, broke forth the

boisterous Freiherr. "Here are torches enough, and as to a church, why, what canst thou desire better for thy purpose than the said chapel, of which our friend has given so flattering a picture?"

"But, before you venture, Rappert," added the Count, "beware! remember what the poet says of the chapel,"

"Selbst die Todten die in Tiefen
Grunde der Capelle schliefen
Reisst die muth aus ihren gruften."

"E'en the dead, that in the deep
Bottom of the chapel sleep,
In their wrath may round thee sweep."

"There the doggrel lies," objected the Freiherr, "for under the chapel is the great tun, and if I had to invoke any ghost, it should be that of the dwarf and fool, who was allowed out of it twelve bottles daily of the old Rhenish."

"But," said Rappert, after a pause, and stung to the quick by the taunts of his companions—"how is that chapel to be got at? The porteress, even if we could wake her, would not, at this hour of the night, open it for love or money, much less—for I must be alone—trust me with the key."

"As to money, I take it we have not enough among us to make it worth her while," rejoined the first interlocutor; "there is, however, no need of keys or pew openers. Thou canst climb pretty well. Art sober enough, by the aid of two lights, not to break thy neck among the ruins? thou knowest the way. After the exploit, thou shalt go by the name of the *Ghost Seer*."

"Ay, Rappert, go by all means," said the other; "I shall be curious to hear thy adventures. I wish thou wouldst oblige me, when thou art about invocating the spirits, to call up the page who leapt out of the princess's window, and left the print of his footstep on the terrace. I should like, of all things, to learn what kind of a chap he was; and take particular notice of his foot, what sort of a boot he had on; I'll have a pair made after the model. The league boots in Chamisson's Peter Schernihl were nothing to them. That *was* a love-leap! The jealous Palatine would have had no need of his *oubliettes*, three stones under the chapel for him. Ay," with a mock theatrical air, and uplift hands, he added, "who knows how many a poor unhappy victim of jealousy, revenge, or hatred, pined in those subterranean dungeons; how many a miserable captive died there of hunger, or met with a violent or untimely death! Tradition speaks of hollow groans, faint shrieks, stifled cries, being heard in this part of the ruins. Nor should I be surprised if some of the tortured should mix with their inhuman torturers, and make in the chapel a company as numerous and motley as appeared to Nicolai."

"A truce to your fooleries," exclaimed Rappert, "Hark, the clock of St. Peter's strikes the half-hour—if I am to go, there's no time to be lost."

"Right, Rappert!" drawled the Graff. "If thou art not in the chapel before the watchman has done braying on his trumpet, Twelve—the charm will be gone—the labour lost—our words vain.—Twelve o'clock! there is something awful and sepulchral in every expiration. It is the curfew of the last day of the year. It is an ominous and momentous period, that grim Twelve. The world is sensible of a change, and as the

sounds fade away, the dead must rejoice over it in their graves, as so much the nearer to their resurrection. And then, who can tell if that trump be not to thee a knell

'To summon thee to heaven or hell?'"

Rappert, who had been listening with impatience to this rhapsody, now rose from his seat. As had been said, there was no want of flambeaux, for there had been that evening a procession of the students, and several torches lay scattered about the room; two of them were picked up by the *Graff* and *Freiherr*, lighted, and the trio sallied forth and soon reached the banks of the Neckar and the ferry. The red fisherman, a well-known character in the University, was more agreeably occupied than in waiting for a fare; but his punt was at her moorings. They staggered into it, and paddling across, landed opposite to the castle. The night was dark and gusty; the wind, a sharp north-easter, the prevailing wind at Heidelberg, that follows the course of the river through its precipitous gorge, and spends itself in all its fury on the town, whistled shrilly, and from time to time, as it eddied along, whirled up the driven sleet into their faces. The streets were full of revellers, reeling home from their debauch, who saluted them with an occasional shot from their pistols. But they were soon left behind, and the friends might be seen climbing up over stock and stone, though steep and broken, an ill-defined path, the nearest approach to the castle. A deep snow had fallen since the evening set in, and garmented in large folds the stunted pines and yew trees, that seemed like so many shrouded spectres, the whilst Rappert's companions bawled forth snatches of Cöre songs, the burthen of which was love, and contrasted grimly with the scene and the occasion. In these Rappert did not join. They gained the summit of the hill, and moving rapidly along the terrace, and the causeway, a colossal work raised on arches, reached the main entrance to the castle. The portal was closed that hid the draw-bridge, portcullis, and massy gates from view; but on the square tower that overhung the Vosse were seen, by the red torch-light, the the two gigantic warders, carved in bold relief—true German hogs in armour, who, leaning on their tremendous Andrea Ferraras, seemed, as the torches flashed on them, to frown defiance on the sacrilegious night wanderers. But they were bold as the heraldic lions that stood between them, and leaving these behind, arrived at the Elizabethan gate, a monument of the love of the *Kurfurst* Frederick V. to his wife, the sister of the ill-fated Charles of England.

"That daughter of an evil race," said the Graff, "*would* be a queen, and dearly did the *Kurfurst* pay for her pride and ambition. She too died a miserable death, and who knows, Rappert, but that she may make one of the ghastly assemblage in the chapel, for she was the most devout of women, that queen of Bohemia, and may well kneel at the altar for forgiveness for the miseries she brought on the Palatinate—heaven may forgive her—this land never."

"Another thing, Rappert," said the *Freiherr*, "there is a painted Capuchin in wood, as large as life, in the old confessional box in the chapel*, which, by a strange mockery of the rite, some Lutheran Palatine has placed there. Now you may confess to him, and—"

* It is a mark of very bad taste in the Grand Duke of Baden, to allow this puppet to remain in the chapel, to the scandal of all good Catholics.

"A truce to these scoffings," said Rappert, in a tone of anger.

As he spoke, the clock of the castle struck the three-quarters. They stood for a moment on the terrace of the garden that overhangs the city, now huddled in gloom, though here and there its churches were dimly outlined by the occasional flash of a pistol, or bursting of some firework, in honour of the night. Here the two bearers delivered each his torch to Rappert, and the double glare, being more concentrated, lit up the magnificent ruins of the truly Italian palace before them, which he was to enter, and thread his way through the labyrinth of broken arches to the chapel. He gazed awhile on the two figures niched in the basement of the edifice, canopied with ivy, now matted in snow. He remembered the words of the poet, who says they were placed there,

"Ob nicht came Tag der Rache,"

that

"No vengeance should assail by day."

"It holds forth no menace of scaling the place for other purposes, and makes no allusion to night," said Rappert. "There is no evil omen in the line." Saying this, he bade adieu to his comrades, and groped through a broken mass of stone-work into the ruins. "*Gute nacht*," shouted, with one voice, the pair, as Rappert disappeared. He made no reply, but proceeded slowly and cautiously on his way. He knew well the localities, for he had often trod the narrow path that winds through shrubs, that have forced their roots into the interstices of the masonry, amid the intricacies of the pile, but that path was now covered deep in snow, and it required all his circumspection to avoid slipping; and a single false step would have plunged him fathoms deep into an abyss.

His parted friends stood meanwhile watching his progress, which they could mark by the occasional flash of the torches, and once by his figure appearing through one of the windows, in bright relief, on the summit of the palace—thence he had to descend into another and more ancient ruin, and pitchy darkness then covered the spectral edifice.

Leaving Rappert to find his way to the chapel, we will remain with his brother students. They walked for more than half an hour backwards and forwards, expecting impatiently his return—but he came not. As the snow storm raged furiously, and did not seem likely to abate, they at length determined to go back to Heidelberg. Scarcely, however, had they passed the gate leading into Old Town, when they fell in with the castle porter, returning, not very sober, from a merry meeting, and having announced to him the occurrence, persuaded him, though most unwillingly, even with a bribe of twenty-four cruizers *drink gelt*, all they had between them, to let them into the castle, in order to search for their lost friend. The old man, after some delay in his house, found at length his keys, and a light; and after opening door after door, drew back a massy bolt; the iron-bound portal grated on its rusty hinges, a blaze of light glared through the opening, and in rushed the students, the porter reeling in the rear. And Rappert,—he was found posted erect against the wall fronting the gallery—his hair stood on end—his mouth was wide open, and his eyes, almost starting from their sockets, wildly fixed—the still burning torches had dropped from his hands, ex-

tended to their full length, and the fingers were stiff and parted. He appeared perfectly unconscious of their presence, made no sign of recognition—his tongue seemed glued to the roof of his mouth, for he uttered not a word in reply to their questions,—and was at length drawn, like an automaton, by force, from the spot.—Horror had chained up all his faculties—reason had lost her seat.

* * * * * * *

This unfortunate victim of a midnight frolic has been from that hour confined in the lunatic asylum of ———, where no hope has ever been entertained of his recovery. He has never had any lucid intervals, by which to offer a clue to the events of that night. He mostly preserves a sullen silence, and will remain for hours in the same attitude in which he was discovered—his eyes fixed in stony stare on vacancy. There are times, however, when he raves wildly and incoherently, and points with his moving finger as to something pictured in his imagination, the reflex of some object or objects which he had seen, or fancied he had seen, on St. Silvester's night. Was what he saw real or imaginary? He was a bold and resolute youth, such at least he was considered in the University, had a contempt for danger, for he had fought more duels than any man in his club, and had the character, as he shewed by his language and conduct that night, of being divested of superstitious terrors. Did he see any thing real or imaginary, I repeat? A Swedenborgist, who is familiar with and believes, not only in a world of spirits, but in their power of revisiting the living, would affirm that Rappert had seen an actual apparition. The great Swede, for great he was, and one of the best of men, relates with a thorough conviction, and a sincerity that shows he was at least no imposter, his frequent communication with spirits, classes them into degrees; and his disciples contend that as there is a chain of perfection from the stone to the plant—the worm up to man—so that beyond him there are infinite gradations of existences, a link of beings, each more highly and intellectually gifted than the last, leading up to God. Admitting the force of this argument, a difficulty still remains to be contended with—their power of communicating with us. But that spirits are free to enter such a communication is subject to no doubt, for liberty is the very essence of a spirit; and "Divine Omnipotence itself could no more divest a body of its qualities, than a spirit of liberty; a spirit without liberty would be no longer a spirit, as a body without extension would no longer be a body."

As to the form in which spirits may appear, surely it is most natural to imagine, as their identity would be lost, that they will, though in a glorified body, retain that to which they were attached here.

As for the Wolfian system of Monads, the doctrine that a spirit has neither length, breadth, nor height, reducing it to a particle smaller than dust, a mere atom, nay even resolving it into a mathematical point, such an idea of the spirits or souls of men is no very magnificent one. But not to dwell on this absurdity, though long since exploded, once received in Germany, we come to another inquiry,—Can spirits be invoked—compelled to appear? Will they, if "called from the vasty deep, come?" We fully believe in the efficacy of prayer to avert evil or effect good. Our church acknowledges that there is a

sovereign virtue in faith. May not then a belief deeply rooted, and fondly cherished in the mind, conjure up, though treated by others as imaginary, *real* objects to view, bearing some analogy to our temporal concerns, where a determination and fixedness of purpose almost invariably leads to success? So, also, may not the invocation, which accompanied by practical virtue in the good is supposed to bring a guardian spirit near, by vain mockery and unholy daring bring an evil spirit under some terrific form to the prodigal?

We dare not, we must not, dive into things forbidden; perhaps our first parents sought disobediently and impiously to know what was not intended for them, and fell thereby.

But a truce to such vain and idle speculations, which must ever end in doubt and darkness. I leave it to others who have made their study the anatomy of the human mind, one of the deepest and most important of all subjects, to endeavour to solve the riddle in which the fate of Rappert is involved. I shall only say, that a solemn lesson may be taught by his history,—how vain and sinful it is to trifle with such mysteries, to endeavour to penetrate lightly and irreverently the secrets of the grave—to profane by an unhallowed rite, and at a solemn hour, the most solemn of the year, a consecrated spot, a place venerable by time and decay, and haloed round by devotion! Verily we may say, in the words of the Psalmist, "He had his reward."

MAVOURNEEN.

BY T. J. OUSELEY.

I.

THE Sun that is clouded will brightlier shine
When the veil of Earth's vapour has filtered away;
So the face touched by sorrow will look more divine,
When the pearl-drops of grief are dissolved in Joy's ray.
Though life is a desert of trouble and woe,
Yet, still there's a spot on its waste that is green;
And wherever the courses of passion may flow,
That green spot shall shine—it is *thee* MAVOURNEEN.

II.

Oh, what is the world but a wide spreading sea,
Where changes for ever enruffle its breast?
Yet still to the haven of Hope do we flee,
And smile through the storm, for we feel we are blest.
Yes, blest is my heart—for I know thou art true,
And through my soul's faith is thy constancy seen;
The heart that adores thee, love, never can rue,
For its port is thy bosom—my own MAVOURNEEN.

III.

Give to those who are daunted by trouble, the tear,
As Evening bespangles the flow'ret with dew;
For a moment refreshing its leaves, till the sere
Its fragrance destroys and its beauty, love, too.
But to him who can look on Despair with a smile,
Nor let one glance of sorrow escape his eyes' sheen,
The dew will exhale, and its fragrance the while,
Grow sweeter through trial,—mine own MAVOURNEEN!

CHARACTERISTICS OF EARLY ENGLISH POETS.

CHAUCER, WEBSTER, QUARLES, AND CHAPMAN.

BY R. H. HORNE.

GREAT genius, and more especially in poetry, always comprises certain principles of universality; but to whatever degree this universality may exist, there will also be discovered several marked characteristics in every strong nature which distinguishes the individual, in himself, and perhaps from all others. Even the most universal of all men of genius has some striking peculiarities. No other great poet displays so irresistible a propensity to puns and quibbles as Shakspere; and no other dramatist of his time possessed so much delicacy and refinement, nor so much skill and tact in the conduct of a difficult scene—a skill which has all the ease and unconsciousness of the finest instinct. But of several other great writers, little known, except by name—because, comparatively, little read—it will be the purpose of this brief paper to offer a few remarks.

The Father of English Poetry is as graphic and rich in colours as an old cathedral window, yet without being grotesque. Examples of this pictorial characteristic may be found in abundance by any casual turning over of the leaves of a volume of his works. But equally characteristic, though of less frequent occurrence, is Chaucer's love of "green leaves;" his bland, gentle disposition; and his peculiarly quaint and quiet humour. Something else ought to be especially noticed in Chaucer, and that is the child-like delight with which he devotes himself and all his powers of enjoyment to an immediate object of pleasure, so that, being quite filled with it, he declares it exceeds every other thing of the kind that ever was, or will be, or that can be conceived possible to exist. The lover of Dorigen in the "Frankelein's Tale," was famous for his excellent singing and dancing; accordingly the delighted Chaucer says of him,—

> "He singeth, danceth, passing any man
> That is, or was, since that the world began!"

Certainly this gives an extraordinarily happy impression of the joyous vitality of the lover in question, and of the poet's full sense of it. Chaucer takes great pleasure in declaring that an admired object is without parallel, and not merely as an object of the fancy; but that if you were actually to search for such another you could not find it:—

> "And by the hand he held this noble queene,
> Crownèd with white, and clothèd all in greene,
> So womanly, so benignè, and so meke,
> That in this worldè though that men wold seke,
> Half her beautiè shouldè they not yfind.
>
> *Prologue to the Legend of Good Women.*

The humour of Chaucer is often of so quiet a kind,—so like an inward laugh, or rather like a smile upon the ground, (a characteristic also of his face,)—that it is liable to be passed without notice. Of this kind is the picture suggested of a courtier who thoroughly hoaxes a foolish listener, at whose ear he gently beats upon a tabor as an accompaniment to his dulcet flatteries:—

" For in your court is many a losengeour,
And many a quainte totoler accusour,
That tabouren in your earès many a sown
Right after hir imaginatioùn."

Ibid.

There is also an excellent parallel in Chaucer to his often-quoted pleasantry about the kind of French taught at Stratforde, in the equally good and never-quoted jest upon the dancing at Oxford. He says of the parish clerk, Absolon,—

" In twenty manere coud he trip and dance,
(After the scole of Oxenfordè, though.)"

The Millere's Tale.

In rich humour of the broader kind no one has ever surpassed Chaucer, and very few indeed have ever equalled him. I need only refer to the case of this same parish clerk, Absolon, who, to win the favour of the miller's handsome wife, undertakes the principal part in a " Mystery Play," upon a scaffold before her window; and there, attired in a white surplice and red breeches, with his golden hair spreading out behind like a fan, and with St. Paul's windows carved upon his shoes, he enacts the part of King Herod :—

" Sometime, to show his lightnesse and maistrie,
He plaieth Herode on a skaffold hie."

Ibid.

It is an invariable custom with those who write about the early English dramatists, to exhaust nearly all their space in laudations or disquisitions on Shakspere, and to devote the remainder to remarks concerning Beaumont and Fletcher, with a few words for Marlow, Ben Jonson, and Massinger. The names of the rest are then given in a sentence, and there the account concludes. Among these names will usually be found that of Webster; sometimes, however, even his name is omitted. Of all the great dramatists who have ever lived, and whose works are still extant, the one who has been least appreciated is Webster.

The chief characteristic of Webster is power, and the form in which he most displays this is that of the terrible. He has hitherto been generally regarded as dealing only in extravagances and horrors, and no doubt but he has abundance of such things. But I allude to a different kind of power, and this he is able to exhibit in the highest degree, either accompanied with passionate action or the most deadly composure.

" Do it i' the like posture, as if some great man
Sate, while his enemy were executed."

Vittoria Corombona.

Here is another instance of quiet dignity, under circumstances which renders the effect terrible :—

" *Francisco.*—Come, dear Lodovico,
You have ta'en the sacrament to prosecute
The intended murder."
" *Lodovico.*—With all constancy."

Ibid.

This is indeed plotting murder earnestly, and very unlike any stage-play business, it must be admitted. Webster is never at all theatrical; even his worst extravagances have a dreadfully serious intention.

There is very little wit, and no humour in his scenes, nor any thing at all comic. Even his satire and attempts at pleasantry are apt to have something terrible in them.

> "*Brachiano.*—(*In his raving.*) Doe not you know him?"
> "*Flamineo.*—No, my lord."
> "*Brachiano.*—Why, 'tis the Devil!
> I know him by a great rose he wears on 's shooe
> To hide his cloven foot!"
>
> *Ibid.*

But the awful sincerity with which Webster's *dramatis personæ* plot and execute crimes, is quite equalled by the solemnity with which they are sometimes denounced. Cardinal Monticelso thus addresses Lodovico, who has sworn to murder Brachiano:—

> "*Monticelso.*—Miserable creature!
> If thou persist in this, 'tis damnable.
> Dost thou imagine thou canst slide on blood,
> And not be tainted with a shameful fall?
> Or, like the blacke and melancholike ewe-tree,
> Dost thinke to roote thyself in dead men's graves,
> And yet to prosper? Instruction to thee
> Comes like sweet showers to over-hardened ground:
> They wet, but pierce not deepe. And so I leave thee
> With all the Furies hanging about thy necke."
>
> *Ibid.*

The "Duchess of Malfi" abounds with passages of similar power, and has also much more pathos. The pathos of Webster, though of rare occurrence, is always profound, and generally fraught with the most harrowing anguish. Even his tenderness savours of a deep passion. That he possessed the utmost pathos and tenderness, I shall perhaps on a future occasion endeavour to show; nor will sufficient illustration be at all difficult to find. His chief characteristics, however, are such as have been already particularized.

Another writer, well known and highly estimated by students of our early poets, is Francis Quarles. His "Emblems" is certainly a very extraordinary book. He is principally distinguished by a quaint intensity of purpose, of which, though it continually takes a humourous form, (or, our modern impressions, rather, receive it as humourous,) the author never appears in the least conscious. Nor is it likely that he ever intended to be humorous. Grotesque he undoubtedly is, and to such a degree as frequently to induce a smile of indescribable amusement. The little wood-cuts in illustration, which were evidently both designed and drawn by the author, are quite as extraordinary as anything else in the "Emblems," and perhaps more so. Without the least knowledge of drawing, and having some ludicrous and peculiar ideas as to perspective, and the method of foreshortening a limb or figure, he attempts anything and everything he sees in his truly vivid and fertile imagination, whether relating to heaven, or hell, to earth, or the vast neutralities of space, to substance or shadow. And it may truly be affirmed, that he always succeeds in making you understand him thoroughly. His full faith and ardour in his subject master all difficulties. In most instances, however, he brings the scene before you by the force of words alone. I should hardly think any one would need an illustration of the pencil on reading the following. The scene is the temptation of Eve by the Serpent:—

" *Serpent.*—Stretch forth thy hand, and let thy fondness never
Fear death! Do pull, and eat, and live for ever."
" *Eve.* (*Thoughtfully*).—'Tis but an apple; and it is as good
To do, as to desire. Fruit's made for food.
(*After a pause.*)—
I'll pull, and taste, and tempt my Adam, too,
To know the secrets of this dainty."
" *Serpent.* (*In a sweet voice.*)—Do."

Quarles's Emblems.

The " Stage Directions," it will be readily understood, are not in the original; they are certainly not necessary to the sense, and are merely inserted to show my idea of the " reading " of the passage, and thus more clearly display what I consider one of the principal characteristics of this very original poet.

Another remark may be hazarded concerning the grotesque designs which illustrate the " Emblems." Nearly all the figures are extremely low in stature, but with large heads, and broad, strong bodies and limbs. They may often be termed giant-dwarfs. Now, as it is almost invariably the case that every one who begins at once to draw figures, without any regular instruction, makes the proportions in accordance with his own, (no doubt from some unconscious instinct of personal identity,) so it may be a fair speculation, that those Dutch-built figures hand down to us a good general idea of the " outward man " of their creator. I am not aware of the existence of any portrait of him; and a full-length is still less likely. The first edition of his " Emblems " was published in 1635.

The name of George Chapman, like that of Milton, is never pronounced without reverence by those who have any knowledge of his works; but Milton's desire to find a " fit audience, though few," has been far more perfectly realized in the progress of the poems of Chapman down to the present time, who had previously expressed a similar desire. The audience of George Chapman has long been, and will probably always continue to be " fit " and " few."

The predominating characteristic of George Chapman is exaltation. He feels the strong fire of Apollo within him; he is filled with the inspiration, and declares it aloud to the world. He neither asks nor needs anybody's opinion upon the fact; he knows it is so, and rejoices to the utmost. The sense of intellectual greatness, and the power and dignity of personal character, are strongly displayed in his writings. His " Σκὶα νυκτὸς " is divided into two poetical hymns, the " Hymnus in Noctem," and the " Hymnus in Cynthiam." In the first, the following couplet occurs:—

" Nothing shall stir him from adorning still
This shape with virtue, and his power with will."

In the second hymn will be found the following lines:—

" The mind hath in herself a deity,
And in the stretching circle of her eye
All things are compass'd, all things present still:
Will framed to power, doth make us what we will."

The Dedication of the " Shadow of Night," to his " deare and most worthy friend, Master Matthew Roydon," concludes in these words:—

" I should write more, but my hasting out of towne taketh me from the paper; in preferring thy allowance in this poore and strange trifle, to the passport of a whole

Cittie of others, I rest as resolute as Seneca, satisfying myselfe if but a few, f one, or if none like it.

" By the true admirour of thy vertues,
" And perfectly vowed friend,
" GEORGE CHAPMAN."

His dedicatory epistles and sonnets to many of the nobility, some of whom were his patrons, have all the air of dignified moral counsel; for the compliments to their virtue or learning are rather exhortations to improvement in the same. In the Dedicatory Epistle of the "Batraxomyomaxia," to the Earl of Somerset, there occur these dignified and self-relying lines:—

" Strength, then, the object is of all retreats,
Strength needs no friend's trust; strength your foes defeats.
Retire to strength, then, of eternal things,
And you 're eternal; for our knowing springs
Flow into those things that we truly know,
Which, being eternal, we are rendered so."

It requires a man to be great in himself, as well as a fine poet, to write such lines as those. But having designated the Earl of Somerset as his "ever most-worthy-to-be-most honoured lord," Chapman seems to have felt a little alarmed lest his Epistle should have an appearance of base adulation; he therefore introduces a couplet which I think settles the question with an amusing finality:—

" This Dedication calls no greatness, then,
To patron this greatness-creating pen."

The independent spirit of Chapman does not appear to have given any offence to his noble patrons, but rather to have caused them to estimate more highly any lines he addressed to them.

Chapman wrote a conclusion to Marlowe's "Hero and Leander," and he did it nobly, in his way, and according to what Webster so aptly designates as "the full and heightened style of Master Chapman." But he was not the right poet for a love-story. His Hero, in her lover's absence, grandly exclaims:—

" O, blessed place!
Image of constancy! Thus, my love's grace
Parts nowhere, but it leaves something behind
Worth observation. He renowns his kind.
His motion is like Heaven's, orbicular;
For where he once is, he is ever there."

I would not have it inferred by those who are unacquainted with the poem, that it has little of the passion of love in it. The one expression concerning Hero, that "she thought she felt his heart in her's," is worth volumes of ordinary amatory poetry. I only intended, as has been previously observed, to display predominating characteristics.

Among the old poets particularized in this paper, probably the most love is elicited by Chaucer; the most intense tragic emotions are induced by Webster; the most varying interest by the quaint devotions of Quarles; and the most exaltation of soul by Chapman.

THE LOVER'S LEAP.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN, AUTHOR OF "THE TRAPPER'S BRIDE."

CHAPTER II.

THE INDIAN WIGWAM.

MANY hours passed ere the bewildered young brave returned to consciousness, how many he could not tell, but when at length his mind in some measure recovered its tone, when his eyes were opened and he could look around him, the return to life was attended by pain so exquisite, that he again sank involuntarily into oblivion. It was, however, no deadly sensation of faintness, but a soft gentle trance which now overcame him. His wounds were painful, and yet to so slight a degree after the first moment, as to rather tingle with faint pleasure throes than acute suffering;

> "A dreamy, oblivious and delicious torpor
> Was creeping softly as the breathing of an infant;"

and it required but little stretch of the imagination on the part of the young Ricarree, to induce the fancy that he was in the happy hunting-grounds of his people. This conviction was presently heightened by the murmuring sound of a sweet voice singing low and close at hand, though the warbler was invisible; and Eagle-Plume sighed as a brave man would sigh at the consciousness of death, whispering to himself—

"I am gone to the green hunting-fields of my ancestors, my soul is with the Great Spirit."

With these thoughts he sank into a dreamy half slumber, in which his eyes fed on many sweet visions of the past, as the lay was warbled forth from the nightingale throat of the singer—

> "The doe flies swiftly from the hunter's dart,
> The eagle stoops beneath the lightning's glare,
> The wild horse snorts and gallops from the hunter,
> The maiden trembles at the voice she loves not.
> The doe finds peace beneath the brave's quick arrow,
> The eagle seeks shelter in his rocky eyrie,
> The mustang 'scapes fast flying o'er the plain,
> The maiden rests within the hated wigwam."

These lines, evidently an improvised recitation, were uttered so plaintively as to move deeply the heart of the bold Ricarree, and as the voice ceased, perfectly entranced, he moved slowly on his couch and spoke—

"Where sits the singing bird? Is it the spirit of the happy hunting grounds, or am I in the white man's paradise?"

"A young hemlock was stricken by fire, the ash was bent by the wind, but there is life at its heart, it lives."

Eagle-Plume widely opened his eyes, as he heard these words, and saw plainly that he was within the walls of a most elegant and tasteful wigwam. It was small and completely lined with skins, the insides of

which were painted of various colours, while wild honeysuckle, the feathers of several gay plumed birds, and other savage ornaments, were scattered over the slender wainscoting. One thing, however, stood alone within which cast all else into the shade, and this was a woman.

Not more than sixteen, tall, slender, with well-turned and proportioned limbs,

"Her years were new and tender as her heart."

Her ruddy complexion was clear, revealing the quick coursing of the tell-tale blood, as it galloped through her veins, while the quick heaving of her rounded bosom and the kindling of her eye told of deep emotion.

Curiously gazed Eagle-Plume upon her, scarcely daring to believe that aught so fair and lovely could be of earth, and yet fervently hoping, that if he were still a denizen of the world, this gentle being should prove to be as little heavenly as himself. Gradually he learned the truth. Some ten days previous to that on which he had woke to consciousness, Neaoma, the White Tulip, was wandering alone near the brink of one of the huge cliffs which raise their crests above the Mississippi, when she perceived far on the plain a warrior flying before the ruthless prairie fire. All a woman's sympathies were instantly roused, despite the severe lessons of the green American desert, and she stood upon the barren summit of the rock watching the Indian's flight. Swift as an arrow he flew before the spirit of fire, whose bow was in the clouds, the avenging flames galloped madly and swiftly in the rear. The brave tottered, he was within a hundred yards of the spot where the fair girl stood, a dense cloud of vapour concealed him from her sight. Next minute he fell senseless and his horse dead at her feet. With infinite presence of mind the girl flew to the camp, from which a dozen warriors issued in search of the bruised and wounded stranger, in fact, of an enemy. Indian hospitality, however, was here tested, and the sacred feeling triumphed over all.

It was with feelings of deep gratitude that Eagle-Plume heard this narrative. His illness had temporarily tamed the savage fires of war and rapine in his bosom, leaving ample room for more gentle emotions. It is therefore scarcely necessary to relate, how from gratitude sprang feelings of a warmer nature, until at length the young Ricarree was seriously in love.

All this happened not in an hour, nor even in a day, for weeks passed ere the gallant young brave was even partially recovered from the terrible burns which covered his body. At length however he rose from his couch, and then only did his nurse retire from attendance on him. So deeply smitten was the young Indian, that he would gladly have feigned illness longer, in order to enjoy the luxury of being tended by so fair a being, but the sterner feelings of a warrior, and a sense of the ridicule which would be showered on him did his emotions transpire, restrained Eagle-Plume from giving way to so womanly an impulse.

The camp of the branch of Sioux on which our young brave had happened, was situate near the summit of a bold and projecting rock rising about seven hundred feet above the beautiful waters of the lake, known as the Prairie du Chien. This lovely oasis of waters is perhaps one of the beauty-spots of the American wilderness. Far up the wild Mississippi, amid towering bluffs, each of which forms a sub-

lime subject for meditation in its startling grandeur, while the eye every moment finds new matter for admiration—its pebbly beach is strewed with agates, cornelians, jaspers, and porphyry, while from the very edge of the water, in places, rise mounds clothed in a deep green coat of verdure—this lake is the gem of the surrounding deserts.

At the summit, we have said, of one of the above-mentioned bluffs stood the Indian camp, through the many hundred scattered tents of which our hero wandered on the first day of his convalescence. Nearing the centre, where the tents of the old warriors were ranged in crescent order round a green plot of grass, Eagle-Plume remarked an unusual commotion, besides noticing the presence of many strangely apparelled warriors, whom, at a glance, the Ricarree recognized as his hereditary enemies, the Mandans.

Gliding amid the throng, Eagle-Plume carelessly inquired if peace had been proclaimed between the two tribes. The question was addressed to a grizzly old warrior.

"The young chief of the Mandans wears a petticoat, he is tired of seeing blood, and asks a squaw of the Sioux."

"And will my brothers give one of their daughters to the son of an enemy?"

"Tu-tu-a, the great Sioux brave, has said it, and the young men applaud his words."

"And what fair Sioux flower will wither in the wigwams of the Mandans?"

"Neaoma, the White Tulip."

"It is good," replied the Ricarree, without moving a muscle, as he wrapped his blanket round him and glided from the still increasing throng. Once alone amid the now deserted tents, he walked erect, no thunder-cloud was ever darker than his frown, a new life seemed infused into his system, something of his old vigour seemed to rush back to his frame, as he muttered—"The White Tulip shall mate with the Eagle, or the Eagle will leave his bones on the banks of the Soft Lake" (Prairie du Chien).

The young chief spoke boldly and resolutely, and as he seemed to clench his tomahawk, the frown passed away, and a smile settled on his countenance. As yet, however, he was ignorant of a very important circumstance.

Was the heart of the fair Neaoma free?

CHAPTER III.

THE LEAP.

It was some short time after sun-rise, the morning's dew lay heavy on the grass, while the feathered choristers, which throng the groves of the American wilds, were pouring forth rich music, that the Sioux tribe in full force marched out upon the table surface of the rock overlooking Lake Pepin. The grim warriors were painted in the most elaborate manner, while their long spears, their short fusils, and gaily appareled shields, looked bright and resplendent in the morning air. Their small horses, with long tails whisking restlessly, pranced and showed their anxiety to be on the move, their practised senses for once deceiving

them. Despite the warlike appearance of the tribe, it was no bloody foray which was on foot, but the giving away of Neaoma in marriage to the young brave of the Mandans.

A knot of twenty warriors of the latter tribe were ranged to the left, in all the brilliance of their native costume. A rich tunic, formed from two mountain sheep or deer skins, profusely ornamented with scalp-locks, beads, and ermine, fell half way over the form, while from beneath appeared leggings of the same material, tightly fitting the leg, embroidered with porcupine quills, and fringed with the horrid ornament of scalp-locks. Buckskin mocassins, tastefully ornamented with porcupine quills, covered their feet, while a robe of buffalo's hide, worn in the fashion of a short Spanish cloak, was slung over one shoulder and under the other. Their head dresses were striking and remarkable; some had eagle plumes, or raven quills, with ermine, others wore horns curiously fastened to a slight mat of ermine skins and tails.

The young chief, however, was simply attired, and stood leaning on a handsome rifle, surveying with complacency the rich display of presents which were to be exchanged for Neaoma, or glancing his eye down the dizzy height of the rock, and gazing on the still waters of the lake below. The cliff was nearly perpendicular.

The lake stretched away to some considerable distance, until it became blended with the celebrated Prairie du Chien, the river wending its way above and below, in all the stately grandeur of a great stream.

A solitary canoe lay near the foot of the rock, motionless, and apparently unguided by any mortal hand, though what preserved it in its position was a mystery. The Mandan warrior several times fixed his eyes upon it, but interests of a more absorbing nature prevented its exciting any womanly curiosity within his breast.

The presents consisted of the usual savage valuables. Twelve handsome black horses, a pile of skins and furs which would have made the fortune of a speculator, two guns and a canister of powder, was the price which the Mandan chief had resolved to pay for the fairest maiden of the Sioux tribe.

The grim Sioux warriors ranged themselves in a half crescent, in the midst of which stood Neaoma and her father. The maiden wore a tunic reaching to her knees, and deer-skin leggings, while her long black hair hung in plaits over her shoulders.

Her expression was that of calm resignation to a bitter fate, while now and then a smile of scorn illumined her dusky features.

The Mandan chief now advanced, and gracefully raising his arm, stood a model for a statuary before the maiden's father. He suffered one glance of admiration to rest, half involuntarily, upon the girl, and then spoke.

"Romanichin, the big wave, is the chief of his tribe; his hand is strong, his eye keen, his shot sure. Hundreds of grizzly bears have fallen beneath his arrows, the deer tremble at his name. His wigwam is warm and his board is plentiful. Four squaws already occupy his house, for a rich man should be the father of many warriors. But the heart of Romanichin is not yet full, and Neaoma is fair in his sight. Let her come, she shall be the first of his squaws."

The old warrior replied:—

"Romanichin speaks well; what he says is good. The Mandans and Sioux have long been enemies, let them now be brethren; let the

hatchet be buried, and peace be between them. Yes! Neaoma shall be the squaw of Romanichin, and Romanichin shall be honoured among the Sioux."

Neaoma here stood erect, her eyes flashing, her nostrils dilated, her arm raised menacingly to heaven; her attitude, her air, was that of the Grecian Pythoness, cursing some unfortunate unblessed by the immortal gods.

"No! Neaoma is no slave, no Comanche dog, to be handed over to the enemies of her people, like a strayed mustang. Neaoma is free, she is the daughter of a Sioux chief, and never will mate with a Mandan cur. Go!" said she, addressing the astounded young warrior, "Go! and tell your squaws that the Sioux girls are men, that they hear a little singing bird in the woods, whose voice is sweet, and that death is better than life in the wigwam of an enemy."

With these words she bounded like a stricken deer from amid the throng, and in one minute stood upon the very edge of the precipice.

Astonishment, ragè, fury, had hitherto kept all the spectators silent. The Mandan had never moved a muscle, but the burning colour that overspread his dark cheeks told his boiling passion. The father stood speechless, transfixed with surprise and horror.

"Farewell, adieu, my father, my people; I go to the dark waters of death and sleep."

Naomi at these words plunged headlong over the precipice.

The whole concourse of men stood next moment on the edge of the cliff.

The rock went sheer down perpendicular some hundred feet to the very edge of the water, which was profoundly deep at that particular spot. Romanichin and the father were side by side as Neaoma struck the water and disappeared. At that instant a warrior rose in the solitary canoe, and, with one vigorous stroke of his paddle, sent his little bark to where the girl's body came up lifeless, to all appearance, on the surface.

To catch her in his arms, to raise her in the boat, was the work of an instant, and then, no mother ever bent over her child as did that stern warrior to listen for the signs which spoke of life or death. His actions were clearly understood above, and a silence deep as that of the grave prevailed amid the whole band. Romanichin and the father clutched one another convulsively.

"Ugh! good!" at length exclaimed Eagle-Plume, as he wrapped his buffalo robe round the reviving girl. The words were distinctly heard above, and all breathed more freely. Their rejoicing was of short duration.

The young suitor and the father fully expected the Ricarree to bear the girl to the usual landing about a mile below, but when they saw him urge his canoe in the opposite direction, the truth flashed with lightning speed upon them, and yells like that of a hundred demons let loose burst from their savage throats. Finding himself discovered, Eagle-Plume waved his rifle triumphantly over his head, and then urged his canoe with the utmost rapidity over the still waters of the lake.

Pursuit was vain, and the rage of the discomfited Sioux and Mandans can be better imagined than expressed, while the felicity and joy of the lovers would be equally a work of supererogation to detail.

Every traveller who finds himself within the influence of the mag-

nificent and sublime scenery of these wilds, must shudder with horror as he gazes upon the stupendous height of rock, known as the Lover's Leap. Pike's Tent raises its vast cone beside it; "La Montaigne qui tromps a l'eau" sweeps upwards its lovely green slopes, the delicious surface of Pepin's Lake charms the eye with its picturesque and romantic scenery, but to him whose heart is not blunted to native feeling, and kindly sympathies, the principal object of interest on the borders of the Prairie du Chien will be "the Lover's Leap."

SONNET.

BY DAVID LESTER RICHARDSON,

Author of "Literary Leaves," &c.

With life and mystery all nature teems:—
A solitary leaf—a breath of air—
An inch of common earth—their burthens bear
Of tiny nations. The sun's glory beams
On scenes minute, more strange than strangest dreams,
And never shines unfelt. No spot is bare,
No moment silent. Life is everywhere;
And this vast world is busier than it seems.
Oh! what a wide magnificent abode
Hath Man! How fair each living thing he sees!
Yet Science scans, by light that God bestowed,
A world of other worlds; and haply these
Have groves that ring with holier harmonies,
And beings with sublimer aims endowed.

POETS.

BY T. J. OUSELEY.

I.

Poets are passion flowers,
That turn where'er the sun
Brightest shines,—the showers
And shadows they will shun.
Hearts of gold they offer
At Beauty's crystal shrine;
Hands of faith they proffer,
Sweet words that sound divine.
Once the sun departed
The flower its leaves will close,
And the golden-hearted
No more with beauty glows.

II.

Poets are things of earth,
With minds of varied dyes,
Like birds that float to birth
In oriental skies.
What though their thoughts ascend
On light and gorgeous wing.
O'er earth and heaven wend,
And Love—immortal—sing.
They are but dust,—and all
Their beauty they enfold,
Like birds 'neath Luna's thrall
Pruning their wings of gold.

III.

Poets are rainbows crowning
Earth with their glorious hues;
Hearts mid tears are drowning,
Smiles lonely grief subdues.
Words of guile may banish
Young Sorrow from her night;
Smiles like rainbows vanish,
Their *memory* is but bright.
Trust not then their luring,
With light not heat they burn,
Pangs are fast enduring,
When Hope may not return.

IV.

Poets have treasures rare;
Their thoughts are silver stars
Wandering in ambient air
Beyond heaven's sapphire bars.
They form from unseen things
Creations of delight,
And quaff from hidden springs
Nectar—ambrosial bright.
Like deep rich-laden ships
Thoughts undulating rise;
There's music on their lips,
And magic in their eyes.

THE PARIS HIPPODROME.

BY CHARLES HERVEY.

Pr-r-r-enez vos billets ! ! !

SOME ten or a dozen years ago,
When folks were content to travel slow,
And thought, if the sea they dared to cross,
'Twas a feat quite worthy of Captain Ross;
If then—and I may
Pretty safely say,
Such things did not come to pass every day—
A Cockney to Paris chanced to roam,
'Twas to see the Column in Place Vendôme,
Or the King of the French, or the Rue de la Paix,
Or the *Rocher de Caucale*, or Champs Elysées;
But now—oh no!
C'est par trop rococo,
For *Place* or for *Rue*
None care, save the few
Who, out of respect for *ce cher* Eugène Sue,
And for Rose and Blanche, and for *Couche-tout-Nu*,
Try to find each spot named in the "Wandering Jew."
Ask the first man you see
What his object may be
In just popping over
From Folkstone or Dover,
And, twenty to one,
If you let his tongue run,
He'll tell you he came—for a week or two's fun;
Rattling on about Rachel, and Queen Pomaré,
And the *fêtes* at St. Cloud, and St. Germain en Laye,
And (very unlike the Place Vendôme)
The Bal Mabille and the Hippodrome!
The *what?*—Now dear, patient reader, don't frown,
And don't in a pet throw the Magazine down;
Lean back in your chair, make yourself quite at home,
And without setting foot near San Pietro's dome,
You shall see the sports of ancient Rome
Revived in the Paris Hippodrome.

* * * * *

Towards the Arc de l'Etoile if you happen to stray
Between two and three on a sunshiny day,
(Not on Wednesday, Saturday, Friday, or Monday,
But only on Tuesday, or Thursday, or Sunday,)
You'll see a gay multitude hurrying on,
As if they half feared ev'ry place would be gone;
Cabs, *citadines*, *coucous*, and horses and grooms,
And smart little *danseuses* in smart little Broughams,
And elegant Marquises in *toilette de matin*,
And black-eyed *grisettes* from the Quartier Latin,
All posting away
Up the Champs Elysées,
Till the barrier 's past,
And before them at last
(To the left of the *Arc* and the road to the *Bois*,
Which leads also to Neuilly and Courbevoie,)
They see what has brought them so far from home,
Monsieur Victor Franconi's Hippodrome.

* * * * *

Away some go
To the nearest *bureau*,
Their tickets to take for this wonderful show ;
While others outside a moment tarry,
To buy *Vert-Vert* or the *Journal de Paris*,
And find to their cost,
The best seats they have lost,
For while those on the right
Are from sun sheltered quite,
Each place on the left
Is of shade so bereft,
That parasol, fan, and umbrella, and veil,
Scarcely save one from catching a *coup de soleil*.

* * * * * *

And yet the sight is novel and gay,
And something out of the common way,
Although the arena be rather sandy,
It must be acknowledged 'tis very handy,
Whate'er be the race,
Stag hunt, steeple chase,
You are in at the death without once changing place :
Then the rows above rows of ladies fair,
(Tho' perhaps I had better that epithet spare,
For Frenchwomen seldom look *fair* of a morning,)
The vast sea of heads clustered under the awning,
The scorched ones beneath, with no awning to shade them,
The band
Looking grand,
In a sort of race stand,
Who ne'er change their tunes till ten times they have played them ;
The curtain at one end, behind which of course is
The *foyer* (or greenroom) for ladies—and horses,
The *ouvreuses*, an *Entr'acte* or *petit banc* holding.
The boys, five-sous fans ever op'ning and folding,
The waiters, who ev'ry two minutes appear,
With *limonade gazeuse* and *brioches* and beer ;
At all these you are gazing, when " ring " goes a bell,
And the hundred Parisians,
Who act as musicians,
Play *Suoni la Tromba* remarkably well,
And the curtain flies back, and displays an arch
'Neath which in regular order march
Some thirty equestrians, stiff as starch ;
Men in jackets of ev'ry hue,
Ladies in tunics green and blue,
Horses crowned with nodding plumes,
Led by satin-vested grooms.
Round and round the course they go
At a solemn pace and slow,
Till the tour has twice been made,
And the tune has twice been played;
Then the steeds, who find it hot,
Calmly to their stable trot,
The curtain 's drawn, the course is clear,
And *Jean* (the waiter) brings more beer.

* * * * *

Hark ! that drum,
That buzzing hum,
Six Amazons under the archway come ;
Each wears a scarf of a different hue,
Green, red, yellow, brown, pink, and blue ;
They walk half round, then form in a line,
And pink scarf quietly makes a sign
To *Jules* or *Adolphe*, as the case may be,
A dark-whiskered youth in *bottes vernies*.

"*Partez!*" cries the starter, and off they go,
Green scarf leading, the rest in a row;
Away they dart at a slashing pace,
Blue 's well up, and a pretty race,
Yellow plies her whip in vain,
Bravo! green 's in front again,
Blue and pink like lightning follow,
Hurrah pink! she has it hollow,
Ev'ry stride fresh ground she's gaining,
Blue and green each nerve are straining;
Hark, the bell! once round and in,
Pink's a-head, and safe to win:
Past the goal her courser flies,
His the work, but hers the prize—
Not a prize like that which came
Last spring from a mysterious dame,
Who, on a pleasant frolic bent,
Five hundred francs from London sent,
A little notoriety courting
As an encourager of sporting;
And who, when once the race was run,
And the fair present fairly won,
Turned out to be Miss Alice Ozy.—
Not so; our winner, warm and rosy,
Receives—*tout simplement*—a posy.

* * * * *

Ring, ting! What can it be?
A *course par cinq Jockeys* we're going to see;
But where are the five? I make out only three:
Two with regular English names,
One called John, and another James,
But the third is James too,
And this never would do,
To have two of a name would be great impropriety—
So he's called *Jems*, just by way of variety.

* * * * *

Off they go
Like darts from a bow,
Jems has the cord, but his pace is too slow;
He tries to make play,
But he can't get away,
The others *must* pass him, spur hard tho' he may.
And hark! one may hear, as they're galloping on,
"*Je parie pour James*," or "*Je parie pour John*;"
John wins! on his bay mare I'd stake my existence!
He *does* by a head, and *Jems* loses his distance.

* * * * *

What *are* people laughing at? Hush, don't you see
An ugly young monkey, now two, and now three,
Four—five—and each strapped on the back of a pony,
Belonging to good Monsieur Victor Franconi:
One drest as a Harlequin, one as a Clown,
One as a Magician in long flowing gown,
And one all in white, with a horrible leer,
While smart little Columbine brings up the rear.
When "crack" goes the whip, and away they all fly,
And jump over hurdles about a foot high,
Once, twice round and home—thro' the archway they run,
And the *Première Partie du Programme* is done.

ENTR'ACTE.

Good gracious! how thirsty these people are!
"*Garçon, de la bière!*"—"*Monsieur, la voilà!*"
Well, it *is* very hot, and the crowd is so great,
And—stay, who are these coming in at the gate!

To know they are English one need be no scholar,
For over her shawl *Madame* sports a white collar.
(And here, I may venture *en passant* to say,
That if ever you meet
In park, square, or street,
A lady, who wears a fur tippet in May,
Or opens her parasol when there's no sun,
That lady is English, as sure as a gun:
But the *collar!*—there 's no more infallible test,
For, however well drest,—
And, it must be confessed,
Ladies grudge no expense to appear so, *au reste.*
If their velvets and satins are all of the best,
Why should we (when such pain we may easily spare them)
Unkindly assert, *they don't know how to wear them?*
Still, four out of five,
When they walk, ride, or drive,
In scarf, cloak, or shawl,
Large, *moyen*, or small,
High, low, rich, and poor, will put on, over all,
Not the fine-plaited ruff sketched by Holbein and Hollar,
But (horror of horrors!) an open-worked collar!

* * * * * * *

Hurrah! hurrah! for the steeple chase,
This will be something like a race;
Four lady-riders, Madame Caron,
And Gabrielle, *en corsage marron*,
Hermance in green, Céleste in blue,
And John and James, (*but, c'est convenu*,
That whether the pace be slow or fast,
They must never be first, but always last;)
Now the grooms—not unlike men who stand
At the barrier each with a stick in his hand,
(The dread of all country lads and lasses,)
Which they thrust into every cart that passes—
Have fixed the hurdles, and hammered 'em tight;
They're off! and by Jove 'tis a pretty sight.
Now Madame Caron's as ugly as sin,
And for that very reason she's sure to win;
For the manager makes it a point of duty
To show off his horse where he can't show off beauty.
So Hermance *la jolie*, and Céleste *la belle*,
Are expected to *sit*, tho' they cannot *ride*, well;
And are mounted on fine, long-tailed steeds, which, although
They are rare ones to look at, are bad ones to go.

* * * * * * *

Ring, ting,
Ting, ring!
Who ever saw such a hollow thing!
Madame Caron the goal has passed,
Gabrielle second, and Céleste last;
While fair Hermance gives the whip to her horse,
And quietly trots him round the course,
As much as to say to each gay gallant, "You, Sir,
Have looked at the winner, now look at the *loser!*"

* * * * * * *

Bow, wow!
Bless us, what now?
Are we near a dog-kennel, or what is the row?
And who are these ladies so smartly drest?
And who are these gentlemen, three abreast?
And that man who comes up with his cap in his hand,
And who wears a green coat with a golden band?

'Tis the grand stag hunt, or *la chasse au cerf*,
And the stag and the hounds are waiting there,
Till the huntsman, with solemn air and steady,
Shall have told the *Seigneur* that all is ready.
* * * * * * *
Hark! the horn sounds,
In the stag bounds,
And in rides the huntsman, and in run the hounds,
Yelping, yelling, barking, howling,
Snapping, snarling, grumbling, growling,
Away they go, lords, ladies, and all,
But the dogs are deaf to the huntsman's call,
And while the *piqueur* plays *le roi Dagobert*,
They roll in the dust, with their heels in the air;
And as for the stag, bless him! they never mind him,
But run on before him, instead of behind him.
* * * * * *
Now if the stag wasn't blind of one eye,
To hunt them in turn perhaps he'd try,
For, now and then, when he hears them run,
He pokes with his horn, (for he has only one,)
And that, if we dare believe such a thing,
Is tied to his head with a bit of string.
* * * * * *
Round, and round, and round they go,
Dogs and huntsman, all of a row,
Until the stag, who has passed ev'ry horse
And hound by degrees, bolts out of the course;
And in less than a minute, which seems rather odd, he
Is killed ought of sight, for they bring in his body,
Prepared for the *curée*, the dogs give a yell,
And the orchestra plays the *galop* in *Giselle*.
* * * * * *
Now, fain would I speak of the grand *course de chars*
Between Monsieur Marin and Monsieur Renard,
Of the men on two horses, (the one on a grey cob
Is styled in the bills patriarchally *Jacob*,)
Of Norma, the famed Hanoverian mare,
Whose waltzing would make e'en Cellarius stare;
Of the gay *Carrousel*, where *Céleste Mogador*
Thrusts her lance through a ring at full gallop,—nay more,
Makes her horse prance and turn, and twist round like an eel.
While she hits with a pistol
What others have missed all,
A Turk's head, which truly
She knocked down as coolly
As if she were *polking au Jardin Mabille*.
On these *je soudrais*, *si je coudrais* dilate,
But the clock's striking three, and the post will not wait;
And yet, I must add a farewell line,
If there *should* be any young friend of mine
Who wants an excuse for a trip from home,
Let him ask mamma
To persuade papa,
(If he's fond of the classics, as most papas are,)
That nothing reminds one of Greece and Rome
So much as the Paris Hippodrome.

EHRENSTEIN.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

CHAPTER XI.

The cressets and sconces were lighted in the lower hall, and all those who were to be honoured with a seat at the banquet of the evening were beginning to assemble. On this occasion none were admitted to the table of their lords but such as could either show some claim to noble blood, or were distinguished by particular favour. Nevertheless, the guests were very numerous; for the changes which time had produced in the strict feudal system, and in the severity of the ancient chivalry, admitted many to distinction who would formerly have been excluded: and every man not absolutely a serf was looked upon as noble, and entitled to bear arms. Priests and friars, whether they could prove their ancestry or not, found ready admission to the tables even of monarchs; and in times of need and danger, when it was necessary to court popular support, the leaders of the free communes were treated with every sort of honour. The feudal system, indeed, at this time, may be said to have been completely disorganized; and amongst many symptoms of the total overthrow which was approaching, was that mixture of classes, and the reverence for a great many qualities, many of them much superior to mere ancestry, and many of them perhaps less. However that may be, the number, which, notwithstanding all customary limitations, were entitled to dine in the hall with the Count of Ehrenstein and his princely guest, did not amount to less than seventy; and Adelaide, when she entered with her father, felt her heart beat somewhat timidly at the sight of so many who were perfect strangers to her.

It was to be remarked that amongst the various groups which the room contained, the attendants of the Lord of Ehrenstein looked grave, moody, and anxious; while those of Count Frederick of Leiningen, not aware of any cause for apprehension, were cheerful, if not merry. Numbers, however, have a very encouraging effect; and with so many companions around them, old Sickendorf and Mosbach, with their fellow-soldiers of the castle, had screwed their courage to the sticking-point, and were prepared to face the ghosts of the old hall without flinching. It had cost some trouble, indeed, to get the cooks and servers of the household to place the viands for the supper on the tables; but the example of Ferdinand and Adelaide, and the knowledge that they, with Franz Creussen and his boy, had passed the whole morning in the hall without disturbance, induced them rather to risk a meeting with the ghosts than their lord's anger; and, in parties of five and six, they had at length ventured in, heavy laden with provisions; their terrors had caused some delay, indeed, and it was not till the count had waited impatiently for near a quarter of an hour, that the trumpets were heard sounding clear and shrill from below. After a few moments spent, as was customary, to show that no one was in haste, Count Frederick offered his hand to Adelaide,

and led her to the door, and the whole party moved forward towards the old hall.

"Let the others go first, Mosbach," said Sickendorf, in a low tone; "the devil may take them all if he likes, so that he leave me enough for supper. I am as ravenous as a wolf."

"So am I," answered Mosbach; "but I would rather go hungry to bed than sup in that dark, dreary old hall, with the ghastly company we are like to have."

The sight that met their eyes, however, when they approached the great door, was one that they little expected. The whole hall was in a blaze of light; sconces and cressets were hung thickly on the walls and in the arches, showing forth, in fine relief, the garlands of flowers with which Adelaide had decked them, and the branches of evergreen which both tapestried and canopied the hall. The banners, freed from the dust of many years, waved gaily overhead; the tables groaned with well-cooked viands; and long ranges of cups, goblets, and tankards, in gold and silver,—for the count had brought forth all his stores of splendour,—flashed back the rays of the lights around, and added to the rich and cheerful aspect of the whole.

Count Frederick paused for an instant at the door, exclaiming,—"Why, this is a scene of fairy-land!" and the Count of Ehrenstein himself gazed round with wonder and pleasure on a sight which far surpassed his previous expectations. He made no observation, however, but moved on to take his seat in the great chair in the centre of the cross table, and several minutes were spent in arranging the guests according to their rank and station. Adelaide was placed upon her father's left, Count Frederick on his right; the priest sat next the lady, and then the knights around; while Ferdinand, in a courteous tone, assigned the jester a seat at the angle of the two tables, so that he could converse with his lord during their meal, according to custom, without being actually placed at the same table. This arrangement created much surprise amongst the followers of the house of Ehrenstein, and some displeasure: but the attendants of Count Frederick seemed to look upon it as a matter of course.

Ferdinand himself was about to take a seat much further down; but as he moved towards it, the count called him up, saying, "Here is room for you, Ferdinand. Well and faithfully have you done all that was intrusted to you, and neither a braver heart nor a better head have we amongst us. I name you the master of my household from this hour, and leave my good guests to your care and courtesy whenever I am not present."

"Well may he make him master of his household," said Sickendorf, in a whisper to Mosbach; "for he seems master of the spirits as well as the bodies. I am sure, without their help, he never could have done all this."

"He had Franz Creussen with him," mumbled Karl of Mosbach: "and I don't see why a boy like that—not knighted yet—should be put over our heads."

"He's a good youth, he's a good youth," answered Sickendorf; "and may well have an office that neither you nor I could manage. We are over his head in arms, and that is all we have to care about."

In the meanwhile Count Frederick had put some question to his entertainer, who bowed his head, replying, "Yes, the same; Ferdi-

nand of Altenburg;" and the old nobleman instantly rose, as Ferdinand advanced with some degree of diffidence, and took him in his arms, saying, "Ah, good youth, I am right glad to see you! I knew your father well—a gallant gentleman as ever drew a sword. He died in foreign lands many long years ago. We must know each other better, my son. Here, Philip of Wernheim, I pray you, for this night, make room for him beside me."

"Nay, my good lord," said Ferdinand, "I beseech you, excuse me. I must not displace a noble gentleman, so much older and better than myself."

"There, sit you down, boy," cried the bluff old soldier to whom the count had spoken, taking him by the shoulder, and thrusting him into the seat with a laugh. "It matters not where a man sits; if he have honour, he will carry his honour about with him; if he have none, he may well sit low. I will go place me by my old friend the Herr von Narren, and see whether his sharp wit will crack my hard skull." Thus saying, he moved round, and took a seat at the other side of the cross table, saying to the jester, in a low tone, as he sat down, "Why, how now? you seem dull, mein Herr; cheer up."

The jester suddenly raised his face, and answered, "What makes a cat mew, and a lion roar; a young man fierce, and an old man dull? hunger, hunger, Sir Philip; Heaven send the good priest a weak breath and a strong appetite, for he is rising to bless the meat, I see; and if he be long about it, like the grace of many another man, it will be a curse instead of a blessing."

The priest, however, was as hungry as the rest, and his words quick and few. The meal began, and for well nigh half an hour it passed nearly in silence; but then, as the appetite became assuaged, and wine to flow, the tongue was allowed time to act as well as the teeth, and Count Frederick began to urge the jester to speak; though the latter, either from not having yet satisfied his hunger, or perhaps from weariness with long travel, seemed little disposed to indulge his lord. "Come, come, my friend," cried Count Frederick at length, "thou art playing the silent counsellor to night; what dost thou cogitate?"

"Bitter sweet," answered the jester; "call you me a counsellor, uncle? I would give you all right good advice and sharp, if you would but take it, man, woman, and child."

"Let us hear, let us hear!" cried Count Frederick; "then will we judge whether it be worth the taking. Begin with the lady, cousin, as in duty bound."

"Well, then, here's for her counsel," said the jester, laying his finger on his brow.

THE JESTER'S ADVICE TO LADIES.

"Flaunt not your beauty in the common eye,
Lest, like hedge-flowers, it be not thought worth plucking;
Trust to no young man's tender word or sigh,
For even pigs are gentle when they're sucking.

Judge of your lover by his deeds to others,
For to yourself he's ever a deceiver:
Mark, girls, your fathers' conduct to your mothers,
And each be, if she can be, a believer."

"Good counsel, cousin, good counsel!" cried Count Frederick; "but now for another. What say you to the young men?"

"Good faith, uncle, I know not that I have anything to say," answered the jester; "for whatever age says, youth will not believe; and whatever wisdom advises, folly will not follow; grace has gone out of season with garden rue, and wit, as well as wisdom, has become the property of fools. Argue me now wisely with a sleek, young, crimson-spotted trout upon the imminent perdition which befals him if he snaps at a gay-looking fly with a hook in its belly; yet will your trout leap at the bait, and soon be flapping his broad tail on the bank. If the hook break in his jaws indeed, he will gain wit from his wound, and look before he leaps another time: experience is the scourge that drives us all; admonition but a fool's blown bladder, that makes a sound where it strikes, but no impression. Boys will after their own game, as a goshawk after a partridge, and a pretty pair of heels, or a small, delicate hand, most kissable and sugary rosy lips, set in a white skin, like strawberries in cream, and eyes that say, 'Come, love me,' will, any day about feeding-time, make a lad like that jump at a hook that will draw him into the frying-pan. Heaven help and mend us all!

"Beauty's a butterfly, and youth's a boy;
Let him catch it if he can:
When he casts away his toy,
He may learn to be a man."

"Pretty Mistress Bertha wouldn't thank him if she could hear that," said Sickendorf apart to his fellow knight.

"Mistress Bertha!" answered old Mosbach; "I've a notion the young cockerel carries his eyes higher than that; and all this notice of him will spoil him. The other day I saw him looking into the Lady Adelaide's eyes, and she into his, as if they were drinking love-pledges to one another."

"Pooh, nonsense!" answered Sickendorf; "you are always finding out a nest of cock's eggs, Karl. Have you nothing to say to us, sir jester?" he continued aloud, speaking across the table.

"Good faith, but little," answered the other; "your old man is worse to deal with than your young one; for he is as weak in the wit as in the hams, and his brain, like a worn horse-trough, is ever leaking with watery talk.

Greybeards and Wisdom were married one day—
'Tis a very long time since then;
But they parted by chance upon the highway,
And ne'er came together again.

Leave wine and leave women, greybeard, and leave oaths;
Leave dicing, and jesting, and scoffing;
And thou'lt find thine old wife, dressed in her best clothes,
And thy long journey's end—in the coffin."

"There, Sickendorf," cried the Count of Ehrenstein, "you have enough, methinks. For my part, I will not tempt our friend."

"Then you shall have counsel without asking," answered the jester; and he went on in his usual rude verse as follows:—

"The noble lord, the just, the true—
Methinks I see him now—
Claims from no vassal more than due,
But gives him more, I trow.

No stolen swine grunts in his sty,
No plundered goose complains,
No cackling hens against him cry,
His barn no spoil contains.

Quick he restores what's wrongly got,
Without a suit at law;
His sword has never cut a knot
His fingers could not draw.

If such thou art, no danger dread,
In camp, in court, in town;
But if thou'rt not, beware thy head,
For sure thou'lt tumble down."

At the first stanza the lord of Ehrenstein smiled pleasantly; but as the jester went on to paint a character which, by no stretch of human vanity, he could attribute to himself, his laugh grew somewhat grim; and although all the customs of the day required that he should seem amused with the jester's observations, even when they hit him the hardest, yet he might have made a somewhat tart reply in the shape of a joke, which he was very well qualified to do, if he had not been interrupted before he could speak. Just as the jester concluded, however, a loud, wild, extraordinary burst of martial music drowned every other sound at the table; clarions and trumpets, drums and atabals, sounded all around the hall. in a strain so peculiar, that ears which had once heard it could never forget it again. Count Frederick started, and turned towards the count, exclaiming, "Odds life, we are in Africa again! Whence got you this Moorish music, my good lord? I have not heard the like since I was at Damietta. You must have a whole troop of Moslems."

The count's cheek had turned very pale; and Ferdinand's eye was seen wandering round the hall, as if expecting some strange sight suddenly to present itself.

"In truth I know not whence these sounds come," answered the count, after a moment's pause for consideration; and he then added, seeing that any farther attempt at concealment would be vain, "It is no ordinary place, this Castle of Ehrenstein, my noble friend. We have strange sights and strange sounds here. But what matters it? we are not men to be frightened by unsubstantial sounds, or appearances either. I drink to your health." And filling his cup high with wine, he said aloud, the music having by this time ceased, "To Count Frederick of Leiningen!"

His guest immediately answered the pledge, saying, "Health to the Count of Ehrenstein!" but instantly a loud voice echoed through the hall, pronouncing, in a solemn tone, "Health to the dead!"

"This is mighty strange!" exclaimed Count Frederick, setting down his cup, scarcely tasted. "Methought I had seen or heard of wonderful that this earth can produce, but now I come back to my own land to witness things stranger still. This must be Satan's work. We must get you, good father, to lay this devil."

"Please you, my good lord," replied the priest, whose face had turned as white as paper, "I would rather have nothing to do with him. There is the abbey hard by; surely the good fathers there could keep the place free from spirits if they liked it; it is their busi-

ness, not mine: and as I see the lady is rising, by my troth, I will go to bed too, for I am somewhat weary with our long march."

"It may be better for us all to do so too," said Count Frederick; but his host pressed him to stay longer so earnestly, that he sat down for a few minutes; while Adelaide and the priest retired from the hall. The retainers of the two noblemen did not venture to follow their own inclinations and the priest's example; but though the lord of Ehrenstein pressed the wine hard upon them, all mirth was at an end, and whispered conversations alone went on except between the two counts, who spoke a few words, from time to time, in a louder tone, but evidently with a great effort; and at the end of about a quarter of an hour, during which there was no further interruption, Count Frederick rose, begging his entertainer to excuse him for retiring to rest.

All were eager to rise and to get out of a place where none of them felt themselves in security; but Ferdinand touched his lord's arm, as, with a gloomy brow, he was following his guest from the hall, saying, in a low voice, "What is to be done with all this gold and silver, my lord? we shall never persuade the servers to clear it away to-night."

"I know not," answered the count, moodily, but aloud. "You must lock the door, or stay and watch."

Ferdinand fell back, and suffered the stream to pass by him, meditating thoughtfully upon what he should do. As was not uncommon in those days, there was a good deal of confusion in his mind in regard to matters of superstitious belief. Persons of strong intellect, however rude the education which they had received, were not easily induced to suppose that beings merely spiritual could have the powers and faculties of corporeal creatures; and although few doubted the fact of apparitions being frequently seen and even heard to speak, yet they did not believe in general that they had any power of dealing with substantial bodies. Thus, when Ferdinand thought of the events of the preceding night, although he could not doubt the evidence of his own senses, yet the fact of the banner having been changed puzzled him a good deal; and, in his straightforward simplicity, he asked himself, "If ghosts can carry away so heavy a thing as a banner and a banner-pole, why should they not take silver tankards and golden cups?" He looked at the different articles that strewed the tables with a doubtful eye, at first proposing to remove them to a safer place himself; but upon the cross table were many large silver plates and dishes loaded with fragments of the meal; and he felt a repugnance to undertake for any one an office unsuited to his birth. To lock the door, and leave the things to their fate, he could not help thinking might be merely consigning the valuable stores which were there displayed to a place from which they were never likely to return; whether above the earth, or under the earth, he did not stop to inquire; and at length, after a little hesitation, he said, "I will stay and watch. They did me no harm last night; why should they harm me to-night? I can rest here as well as in my bed, and I should like to see more of these strange things; they are awful, it is true, but yet what has one to fear with God and a good conscience?—I will stay."

Just as he came to this resolution, he heard a returning step in the

vestibule; the door leading to which had been left open behind the retreating crowd; and the next minute the face of the jester appeared, looking in. "Ha, ha, good youth," he said, "are you going to stay here, like a bait in a rat-trap, till our friends the ghosts come and nibble you? I heard what your excellent good lord said; a wise man—an admirably wise man—who understands the craft of princes, and leaves his followers a pleasant choice, in which they are sure to get blame or danger in whatever way they act. What do you intend to do? lock up the door, and leave the cups and tankards for devils to drink withal, or to wait and bear them company, if they choose to come and have a merry bout with you?"

"I shall stay and watch," answered Ferdinand; "I am not a steward or a scullion to move plates and dishes; and if I leave them here, heaven only knows where they will be to-morrow."

"Then, good faith, I'll stay and watch with you, Sir Ferdinand," answered the jester; "two fools are better than one at any time; and one by profession, and one by taste, ought to be a match for a score or two of spirits, whether they be black, white or grey."

"I've a notion, Herr von Narren," answered Ferdinand, "that you've less of a fool in you than many who'd be more ashamed of the name."

"Good luck," answered the jester; "you do my wit but little justice, youth. Who would not be a fool, when wise men do such things every day? Better to profess folly at once, of your own good-will, than to have other men put the cap upon your head; and a fool has one great advantage over a wise man, and which no one will deny him: a fool can be wise when he pleases—a wise man cannot be foolish when he likes. Oh, the bauble for ever, I would not change my motley just yet for a robe of miniver. But we'll watch—we'll watch—and we'll make ourselves comfortable too. But, by my faith, it gets cold of nights, or else the chilly wing of another world is flapping through this old hall. Go, get some logs, good youth, and we'll have a fire; then, with our toes upon the andirons, and our chins in our palms, by the beard of St. Barnabas, we'll tell old stories of strange things gone by, till the cock shall crow before we know it. You are not afraid to leave me with the tankards, I suppose; for, on my life, I drink fair with every man, and have no itch for silver."

"Oh no, I do not fear," answered Ferdinand; "and I'll soon bring logs enough for the night. A cheerful blaze will do us no harm, and I shall be glad of your company."

Thus saying, he left the place; and, from the great coffer at the entrance of the lesser hall, he soon loaded himself with sufficient wood, as he thought, to last the night. When he re-entered the great hall, he found the jester walking back from the other end towards the centre, where the fireplace stood; and as he came near, the young man inquired, "Were you talking to yourself just now, Herr von Narren?"

"Nay, good sooth, that were waste of words," answered the jester; "I was peeping through yonder keyhole; and as it is a mighty ghostly looking door, I thought I might as well tell the spirits not to disturb us, as we had much to talk about. They took it all in good part, poor things, and said nothing; though, after all, it would be but charity to

let them come and have a warm at our good fire—for it must be cold down stairs, I fancy, and your ghost is thinly clad. Where does yon door lead to, good youth?"

"To the serfs' burying-vault," answered Ferdinand; "and then to the old chapel under the new one."

"Ha, ha, all convenient for the ghosts," said the jester; "but there must be a number of sad Turks amongst them to make such a noise with their atabals as they did to-night. There, you reach me down a lamp, while I lay the sticks. Trust a fool for making a fire; if he do not make it too large; then he may burn his own fingers, and the house too. We will put out half the sconces, and so shall we have candlelight till the morning, when the sun and the tapers may wink at each other, like merry maids upon a May-day."

The fire was soon lighted, and the suggestion regarding the sconces carried into execution; after which, Ferdinand and the jester drew two stools into the wide chimney; and the latter, bringing the large flagon of wine and two cups from the cross table, set the beaker down upon the earth, saying, "We will drink and keep our spirits up."

"Nay," answered Ferdinand, "I want no wine for that purpose. I will take one cup; for I have had none to-night, and I have worked hard during the day; but if I took more, I should sleep, and not watch."

"Ay, young brains are soon addled, like a pigeon's egg," answered the jester. "And so you are Ferdinand of Altenburg?"

Ferdinand nodded with his head, answering with a smile, "No other."

"You are a bold man," said his companion, "to give me such an answer."

"How so?" demanded Ferdinand. "I must surely know who I am myself."

"If you know yourself, you are the first man that ever did," replied the jester. "Your father was a proper man."

"Indeed! did you know him?" exclaimed Ferdinand.

"Oh dear no, not at all," said the Herr von Narren; "but my uncle Frederick told us so at supper. I knew your grandfather and your great-grandfather; and I was distantly related to his great-grandfather; for as Adam was the first of my ancestors, and all his race sprung from Eve, there was some connexion between us, either by blood or matrimony. Do you remember your father?"

"No," answered Ferdinand; "I was but a mere boy when he died."

"Ay, then you were not long acquainted," said the jester. "I remember mine quite well, and how he used to tickle me with his beard; that's longer ago than you recollect, or than you could if you would; for to ask you for a long memory in your short life, would be like putting a gallon of wine into a pint-stoup. But I'll tell you a story, cousin."

"What is it about?" asked Ferdinand, drinking some of the wine out of the cup he held in his hand. "Is it a story of faërie, or about the Saracens, or of knightly deeds here in our own land?"

"A little of all, a little of all, cousin," answered the jester; "it's a Saturday's stew, containing fragments of all things, rich and rare, with a sauce of mine own composing. Now listen, and you shall hear.

Once upon a time there was a prince, we'll call him a prince for want of a better name, without offence too; for a prince may be a gentleman sometimes. Well, this prince lived at ease in his own land; for, you see, he had neither wife nor child to vex him, and a very merry prince he was. Well he might be, too; for every body did just what he liked, and drank the best wine, and ate the best meat, and slept upon good goose feathers which he had not the trouble of plucking; and then, moreover, he had a jester, who was fit to make any heart gay. Besides this jester, he had a brother, a wise man and a thoughtful; full of all sorts of learning, for they had wished to make a bishop of him; but he loved the sword better than the coif,—and all he learned in the convent was Latin and Greek, and reading and writing, and Aristotle and Duns Scotus, and to love nobody better than himself."

"Ha," said Ferdinand, beginning to think that he perceived some drift in the man's tale; but he made no observation, and the jester continued:—

"Well, the prince loved his brother very much, and they lived together in the same castle, and passed their time pleasantly; they hunted together, and they made a little war, and then they made a little peace; and while the men-at-arms played at mutton-bones in the court-yard, the two lords played at chess in the hall—and I can tell you that though the brother won the first game, the prince won the second, and the jester stood by and laughed. Merrily passed the time; and if men would but be contented in this world, life would be like a summer-day; but the brother was always urging the prince to go to this war or that, for the glory of their house, as he called it, and sometimes he went himself, and sometimes he stayed at home to take care of the castle, while the prince followed his advice. And then the brother one day thought it would be a good thing for the prince to go and visit Jerusalem; and as he knew something of hard blows, and of leading armies to help the Knights Hospitallers and other sagacious men who were fighting for the pure pleasure of the thing, to get lands that they could not keep when they had got them. And the prince thought it a very good plan; and as he had got a great number of large chests full of money, he went away to sow it in the fields of Syria, and to see if it would grow there. As he had a great number of stout young men too, who always required bleeding in the summer-time, he took them with him; but as his brother was of a cold constitution, he left him at home to keep house. Now, the prince having neither wife or child, his dear brother was his heir."

"I see," said Ferdinand; "go on, Herr."

"Before they went," continued the jester, "the brother had a great deal of talk with some of the prince's followers, and told them how much he loved their dear lord. He did not say that he wished him dead; oh dear, no, that was not the way at all; but he told them all that he would do if he was prince, and how he would promote them, and left Sir Satan, the king of all evil imaginations, to deal with their consciences as he might find expedient. Well, the prince went away, and took with him his jester as his chief counsellor, though he never took his counsel either, for if he had he would have stayed at home: but so they went on up by the Boden See, and then by the Voralberg, and through the Tyrol, kissing the emperor's hand at Inspruck, and then came to Venice, and there they had an audience of the Doge; and at



The Black Penitent.

LONDON: JOHN MORTIMER, ADELAIDE STREET. 1845.

Venice they stayed a long time, for there was a fair Venetian lady that the prince loved passing well."—And the jester paused, and gazed thoughtfully into the fire for several moments.

"That has nothing to do with my tale, however," he continued. "At length the prince went on; and, after long journeying, he came to the place whither he was going; and though it was once a land flowing with milk and honey, very little honey and no milk was to be found there then; so, to keep down their appetites, they took to fighting in real earnest. One day, however, a certain officer of the prince, and a great friend of his brother's, brought him word that there were a number of Moslems in a valley not far from the castle were they were; and that, if he would go out with his men, while the knights of the Hospital guarded the castle, he might have them all as cheap as gudgeons. The prince had some doubts of his friend, and sent out for better intelligence; but finding that all that he said seemed very true, he got upon horseback, and sallied forth with his men. About three or four miles from the castle, however, he was suddenly surrounded and attacked on all sides by a number of the Moslems, of whom his officer had forgotten to tell him. Nevertheless, he fought tolerably well, considering he was a prince; and he and his men might perhaps have got out of the trap by the force of impudence and a strong arm, if his friend the officer had not come behind him just then, and struck him a gentle stroke in the neck, about the place where the gorget joins the cuirass. Upon that the prince tumbled off his horse, the Moslems closed in on all sides, and with their sharp scimitars sent the heads flying about like pippins shaken off a tree. All were killed or taken except one, who got through and galloped away, first carrying the news of the defeat to the knights of St. John in the castle, and then to the prince's brother at home."

"This was, of course, the traitor who murdered his lord," exclaimed Ferdinand.

"Oh dear, no," replied the jester: "his friends the Moslems kept him, but thought he would be safer in two pieces, and so they separated his head from his shoulders."

"A very wise precaution," answered Ferdinand; "and what became of the jester? He was taken prisoner, I suppose?"

"Yes," answered his companion. "But now listen: I am coming to the most curious part of my story, and that is the history of the prince's followers after they were dead. One clear moonlight night, I have heard say, just as they were all lying in the rocky valley where they had fallen, and their bones, well picked by the wild beasts of that country, were shining white amongst the bushes and large stones, there came amongst them a tall thin figure, through which you could see the rocks, and the branches, and the round-faced moon, just as if it had been the horn-plate of a lantern; and it stooped over the bones, and looked at them one by one, and then it said, 'The man whose insinuations brought about your death strangled me in the vaults of his castle, though he knew that I was innocent. Rise up, then, all that were true to their prince, and come, let us to his brother's house, and plague him night and day, at his board and in his bed; let us give him no rest so long as he remains upon the earth.' The moment he had spoken, slowly rising out of the earth came a number of thin shadowy figures like himself; and they mounted calmly into the air, and floated

away towards this land, just as you see a cloud rise out of the west and soar slowly along, casting a shadow as it flies."

CHAPTER XII.

FERDINAND's teeth were set hard, and his hands clasped tight together, as the jester's story ended, and for a moment or two he did not speak; but at length he inquired, "And how long was this ago?"

"Oh, a long while," answered his companion;—"long enough for young men to grow old, and for——"

But before he could add more, a slight sort of creaking noise was heard proceeding from the end of the hall, near the chair of state. Ferdinand, whose face was turned in that direction, and the jester suddenly turned round, when both saw the small door which has been so often mentioned opened slowly, exposing the mouth of the passage beyond.

"Ah, who have we here?" cried the jester. "Some of our friends from over the sea, I suppose?" But no one appeared, and all was silent. Both the watchers rose, and gazed for a minute or two towards the door, Ferdinand grasping the cross of his sword, but the jester showing no sign either of alarm or surprise.

"By my faith," he exclaimed at length, "I will see what is beyond there. Will you come with me, youth, or shall I go alone?"

"I should think, from the tale you have told," answered Ferdinand, "that you know your way right well without guidance. But I will go with you, whatever is there. I have been once, and will not be stopped from going again."

"Come along, then," answered the jester. "Let us each take a lamp, cousin; for the dead must want lights, as they always choose to walk in darkness. Why is a ghost like a flagon of wine?"

"Nay, I know not," answered Ferdinand; "and to say truth, I am in no jesting mood just now."

"Because it comes out of the vault at midnight," answered the jester; "and where it enters, there it scatters men's wits about. Happy he who has none to scatter! but come along, cousin, we'll soon see whether our spirits are equal to theirs. I feel rather queer; but a mole wouldn't mind it, for he is accustomed to holes in the earth."

Thus saying, he led the way to the door, and went into the long, narrow passage, Ferdinand following, and each carrying a lamp. The jester's young companion, though busied with many other thoughts, watched his movements closely, in order to obtain a confirmation or refutation of suspicions which his tale had excited. Those suspicions, however, were strengthened by all that the young man remarked.

"Damp, damp, and chilly, as a rich man's heart," murmured the jester, as he advanced; and then, as if his knowledge of the passages which they were following was not of a few hours' growth, he laid his hand upon the door at the farther end, and, without hesitation, drew it towards him in the way which it really opened. He then passed on down the stone steps, without a moment's pause to consider, merely turning round and saying, "Take care of your lamp, cousin; for a light put out in this world is not easily lighted again, whether it

be love's lamp or life's. A puff puts them out, but a puff won't bring them in again. By the mass, the stones are somewhat slippery, and as much out of repair as a fool's head or a spendthrift's purse. I must mind my way; for here, as on ambition's ladder, a small slip would make a great tumble."

"By my faith, you seem to know your way right well, Herr von Narren," said Ferdinand; "better than I do, methinks."

"Ay, ay, folly finds the straight road, while wisdom is looking for the short cut," answered the jester. "One can't well miss their way when there is but one. But there seem no ghosts here, except the spirit of Mrs. Mildew, and she seems very prevalent. We shall lose our time, and get no payment for chilling our bones, if we get no better apparition than this green slime. I would give a great deal to see a ghost: I never met with one in all my travels."

"Perhaps you may be gratified to-night," rejoined Ferdinand; "for here they wander, if anywhere."

"If anywhere!" exclaimed the jester; "did any one ever hear such heretical unbelief? for we know that the church supports them, because, I suppose, the poor things are too thin and unsubstantial to stand of themselves. However, here we are at the bottom; praised be Heaven's mercy in not bringing us there sooner! And here is a door. Now, marry, you and other men of shrewd wits would doubtless be looking for another, but I take the one that stands before me; the sunshine of my darkness teaching me that that which is at hand is always nearer than that which is far off. Now let us see; it should be pulled this way, by the look of the lock and the hinges; but if it be locked, what then?" And he paused for a minute or two, seeming to consider curiously the question before he proceeded to ascertain the fact.

"Come, come, Herr Narren," said Ferdinand, "you know it opens this way well enough, and doubtless it is not locked; and if it be, I have a key that will open it."

"What, then you come hither often," said the jester; "no wonder you are less afraid of haunted places than the rest."

"I do not come here often," said Ferdinand, somewhat vexed at the incautious admission he had made: "I have been here but once in my life before, and even that I do not wish mentioned." And stretching forth his arm, he pulled back the door, before which his companion seemed inclined to hold a long parley.

"Bless the lad's heart!" cried the jester; "he seems to think that his light words will stay in a fool's head for an hour. My brain's not birdlime, boy, to catch your fluttering things, and put them in the trap. But now, what place is this?" And he took a step forward and looked round, holding up the lamp in his hand.

"This is the serfs' burial-vault," answered Ferdinand, in a low voice, remembering, with a sensation of awe that he could not suppress, the strange and fearful sights that he had there seen. But the deep gloom and solemn silence of the place seemed to produce a very different effect upon his companion. He raised his head, and threw back his shoulders; his form seemed to expand, his whole appearance to acquire an air of dignity; and as the light of the lamp, lifted high above his head, fell upon his strongly marked features, with the grey beard, the wildly floating hair, and the deep bronzed skin, Ferdinand

could not help thinking that, notwithstanding the curious cap and the grave garb he wore, that few persons of a more majestic look had ever met his eyes.

"Hold up your lamp," said the jester, in a grave tone: "I wish to see around me." But the darkness, as before, was too profound to be pierced, for any distance, by the feeble rays of the two lamps; and the next moment, to his surprise, the young man heard his companion demand aloud, "Where art thou, Walter?"

"Here," answered a deep tone, instantly; and following the sound, the jester advanced direct to the column to which the skeleton was bound by the chain. There he paused, and gazed upon it, as if that had been the object he sought; and the emotions which he experienced, whatever they were, seemed to overpower him, and make him forget for the time the presence of his companion. His eyes filled with tears. "Honest, and faithful, and true," he cried; "and was this the fate reserved for thee? All could be forgiven, but this—this cannot." And bending down his head, he slightly raised the bony fingers in his own, and pressed his lips upon the mouldering joints.

There was a faint sound, as of sobbing, round; but Ferdinand's strange companion took no notice of it, and continued gazing upon the skeleton for several minutes, with a look of deep and intense thought in his eye, as it wandered up and down the fleshless limbs. Then suddenly turning away, he said, "Come on!" and striding forward to the farther side of the vault, he passed through the archway into the crypt, or lower chapel. Taking no notice of several of the monuments on either side, and only giving a glance to the coffins, he went straight to the tomb of grey marble, on which was sculptured a lady in the attitude of prayer; and there, kneeling for a few moments by the side, he seemed to busy himself in silent devotions. After which, rising, he turned to Ferdinand, and said, in a mild but no sportive tone, "It is done. Go back to the hall, good youth, and wait for me there. I will not be long, and nothing will annoy you by the way." Ferdinand might think it all strange, but yet the words of his companion seemed to have a power over him which he could not resist; and turning back, he retrod his steps to the hall, where, after having closed the door, he seated himself before the fire to wait for the jester's return.

Light-hearted youth, that season of great powers and small experiences, may feel strong and deep emotions; but their influence on the corporeal frame, at least, is not very permanent. Weary with a long day's exertion, and having had little rest for the three or four nights preceding, Ferdinand's eyes felt heavy; and that pleasant languor which precedes sleep stole over his limbs. He wished to remain awake; but yet he leaned back for support against the stonework of the wide chimney; and in a few minutes he nodded, woke up again, and then fell into sound slumber. He was awakened by a heavy hand grasping his shoulder, and looking round, saw the jester standing beside him, with the fire in its last embers on the hearth, and the lamps burning dim.

"I must wake you, cousin," said his companion; "for we shall soon have Madam Morning winking at us with her cold grey eye. Sleep is better than waking, for seven good reasons; but it must come to an end, coz.'

"Is it so late?" asked Ferdinand; "I thought that I had just closed my eyes."

"Yes, that's the blessing of youth," said the jester; "he thinks not either sleeping or waking. He dreams while he is waking, and forgets while he is sleeping, and therein has he the two best gifts that man can covet—to dream and to forget."

"I doubt not, from all I see," answered the young man, "that there are many things you would wish to forget, were it possible."

"Hark ye, cousin," said the jester, "one thing we had both better try to forget; to wit, that we have been in those vaults together. I have a secret of yours—you have one of mine. We will each keep what we have got, and give it away to nobody: for that would be thriftless."

"Nay, I have nought to tell," answered Ferdinand, "though perhaps something to inquire, Herr von Narren. I may suspect, and I do; but I can do no more than suspect. But one thing I must ask—what you come here for? as I can know of no evil to my lord without preventing it: otherwise I am a traitor."

"Why, what evil can I do?" asked the jester, with a smile; "what power have I? Is the fool's bauble equal to a baron's sword? Good faith, I will go to the wars, and turn out a great conqueror. I intend your lord no harm, cousin."

"But you said there was something not to be forgiven," replied Ferdinand.

"Nor will it," said his companion, somewhat sternly, "if there be justice in Heaven; but to Heaven I leave it; and, in its own good time, I doubt not to see vengeance fall where it ought. What is it that you suspect?"

"That you were the follower of the late Count of Ehrenstein," answered Ferdinand, frankly—"the jester you mentioned in the tale you told; and that even now you seek to avenge the count's death."

His companion laughed aloud. "How thy wits jump!" he said; "but in one way, like an ill-broken colt, they jump too far. I seek not to avenge his death; and, by all that I hold sacred, I will never attempt it: so let that satisfy thee, good youth."

"And yet, perhaps, I ought to inform the count of who you are," replied the young man, thoughtfully.

"That you cannot do," answered the jester; "and if you believe the tale I told applies to your lord and his brother, you neither will nor ought. Vipers have vipers' eggs—rogues serve rogues; and the blood in your veins would cry out against you, if you were to make your mind the bondsman of a felon. If you think my tale is true, quit this household in silence, for your own honour: if you do not believe the tale to be applicable, here remain in silence. But if you would needs speak, I will seal your lips with one word."

"Ay, what is that?" asked Ferdinand, in some surprise.

"Adelaide!" answered the jester, fixing his keen eyes upon him. "Is there nothing, good youth, that you seek to conceal, as well as myself? nay, far more than I do; for I have nought to fear—you much. I care not, but that it would sadden merry meetings, and break off gay intercourse, if your good count should know all that you know, and more. Indeed, I promise you that, ere I depart from these walls, he shall hear the whole tale. He dare as soon wag a finger

against me as jump from the top of the keep; but I must choose my own time and my own way to speak, and it must not be now."

Ferdinand had coloured high when the name of Adelaide was pronounced, and now he remained silent; while his companion went on in a tone so different from that which he assumed in his jester's capacity. An instant after, however, the other suddenly resumed his ordinary manner, and exclaimed, "So, that is settled between the two fools, who sat up all night watching for that which did not come. Marry, had we liked it, cousin, we might have proved ourselves the wise men of the party; for, with plenty of wine and good cheer, we had wherewithal to be merry and wise. Now, however, are we sorry fools; for we have neither emptied the flagons nor cleared the dishes, and vinegar will be cheap in the market if all that wine stands there much longer."

"It may serve as a bribe to bring some of the knaves in by daylight to clear away the tables," answered Ferdinand; "there is more than one amongst them who would sell his own soul for a flagon of strong drink."

"Then is his soul dirt-cheap, or a very bad one," answered the jester; "but, on my life, I believe the market-price of men's souls is half a florin; for day by day we see them sold for less. The twinkle of girls' eyes is current coin against such commodities; the pottle-pot drives a thriving trade in the mart of spirits; and two small pieces of ivory spotted with black have nearly emptied the world's fold of its true sheep. But there comes the morning! See, the panes of glass in the casement are looking grey. We shall soon have the sun up, looking red and blear-eyed, like a drunkard who has sat up all night with the stoup. I'll hie me to bed, for my wit will want activity; and, good faith, it is getting somewhat weak in the knees."

"It must be a heavy task to be ever ready with a jest, even when the heart is sad," said Ferdinand.

"What! a heavy task to find light wit?" exclaimed the jester. "No, good youth; let a man but look at life as he ought, and the burden is easily borne. All things here are but jests—some sour, some sweet, some light, some heavy. If we cannot laugh with, we can laugh at; and but get your wit into a cantering habit, and he'll forget his grave paces, and trip lightly along the road. Give you good morning, cousin Ferdinand; I am away to my pallet."

CÆSAR BORGIA.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WHITEFRIARS,"

CHAPTER X.

"Nihil jus, nihil fas; aurum, vis, et Venus imperabat."—*Cardinal of Viterbo.*
No laws, no rights; gold, violence, and licentiousness ruling all.

WHETHER the Hospitaller and his wild-spirited young comrade kept their watches so sedulously as they had promised, we cannot take upon us to aver; but the restlessness of the Orsino, who, notwithstanding his exhaustion, scarcely slept three minutes together without starting awake, rendered any other vigilance almost unnecessary. He was the first to announce the break of day, and to rouse the travellers, urging the expediency of reaching the plains before the heat of the sun set in. The Orsino's desire to be in Rome had become akin to a passion in its extreme eagerness and impatience; but it took a somewhat discourteous form when he privately urged on the English knight that they should set forward without waiting for the company of Ser Machiavelli and his men-at-arms, which he declared would very much delay them. If Sir Reginald intended to accede to this arrangement, it was foiled by the zany, who suddenly started from his slumbers, and blew a blast upon a horn, which chanced to be near him, so loud and shrill, that it would have awakened Arthur and all his knights from their petrified sleep in the Welch cavern. The effect was instantaneous, and so far from parting company, Ser Niccolò, still rubbing his eyes, entreated that his fellow-pilgrims would not hurry themselves, for rather than miss their society, he would tarry the whole day.

Paolo's diligence, however, at least hastened the departure. Mass was said, a solemn benediction bestowed by the prior of the Carthusians, and leaving divers gifts, and the promise of many more, but truth to say with but a scanty breakfast, the military cavalcade streamed, glittering and irregular as a mountain water, down to the shores of the Nar, or Nera, at it is more commonly called in Italy. The monks watched the departure from their rocky heights, and as they disappeared, one or two so far overcame their stoicism as to wave a farewell with their brown, bare arms.

It was a morning such as is only seen in southern climates, and at similar elevations—the air so pure and bright that it seemed to show all objects as if through a shining medium of glass. A faint rosiness tinged the transparent blue of the sky, and all the tops of the mountains were touched with a deeper hue of the same beautiful colour. The valley, although partially veiled in mists, began to disclose its richness and variety. Little villages appeared nestling at the craggy bases of the mountains; castles and minor forts towered on remote pinnacles; forests of beech and pine waved freshly in the wind; pastures of the brightest emerald green bordered the river; every rock displayed in its nooks and crannies wild flowers of brilliant hues; every fan of the soft morning breeze brought some sweet scent! The very cataract, though lost in snowy mists, were a diadem—a rainbow spanning

it in a circular form of the palest pink and azure. So fresh and lovely shone the scene, that as they journeyed on the wild path which bordered the river, among its tangled underwood of myrtles, stunted vines, and high weeds, which sometimes nearly concealed both horse and rider, while the loftier forest trees showered their golden dew continually on them as they passed, the canon could not hinder himself from exclaiming aloud, "This is Italy!—Lombardy is a lie."

An echo of surprising distinctness and musical cadence immediately took up the words, and repeated them in sweet low murmurs, so like the remote melody of women's voices, that for a moment the canon stared aghast. But remembering himself, he observed in soliloquy, "No marvel they fable Echo a nymph—there seemed to be a hundred babbling to one another yonder! But it is some comfort to behold these fat pastures! We shall come to something by and by not fed—or rather starved—for the tables of yonder mortified men, who might consider that whatever merit there is in their own abstinence, none thereof accrues to those whom their inhospitality compels to share it!"

The cavalcade proceeded with as much order as the ruggedness of the way allowed, which dived into valleys and ascended craggy steeps apparently at pleasure of its own sweet will, but seldom leaving the river at any considerable distance. The Orsino and Sir Reginald kept each other close company, the former mounted on a horse belonging to one of the latter's robust followers, who yet easily maintained his place with the train on foot.

Perhaps the very contrariety of character between the Italian noble and his new friend was one of the causes of the liking they had evidently taken to each other. The frank, joyous, unsuspicious nature of the one, afforded a secret satisfaction to the dark, impassioned, and brooding genius of the other. The vivacity and careless good-nature of the Knight of the Sun presented humanity under a light which the black experience of the times had rarely offered to the Italian baron. It was a relief to the overwrought and complex mind to watch the undisguised and simple operations of intellect almost in a state of nature, untrammelled by too much knowledge either of books or men. The English nobility plumed themselves in that age chiefly on physical qualities. They very much resembled their ancestors of the Round Table, when Merlin put upon them the jocularity of asking their counsel on affairs of state; who, after looking at each other for some time, at a loss to understand what was required of them, unanimously exclaimed, "We are very BIG!" On the contrary, the Italians had reached,—or rather had retained, from the ruins of their ancient civilization,—a diseased excess of the intellectual qualities,—and their rulers, who considered politics as a game of skill, were astonished and overwhelmed at the first shock of the nations who, in the fifteenth century, contended for the possession of Italy. War with the Italians had become almost a bloodless game—a tournament in the open field—when Charles VIII. invaded Naples, and the first experience of the sanguinary earnestness of the transalpine warfare infused a terror into the conquered, which was only succeeded by a still more bloody ferocity in themselves. These two convulsive epochs produced such mingled characters as Paolo Orsino and Cæsar Borgia, comparing them merely in the union at once of southern subtlety with northern ferocity.

Messer Bembo and the Florentine ambassador kept up such grave

conversation as suited their dignified stations, on the aspect of political affairs, in which the great labour of both was to hide their real opinions, and worm out each other's. The Hospitaller but rarely seemed to notice what was said, except occasionally by sternly smiling at some enthusiastic praise of the Lady Lucrezia, which Paolo frequently managed to introduce into his discourse. The warmth of the Lord Paolo's imagination, and perhaps a secret desire to apologize for the strange weakness of loving a woman whose brother he believed to have attempted his life, and whose name was so fearfully darkened, gave his eloquence on this point a glow of colour which the subject and the voluptuous influence of the sunny air they breathed made less wearisome to his hearers than such eulogiums usually are. Meanwhile the zany flitted about, sometimes behind, sometimes in front, sometimes shooting far ahead of the troop; now engaged in a mock deep conversation with a trooper, then darting off in pursuit of some bee humming among the aromatic furze, which he deprived of its honey-bag with great skill, so as not to be stung by the luckless insect as he slowly ravelled out its bowels, returning from his excursions fantastically crowned with golden thistles, or with his mantle richly ornamented with burrs. The Orsino watched this volatile being at times with an unquiet eye, but to as little purpose as one might the inconstant light reflected from dancing water.

But few persons passed the travellers on this unfrequented road; at times a solitary pilgrim emerged from some secluded nook in which he had passed the night; or a hermit appeared at prayers, perched in some hole of the cliffs above; or a peasant, bronzed almost to blackness, bent in abject homage to the warlike train as it passed the entrance of his wild ravine. The procession was fast disentangling itself from the tortuous bases of the mountains, and the canon was in high spirits, expatiating on the various scenes they passed, and displaying great antiquarian learning to very insensible listeners, when they suddenly came in sight of the ruined arches of a bridge of vast marble blocks, which had once united the two sides of the defile by crossing the river. On its lofty summit appeared two figures; one, that of a goat, quietly browsing on the edge of the broken central arch, the other, to judge by the momentary flash of the sun on it as it disappeared, a man in steel. Through the crags beneath the bridge appeared a steep hill, covered with cypress trees and leaden-tinted olives, through which peeped numerous towers and terraces, as if of some flourishing city.

The canon endeavoured for a moment to persuade himself that he had not seen the glitter of armour on the bridge; but while he was reasoning with his senses on the subject, a trumpet was audible at no great distance, which was immediately answered by one more remote, and suddenly a body of horsemen, in bright armour, with spears set in the rests, and banners streaming, emerged from the groves of the hilly city. Our travellers simultaneously reined up their horses, and gazed in great alarm at the advancing troop.

"Perhaps they are only pilgrims going to Rome," said the canon, desperately.

"Why, then, are they in armour, and with their backs turned to Rome?" replied the Knight of St. John.

"Mayhap they are friends of my Lord Paolo, come to see how it fares with him?" said Machiavelli, with a slight shrug of the shoulders.

"I know not how my friends should dare to leave Rome in such force, considering whom they may expect to find at the gates on their return!" exclaimed the Orsino. "But, no, Our sweet Mother in Heaven! see you not it is the banner of the church! the cross keys! the sword of St. Peter!"

"Ho, there, spears in rest!" shouted Sir Reginald, looking round for his men, but he was somewhat surprised to observe that his immediate followers were the Borgian guards—who, however, couched their lances instantly.

"Beware, sirs! look that you are not assailed both in front and back!" said Messer Niccolò in a low tone, and adding, with an expression of sarcastic humour, "you and I are safe enough, brother Bembo; for doubtless you will now think it meet to take upon you your true and inviolable character of ambassador from the Duke of Ferrara!"

"Messer Niccolò, your jests might find a fitter season," said the canon, in a strange flutter. "But, at all events, we are vowed pilgrims to the blessed jubilee, and—but these fellows may be only vassals of some noble airing their horses, or foragers of Ronciglione."

"And yonder is the jester among them! I do hope they will not maltreat the gibbering idiot—but I know that I am lost!" said the Orsino in a calm and deliberate tone of despair.

"I, for one, will not desert you, the betrothed of Donna Lucrezia, and on that faith will mingle blood with you!" said the Hospitaller, and drawing his dagger he pricked his arm till the blood spurted from the wound, and handed it covered with crimson to the Lord Paolo.

The latter immediately, in the enthusiasm of gratitude, tore open his doublet, and drew the drops which he mingled from his breast, directly above the heart; and he had scarcely performed his part in the ceremony ere Sir Reginald snatched the weapon, and after hesitating for an instant as if to select the most appropriate proof of his friendly zeal, slashed a little cross in his broad left shoulder, from which he unclasped the armour. This was a ceremony which constituted the three knights brothers-in-arms, and was one of the most sacred and indissoluble rites of chivalry. And hardly had the affrighted canon surveyed in sorrow the consummation of an act which imposed duties so likely to prove inconvenient, ere the approaching horsemen halted with a sudden clash of arms under the ruined bridge, whose arches towered at a great height above them.

The spare, but tall and sinewy figures, the buff armour, the prodigiously long spears, round shields, and cross-bows; the vast mustachios and beards, the exact discipline, the small fiery jennets which they gauntly bestrode, the red ruffs round their necks, the numerous leaden Lambs-of-god with which their breasts were studded; marked the troops to be Spanish, or rather Catalan, for those national designations were still kept as jealously distinct as Scot and Englishman, or Burgundian and Frenchman; although, unlike the latter, the provinces of the peninsula might be considered as united into one monarchy under Ferdinand and Isabel.

The leader of this party seemed to be a horseman who separated himself from their ranks, and came riding at a slow and equable pace towards the pilgrims, giving ample leisure to form a correct idea of his personnel. He was of middle stature and of a spare frame, which was yet muscularly powerful, war-worn until the flesh seemed as tough as

leather. The features were lean and large, and mingled something of the Arab in the hard-cut nostrils, thick lips, olive complexion, and coarse hair, thick and wiry as that of a bull. The eye had nothing of the mistrust and melancholy thought of the Italian; but it was reserved, stern, and, so to speak, stonily determined, without giving a hint on what; the gazer felt that there were few human weaknesses remaining in the soul which looked out at those cold crystals. He was armed at all points in dull iron plates excepting the head, on which he wore a steel cap, by way of relaxation from the weight of his helmet, which he carried at the pommel of his high saddle.

Abasing his lance with an appearance of some deference, the stranger approached the group of pilgrims, surveying them with fixed but not menacing attention. The Knight of St. John spurred his horse slightly forward, with a haughty wave of his lance, and the opposite cavalier immediately drew his rein, horse and rider standing fixed as an equestrian statue in bronze.

"Is your business with us, condottiero?" said the Hospitaller, who observed at a glance that his opponent wore not the golden spurs of knighthood. "Or wherefore have you halted your men in our way?"

"My name is Don Miguel de Murviedro—Migueloto men commonly call me—captain of the castle and legation of Ronciglione, reverend knight!" replied the Catalan with stern conciseness. "Therefore, methinks I have some right to inquire what your armed band do here at Narni; else I am but little inclined to a dispute, for I am on an errand that brooks no delay, from my commander, the Podestà of Romagna; being to seek out and rescue, if need be, by force of arms, the person of his holiness's son-in-law elect, the most noble lord, Dom Paolo Orsino, from the hands of certain traitors and vagabond plunderers who have seized and confined him for ransom in the hills about the Marble Fall."

"Then, sir, you may even turn back rejoicing, for I am rescued and in perfect safety, journeying here with my friends!" said the Italian knight, advancing and gazing with wild and startled earnestness at the iron figure before him, either from some secret suspicion which entered his mind, or from the recollection that he beheld before him a man who was believed to be the instrument of Cæsar's most atrocious deeds, at once a bloody soldier of fortune and a crafty assassin.

"Then, my most illustrious lord, I shall have the honour of escorting your excellence to the castle of Ronciglione," replied the condottiero, alighting, as it seemed, to show his profound respect; "Don Remiro awaits you there, and will thence accompany your lordship to Rome."

"I thank you, valiant gentleman, and your sender, but it needs not, as I am now in good and sure hands, to whom I joyfully entrust myself," replied the Orsino.

"I pray your noble lordship to remember that I am a soldier, sworn to obey his officers, and the supreme podestà has sent me on this errand and no other, to bring your excellent person to Ronciglione," replied Migueloto, with a tone and gesture which struggled between cajolery and command. "After what has happened, Don Remiro will not permit a safety so essential to that of the state, so dear to the duke, his master, to be under any other guardianship but his own. My life may pay the penalty of disobedience."

"You mean not of a surety to say that you will take this gentleman with you against his will?" said Le Beaufort, impatiently vibrating his lance.

"I must obey the orders of the lieutenant of the Duke of Romagna, sir knight," replied the Catalan, with a smile darkening rather than lighting his visage. "And, if I mistake not, you have lances belonging to his highness both before and behind you. Therefore, I leave your excellencies to deliberation; but you cannot and must not pass on this way but in my company, and to Ronciglione."

Enraged at this reply, Le Beaufort couched his lance impetuously, but Bembo and Ser Niccolò both seized it, while the Catalan, affecting not to notice the action, and bowing almost to his belt, backed his horse to the troopers beyond the aqueduct.

"What is to be done?" said the canon in a doleful voice; "it is impossible for us to resist."

"So long as they stand one to ten my English will not turn their backs!" exclaimed Le Beaufort.

"But meanwhile your own backs should be looked to, sir," said Machiavelli; "it were not, perchance, inexpedient to remember as much whom you have behind as before!"

"Nay, gallant brothers, you shall not uselessly perish in so hopeless a brawl, for my sake," said the Orsino sadly, but adding more cheerfully, "Don Remiro is not altogether my unfriend; and but for this Migueloto!—laugh at me and my moony madness if you will,—but it seems to me as if he resembled in stature and voice the chief of the Black Band which captured me!"

"Sound then a charge, and if these rogues behind us stir—let them look to their own rear!" said the fiery young Knight of the Sun.

"Tush, brother, it were certain overthrow! But ill betide me when I desert a companion by blood!" said the more sober Hospitaller. "We will with Signor Paolo to Ronciglione; and our presence may haply avert any mischief, if mischief be intended."

"What else by a Borgia?" muttered the canon. "And moreover, I have oft known suspicion put the harm into people's heads, as heaping sand-bags directs besiegers where they are most dangerous."

But despite this and much more eloquent protest, the canon's advice was overruled, and the brothers-in-arms resolved to swim or sink together. It was agreed that the Orsino should announce their resolution to Don Migueloto, Ser Niccolò consenting, with another of his emphatic shrugs, to see that the conditions were duly observed, while Le Beaufort rejoined his own men, and prepared them for either event. But on turning with that intent, and riding towards the escort, he perceived to his great indignation that they kept their spears couched as if to receive him on the points.

"St. George and rescue!" shouted the impetuous knight in English, rising in the stirrup and setting his lance; and his followers, hearing the cry, suddenly couched the long spears on which they had been leaning, though quite unconscious of the occasion of so abrupt a breach of good fellowship. But at this moment the zany, springing nimbly before Sir Reginald, called to the escort to open their ranks, in a tone which they instinctively obeyed. He then ran up the passage thus made, striking with his bauble saucily on both sides, until he reached the English men-at-arms.

"Broom-flowers! broom-flowers!—St. George the dragon wants you!" he said, with a loud idiotic laugh.

Observing that their lord motioned them to advance, the English riders immediately filed through the open ranks of their quondam allies, and rejoined him at the instant that the Orsino and Ser Niccolò returned to say that Don Migueloto was perfectly willing to accede to the required terms.

Matters were now arranged apparently to the satisfaction of all parties; Migueloto, with a courteous apology, directing his soldiers to take the lead in the ascent towards Narni. But he himself waited beneath the arches, with his steel cap in his hand, until the knights, the ambassador, and the canon, with their English men-at-arms, had passed through. Cæsar's guardsmen then set their horses in motion, and followed, so that the little party in the centre were very completely enclosed.

Perhaps aware that his presence might suggest recollections which he did not desire to rouse, Don Migueloto lingered to some distance in the rear. It was certainly not to admire the magnificent combinations of scenery which the ascent to Narni offered—its castled summit overlooking a wide expanse of forest, and the valley through which tumbled and foamed the Nar from its lofty home in the mountains—that Don Migueloto occasionally paused and looked around. If his eye rested for a moment on the superb landscape, it was only to form a vague idea of the goodly plunder which so rich a land might yield, not to enjoy the gorgeous variety of beauty which its mountains, forests, and vast valley offered to the eye.

The real object of his search soon appeared, in the person of the zany, who came bounding and gibbering along until he reached the Catalan's side, when, with a leap of singular agility, he suddenly seated himself on the crupper behind him.

"Go on; they will but take it for a fool's jest, even if they observe us," said the zany, in a tone of habitual authority. "By'r lady! it costs me some trouble to put my skeins in order after such a ravelling as thy blundering hand has made!"

"By the beard of Santiago, my lord, I am not to blame in the matter!" replied Don Migueloto. "Such is Don Remiro's vigilance that my men could not by any means have traversed the country without his permission; but when I showed him your grace's unlimited commission, he had the insolence to produce an order under his holiness's own hand, commanding him on pain of his head to escort the Orsino safely to the gates of Rome; or if his lordship chose to keep his incognito, to observe that he sustained no damage or molestation on the way. When I asked him how he came to think that any harm was intended to the Lord Paolo, he replied that his holiness had taken alarm on that matter only; so, if my business touched not the Orsino, I was at freedom to fulfil your honoured commands."

"Ay, indeed! and not otherwise?" murmured the jester.

"Nay, my lord, for when I found myself driven to a pass at which I was bound to acknowledge your gracious will, he disputed a good hour that you could not mean any such treachery, as he called it; and said at last that he was Podestà of the Church, and not of the Duke of Romagna."

"Ha! is he of that opinion!" exclaimed the Borgia. "Ungrateful bosom-serpent! Have I supported this sanguinary judge so long,—this bloodier Draco,—not only against the outcries of the people, but the angry remonstrances of my father,—but for this!"

"Perchance there are folks at Rome who were not grieved to see what hatred to your government is planted in men's hearts by the podestà's relentless justice!" returned the insidious ruffian.

"Good!—but they shall learn I know how to use men so as they shall do me all the good they can, and none of the harm!" returned the Borgia. "Remiro has crushed Romagna into order and obedience; what if I turn him forth as a goat of atonement into the wilderness?"

"I fear your grace's friends will have less cause to love him still; I know there are great messages passing between the Vatican and Ronciglione!" said Don Migueloto. "Even when at length I expounded your gracious purpose most clearly, he turned as pale as a goose's liver, and would only consent that I should capture the Orsino until he could receive tidings of your pleasure from your own lips! That is, till he could warn the Orsini in Rome, and the Vitelli at Viterbo; and this on threat of sawing me in halves if I disobeyed!"

"Sawing thee in halves!—this Aragonian teaches me a way of death I did not know, but a good punishment for traitors!" said Cæsar, thoughtfully. "Is he not very rich, too—very rich, considering the needs of the state, and the oppressions of the poor peasants?"

"And therefore he strives so hard to win our holy father's sunshine!" said the Catalan. "He fears your grace much more than loves you, and gropes about for help; and his extorted wealth is lodged in Ronciglione to prevent surprise."

"Deem you these soldiers are to be depended upon?" returned Cæsar, with a slight smile.

"Their terrors of Remiro can only be overcome by your personal interference," replied the Catalan, "I am an officer of no eminent command, as your highness knows."

"Tut, tut, thou art on thy way to a better!" returned the Borgia.

"So your goodness was pleased to promise me on an occasion ——"

"I tell thee I have not forgotten it! 'Tis against thyself to remind me of my promises, for I have much greater largess in store for thee!" interrupted Cæsar, impatiently. "Has the sun ever ceased to shine upon thee, since thou didst aid me to remove that shadow which covered mine own no less? How long is it, rogue, since thou wert in Rome?"

"I pray your grace to remember that I am a born gentleman, and may not brook a title which we only bestow on low-born scum and varlets!" said the Catalan, haughtily.

"In faith, I cannot mend it, unless for a worse," said Cæsar, with a scornful laugh. "Go to, gentleman and villain! how long is it since thou wert in Rome?"

"Your orders found me there, monsignor," replied the ruffian, somewhat cowed in tone.

"Indeed! then I may gather news at will; for thou art none of those who look on and see nothing, or bring half tidings which but puzzle expectation! How is my peevish sire? what thinks he of these latest doings of ours?"

"Even as ever, my lord; glorying in the aggrandizement of his house, but starting and shirking at the means," returned Migueloto.

"Nay, that is not all!—what said he to my messenger, that carried him the keys of Faenza?" said the Borgia, gloomily. "Cæsar is making me a giant,—but a giant in chains!"

"In sad truth, his holiness grows very snarling and suspicious with age," said the Catalan.

"I hear he hath named the old dotard, Cardinal Piccolomini of Sienna, to command in Santangelo!" returned Cæsar, sharply, "during the Jubilee?"

"What matters it, signor, when the Germans and Gascons in it are yours to a man!" said Don Migueloto. "Yet tis a sad thought to remember how much depends on the whims of a choleric old man, whose conscience is subject to fits of the qualms?"

"Speak with more respect, infidel, of the successor of St. Peter!" said Cæsar, in a jesting tone. "But what are the news from Milan, for I have heard none during these tramping days of mine, wandering among my citadels?"

"A herald from the King of France passed through Ronciglione yesterday, with, I fear, some bitter message from his king at Milan to our holy father and your highness!" replied Don Migueloto.

"The King of France at Milan!—surely you jest, my stout Migueloto!" exclaimed Cæsar, with an expression of mingled wonder and consternation.

"Monsignor, is it possible you have not heard how the French have rushed on Milan, destroyed and slaughtered all opposers; and that Duke Sforza is now their prisoner by the treachery of his Swiss?"

"You rave, man!—it cannot be! The last accounts left their foragers in Savoy!" continued Cæsar, incredulously. But the details which his confidant now poured out of the extraordinary conquest which Louis XII. effected of the Milanese after their second revolt, left no room for doubt.

"Here were matter now for a good morality on the fall of wicked princes!" said Cæsar, recovering from his surprise. "And yet, so subtle a brain—welcomed back so joyfully by his subjects—how could it chance? Did he not pay his mercenaries enough, or too much? Friend Niccolò, this is a problem which I must have thee to solve for me. Those accursed Swiss! who, after this, will trust them?"

"Certes, not your grace; and I misdoubt if they have forgotten that glorious massacre you made among them in Rome, in revenge for the pillage of your mother's house by their brethren of King Charles's army," said Migueloto.

"Thou knowest men but little, if thou deemest there is any bottom to their credulity," returned the Borgia, sharply.

"His holiness seems to think as I do, natheless, signor, since he has made those whom his interposition saved from our swords, guards to my most noble lady, Donna Lucrezia!" said Migueloto, with a peculiarly leering and malignant expression.

"Soh!" was the only observation in return, which was yet full of meaning to the initiated attendant.

"And on the news of your highness's happy return, he has added a hundred light-armed estradiots of the fugitive Albanian Greeks, who

keep skimming all over the country around Nepi, like fire-flies round a pool," continued Migueloto.

"Nepi! what doth she there?" said Cæsar, with affected carelessness.

"Performs a penance—for other folks' sins, perchance!" replied Don Migueloto, with a dark smile. "For doubtless, in honour of your victories and happy return, his sanctity has created his daughter Duchess of Nepi, a seigneury which takes her oft from Rome, and which hath a strong castle."

"Jest not with me, Migueloto; 'tis ill tickling a gored hound," said Cæsar, with a flash of passion which effectually awed his companion out of his jocose mood; and then, as if wishing to banish the subject, he continued, "But truly this strange success of the French alters all my views! I am already sufficiently pressed by the rebellious confederates, and I fear me France will be peevish for my necessary denial of the troops to the constable of Milan. Who could have dreamed of so sudden a turn in the luck!"

"Your enemies will everywhere take heart, my lord," said Migueloto, dolefully.

"One good may yet be derived from this evil," returned Cæsar. "I can depend no longer on the French, and the pope cannot deny me now to raise an Italian army of my own, which Niccolò doth above all things advise."

Migueloto shook his head with a crafty smile. "He will rather make peace with the Colonnas themselves, than set your grace in such mastery," he replied.

"Said I not that even this mischance of the Orsino was meant by fortune to my advantage?" exclaimed Cæsar. "I must have peace with his faction at every risk, to avert the Colonnas, and therefore do now rejoice in his safety."

"At every risk, my lord?" said Don Migueloto, with the same disgusting leer overspreading his evil countenance.

"No, I will never again endure—but, tush, let us to our news again!" said Cæsar, with a vehemence which he almost instantly checked. "How is the Cardinal Borgia, my cousin? he was ailing when he left me at Faenza."

"Alack, my lord, he died of a disease as sudden as the plague, on his way to Rome, three days are gone," said Migueloto, in a tone of hypocritical sorrow.

"He was no friend of mine; and I regret only that he did not die coming from some other quarter than my camp," returned Cæsar. "I'll warrant me—because the man was always eating melons—they will say I poisoned him! But at all events, tell me better news of my dear friend, Monsignor Agnelli, archbishop of Cosenza, clerk of the chamber, and vice-legate of Viterbo?"

"The morning I left Rome he was found dead in his bed, after eating a most hearty supper!" said Migueloto, laughing outright.

"Alas, poor man, that was sudden! but such holy men are always ready for their calls," said Cæsar, smiling too. "Alas! and what part has my father assigned me in his relics?"

"'Tis to be spent, I hear, on the ceremonies of your reception, and in those of the holy week," said Don Migueloto. "But I marvel your highness has never once inquired after your royal wife."

"Doth she still live then, being in Rome?" said Cæsar, carelessly.

"I have not heard of her death, my lord!" replied Don Migueloto, somewhat startled.

"Why, then, no doubt she is still alive; and Donna Fiamma must be singularly out of spirits with this marriage of mine," continued Cæsar, with a degree of agitation which was visible even in the unconcerned manner which he knew so well how to assume.

"Your grace indeed should have seen her when, six months ago, I delivered her your letter from France, announcing the marriage," said Don Migueloto, with a slight shudder, which, in a man of his steely nature, was of no ordinary significance.

"What! did she stamp and rave like any other deserted drab?" said Cæsar, smiling scornfully.

"Signor, she spoke not a word for many minutes, but looked fixedly at me, and her face grew white as lightning, and writhed into the very likeness of the Medusa in the Capitol!" replied Don Migueloto. "At last she sighed such a sigh that it seemed as if her heart were reft in twain; and yet she shed but one tear—as large and heavy as a drop of molten lead—wiped it disdainfully away, and gave me a rich ring, as she said, for my good news; and then she laughed, said it was a fair day, and that the sun shone very brightly for a wedding—and so fell senseless on the ground!"

"I am quits with her now, indeed, for that matter of Sultan Zem!" said Cæsar, hurriedly.

"Nay, my lord, I must needs think your highness was jealous there on small occasion," replied Don Migueloto, in a timorous and insinuating tone.

"Perchance!—perchance I think even as thou dost; but, thou knowest not how excellent it is to have an answer ready for an upbraiding woman!" returned the Borgia. "And thou shalt see how easily, with a few honeyed words and lying protestations, these foolish souls will believe where they love! She will weep and rage at first; but at last will ruffle down like a sea after the storm, when the sun breaks out—for love in a woman's breast, even in its fury, is at worst but the sun murky with a tempest. The violence of its own winds will tear open a way to the golden light, and then is all but the sweeter and calmer for the past frenzy. But peace awhile—this is a fair scene beneath our feet."

It was, indeed, a fair scene; for the travellers had now reached an elevation between the lofty mountains which form the valley of the Nar, which, projecting beyond their vast bases, overlooked the plains of the Tiber. The valley immediately below was filled with a dense forest, beyond which the famous river wound like a monstrous golden serpent, with its yellow folds gleaming at intervals through the rank verdure of the stagnant marshes which bordered it. At the base of the hill upon which they stood were visible the naked columns and shattered porticoes of some Roman ruins, gleaming red in the sultry light. Beyond the river extended a vast savannah, grazed by herds of buffaloes, whose large carcasses were sometimes nearly covered by the rank grass of the marshes; a range of violet-coloured mountains terminated the view to the north; to the south extended a vast plain, bounded only by the silver line of the sea; and immediately in front,—still at a great distance, although from the purity of the atmosphere it seemed almost beneath the point of view,—shone a broad lake of the purest celestial

blue, set in a basin of woody hills, the highest of which had the town of Ronciglione at its base, above which arose the massive towers and battlements of its gothic castle.

"Yonder is Nepi!" said Don Migueloto, checking his horse, and pointing to the left of the tract of country just described, where, on the summit of a craggy eminence, shot high into the air the silvery pinnacles of the ancient cathedral.

"What penance doth she at Nepi? Is it akin to the pilgrimage of my Lady Isabel Visconti, on her vow to St. Mark of Venice, which was so pleasantly spent that on her return she was obliged to poison her husband to preserve his peace from tale-bearers?" said Cæsar, after a moment's pause of gloomy thought.

"Nay, for the rigid Dominican directs it," replied Migueloto. "A man who would whip Venus herself at a cart-tail, and rebuke Diana for forwardness."

"Ay, the Dominican! if I thought that she valued this Orsino so far as to have sent him on the errand which he executed, no circumstances of policy should prevail on me to spare him!" said the Borgia. "I must win some light on this matter; but, meanwhile—yonder they are crossing the bridge—we must clearly decide on what we have to do, for an order understood is half obeyed."

Leaving the Italian chieftain and his confederate to form their plans, we rejoin the cavalcade in the plain, at a moment when crossing the river the canon exclaimed, in a fit of poetical and learned delight:—

"Vides ut alta stet nive candidum
Soracte!"

and, pointing to the mountain, which shone in the brightness of the horizon like a prodigious mound of frosted silver, he translated the lines for the benefit of his un-Horatian hearers: "Behold how, white with snow, Soracte towers!"

"Sant' Oreste!" repeated the soldiery, and every head was instantly bared in homage to the supposed saint.

"No, no, my brothers!" said the canon, somewhat confused. "But 'tis all one, for if I may credit the short shadows of the poplars, it is noonday, and, consequently, the hour of the Ave Maria against the Turks, which we will all say together." So saying, he stopped his mule, clasped his hands, and looking upward to the hot blue sky, fervently chanted half-a-dozen invocations to Our Lady for protection against, not only the Turks, but all enemies far and near, in which the canon most fervently but secretly included the whole Borgian dynasty. A bright golden cloud which hovered over the military devotees, to a poetical eye might have seemed a throne, from whence the Virgin Queen of heaven listened to her suppliants.

"And now, benedicite, my children, and heartily on, for I trust we shall none of us live to see the church wronged in my person, or in those of the pious pilgrims, my companions!" said Messer Bembo, assuming much comfort from the reverence with which the soldiers followed his religious guidance. But at this moment Don Migueloto approached, disencumbered of his late companion on the crupper, and directed the march of the escort from the main road over a dismal volcanic waste, diversified at far intervals with cities and monasteries, perched as it seemed on inaccessible summits. A wavy succession of hills, on which the sun shone white with excessive heat, terminated the view in every direction.

The bright verdure of the vegetation which overspread the swamp concealed its pestilential depths, which the sulphurous miasma it sent forth betrayed. The incessant croaking of frogs, the green glister of lizards, darting out of their coverts, the shrill cries of moorfowl, revealed the treachery of that lustrous verdure. But at last even that false luxuriance vanished; a black plain, furrowed all over with streams of lava, which ages of time had not effaced, spread before them. Then appeared a still blacker forest, which climbed the side of a mountain in front, and looked like hearse-plumes waving to the sky, against the radiance of the now westering sun.

The aspect of the country was not such as was likely to diminish the sinister forebodings of the Orsino; but Ser Niccolò himself seemed to take fright, for he talked of resuming his direct way to Rome. A short conference with Don Migueloto either allayed or overruled his apprehensions, and the whole cavalcade finally entered the forest, which wound upwards with great steepness along lofty layers of crags. Abysses of forest soon appeared on every side, ancient as the mountain itself, the trees so gnarled and intertwisted at times that light could not penetrate, and seeming as if struggling together in inextricable conflict into the ravines below. Strange gleams of red light pierced at intervals; the howlings of unseen wild beasts were audible; the cries of ill-omened birds; and yet the ferocity of man was as usual more direful than that of nature. On reaching the summit of the mountain, and commencing the descent on the opposite side, the road was skirted with oak trees of extraordinary majesty; on every twelfth one of which, for the space of sixty, hung the carcass of a man! These unfortunate persons seemed by their garbs to be serfs belonging to some chieftain, who had been pleased to brand their right arms with a cross.

The jester had again rejoined Migueloto, who was now in advance of his prisoners; and after a moment's careless glance at the carcasses which poisoned the air with the scents of decomposition, he inquired for what and by whom they had been thus suspended.

"By Don Remiro, for the love of the Colonnas!" replied the malignant captain of Ronciglione. "Yonder is the fortress of Agapit Colonna, which, in defiance of his lordship's orders to the contrary, and your sworn determination, he persisted in secretly furnishing with provisions and men of his vassalage. Whereupon, refusing to undertake a siege without danger or difficulty, the podestà sent him word that until he submitted to receive your garrison, he would hang one of his thralls every day, until not a living soul remained to till his lands. And so he proceeded,—and as Agapit continues obstinate, heaven knows what the end may be!"

"The villain! he but spares the castle for the sake of his wife's kinship!" said Cæsar fiercely. "Had he slaughtered a hundred nobles I could sooner have forgiven it than the murder of these stalwart knaves! What is the use of these dead bodies to me?"

"The podestà is indeed a bloodthirsty butcher!" said Migueloto.

"He is, indeed!" returned Cæsar, in a milder and somewhat regretful accent. "And I will be convinced of his treachery ere I deprive myself of so valuable a minister! Thy device is too violent, Migueloto mine!—neither imagine that I will make thee podestà in his room, for I need thee elsewhere, and mean to govern the poor people so that they shall take a singular love for me! But, saidst thou not that he carries

on his traitorous correspondence with my enemies in Rome, by means of carrier-pigeons?"

Migueloto stretched his gaunt neck round, to observe that no one was near, and then replied, "Nay, my lord, I said—with his fair wife, Beatrice Colonna."

"When thou hast informed Don Remiro that I desire him to keep the Orsino till he hears further from me, and that I have gone on secretly to Rome, if he be the traitor thou wouldst have me think him he will send his pigeons with the news!" said Cæsar. "Now, when thou hast privily admitted me to the castle, I will sit and watch his doings in the tower of the winds, with my good hawk, Gorebec, that never failed, on my wrist! I trust that thou hast kept him well fleshed?"

Even Migueloto stared in astonishment at this subtle and strange device; but he had no time to offer objections, even if he intended any. The report of a cannon suddenly awakened all the echoes of the lake, towards whose golden expanse they were now descending. The direction of the sound, and the smoke which arose on the stilly evening air, announced that the castle had caught sight of their approach, and was inclined to receive them with unusual honours. This opinion was confirmed when, at the entrance of a deep glen, the crags above which were crowned with an endless succession of towers and battlements, a group of persons appeared as if assembled to await the arrival. Cæsar exchanged a few more words with his captain, and then, with one of his fantastic gambols, disappeared from the train.

Don Migueloto hastened on, and soon came up to the group in anxious expectation, which was composed of Spanish soldiers, like those of the escort, excepting one personage, who was mounted on a snow-white mule, and was attired in the black-furred mantle and cap of a doctor of laws, his rank of podestà marked only by a gold chain which hung to his feet. A lean and shrivelled body, a visage furrowed all over with the lines of thought and care, long hair prematurely grey, an expression sinister and troubled, a frown quivering with nervous emotion and restlessness, like a loadstone in the box, composed the personal attributes of the merciless administrator of the law.

Don Migueloto requested to speak with the podestà in private; and together they proceeded down the glen, until their figures were darkened under the shadows of the huge black rocks upon which the castle was built, and of the woods above; the brawl of a stream which fell through a distant archway in the walls, and rattled through the ravine, rendering their voices inaudible at a distance.

The podestà had undoubtedly been the dupe of the message brought on the previous night by the African runner; and he heard with surprise and alarm, which distorted his wiry features in the struggle to seem calm—that the duke had met Migueloto at Narni, in disguise, and directed him to proceed instantly to the rescue of the Lord Paolo. That his highness was not displeased with the obstacles the podestà had thrown in the way of that baron's destruction, traitor as he was, since he had heard the ill news from Milan, of which doubtless the podestà had been informed. But the duke still thought it expedient to have Signor Paolo detained until he found how matters stood in Rome, whither he had secretly hastened. He therefore ordered him to keep the Orsino at Ronciglione until he had news from himself at Rome; by fair means, if possible, but at all events to detain him.

CHALDEA.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH, ESQ.

Scenery of the Palm Forest—Mounds of Girah and Irkah—Erech of Scriptures—Chaldea Proper—Its Towers and Palaces—Circle of Mounds at Sunkarah—Pyramid of Til Aidah—Quadrangle and Tower of Guttubah—Pyramids and Tower at Zibliyah—Great Flag-stones at Iskuriyah—Arab Tradition—Glazed Earthen Coffins—Tombs of the Assyrian Kings—Field for Colonization.

In traversing great tracts of alluvial country, where every thing presents almost the same aspect—uniformity of level, similarity of vegetation and identity of living forms,—the eye fatigues itself in seeking for distinctions and differences, which are scarcely supposed to exist, because they are not easily discovered. A varied outline or a contrasted configuration of country is not met with, there is scarcely even the relief of gentle undulations, but still a rigid observation and careful research establishes that even among tracts of so much similarity of character, there is in reality often the greatest difference in nature and origin.

Thus it is in the long delta of the Euphrates, embracing as it does, the great territories of Babylonia, Chaldea and Susiana. On quitting the first of these ancient lands, the steamer bends its way through continuous forests of palm-trees towards the Babylonian marshes. There may be some monotony in these long forests of date trees, but there certainly is nothing wearisome. Their naked upright stems rise out of the plain like tall well-proportioned columns, while their gracefully pendant fronds blend into a dense verdant canopy above, or hang upon the forest skirts like a natural fringe. They thus not only present within themselves a scene of exceeding beauty, but as this is susceptible of much variety at different times of the day and under different states of the weather, it is of an untiring character.

> **The date tree bowers**
> **That erst, mysterious rites concealing,**
> **O'ershadow'd silent Pharaoh's kneeling,**

as the amiable Lord Lindsay writes, afford an admirable shelter to the thinly-clothed Arab in the rainy season, and in the fine weather they offer an equally inviting refuge from the broad glare of the sun. It is not on the long banks of the Euphrates, as it is on the tax-oppressed verge of the Nile, where every palm is registered and mulcted in a sum of twopence or fourpence. The "banner of the climate," as it has been expressively called, waves freely here: and within its warm sheltered recesses the Arabs repair at certain seasons of the year, to feed themselves and family without either trouble or expense. On these occasions, an open space between a few trees, is a ready-made house, and the native scarcely deigns to mark the place of his abode: the ashes of the fire alone remaining to indicate to these children of nature where they spent the date season of the year before. The possession of a date grove is sometimes the cause of warfare among tribes, but except in the neighbourhood

of towns, where artificial fructification is practised, they are not often, on this river, the property of any particular person.

The palm forest is in the evening, or at night, as magnificent an object as in the day-time. The sun setting over and beyond these green seas of waving leaflets, is one of the most glorious visions of the East. There is a peculiar bright green tint communicated to the horizon, which can never be forgotten, and the great orb of day seems to be sinking into some distant prairie, or quitting the desert for the bright and verdant realms of fairy land. This last brilliant scene over—and night after night have I watched such sunsets in rapt admiration—and the palm-trees

> Bending
> Languidly their leaf-crowned heads;
> Like youthful maids when sleep descending
> Warns them to their silken beds,

appear all slumbrous, like the scenery of a dream. Milnes, as well as Lord Lindsay, seems to have been most struck with the palm forest at this intermediate hour. "Princess of the sylvan race," he says,

> She reigns! and most, when in the evening sheen
> The stable column and the waving plume
> Shade the delicious lights that all around illume.

But it is merely transitory to the gorgeous splendour of cloudless moonlight. At such an hour when stem, frond and leaflet, are asleep and still as sculptured things, and the bold relief of the occasional light only renders the shadow still more dark by its closely severed contrast, then there is in the endless succession of these natural temples and their obscure shadowy vistas, a perception of mysterious enchantment, which by adding the instincts of fear and awe to the sense of the beautiful, begets a feeling of positive sublimity.

How much is the tourist to be pitied, who labouring to say something new, rather than wishing to enjoy the beautiful in sincerity of heart, asserts that the eye is so much pained by the sight of so many sharp-pointed leaves, that it amounts to *ocular impalement*. There is a fashion, as in every thing else, in the present frequent sacrifices that are made of taste, feeling and learning, to saying something witty; but as wit, at least when humorous, has to depend chiefly upon forced contrasts, it is a wayward path for fashion to follow, from which she will return to more dignified practices, so soon as her fickle nature is surfeited with the unnatural vagary.

The Babylonian marshes which succeed to these palm forests, are neither more nor less than ancient lagoons, not yet dried up, which the higher land of Chaldea once shut out from the sea, as in after times the accumulated alluvia of Messene and Teredon did the Chaldean and Susian lakes. In these marshes the river is divided into several branches, some of which, unless artificially banked up, would lose themselves in the surrounding hollows, which are filled with an almost boundless extent of tall grasses and reeds and lakes dotted with large flowering plants, or enlivened with snow-white pelicans. In this strange region dwell the Khizail Arabs of Persian descent, with long dark ringlets falling over their naked spare forms, and their limbs lengthened as if by habitual wading. These Khizalis are rather vassals than sub-

jects to the Porte, and although they have embraced the Shi'ah form of Islamism, they appear to be lineal descendants of the Parsis, who so long opposed, in these very districts, the victorious progress of the first followers of the prophet.

The emergence out of these marshes, the ancient *Paludes Babyloniæ*, is so gentle as to be scarcely perceptible. At first a gradual rise in the soil affords a territory, which is the seat of rich cultivation during certain months of the year, but which is overflowed at others. This is followed by a clayey, and then a sandy soil, totally reclaimed from the waters and abounding in recent sea-shells, but for the most part useless to man and sparingly clad with the usually hardy shrubs and prickly plants of the desert.

This first tract of dry land that is met with is marked by a mound, indicating a Chaldean site, and upon which stands the modern Arab castle called Kal' ah Girah, a name which with the remnant of old, brings to mind the Gerar, which in Abraham's time was governed by Abu Malik, "the father of kings."

But although Kadesh might be sought for in the Kadisiya, renowned as the battle plain of the Persians and Arabians, and Shur might be referred to the Sur of Baruch, afterwards Sura, which D'Anville places to the south of the site now in question, there are insuperable difficulties in this identification. The valley of Gerar, as it is described when Isaac digged there for wells of water, was in the land of the Philistines, and contained the well-known Beersheba.

Beyond this, a gigantic mound of truly imposing appearance rises out of the plain to the east of the river, with which it is connected by means of a canal called Graiyim. This vast pile of ruins was called by the natives Al Asaiyah, or the "Place of Pebbles," but it is also known by the name of Irkah or Wurka, which Colonel Taylor was led to believe to be a corruption of the Biblical Erech, and hence to suppose that this was the site of one of the four principal cities of the world.

But the Erech or Arach of Scripture has been generally identified with the classical Aracca or Areca, of which Tibullus said in his Elegies,

"Ardet Arecæis aut unda perhospita campis,"

and which placed by geographers on the confines of Susiana and Babylonia, and renowned for its natural fountains of fire, was to all appearance the same site which became the seat of a temple of Anaïtis, a place of pilgrimage of the Brahmans and the Babylonian Ecbatana.

Upon this important subject, Mr. Fraser remarks that the name of Erech appears to be well preserved in the present appellation of Irkah or Wurka, while its locality with reference to that of Babel as now assumed, appears confirmatory of the conjecture that it commemorates the second-mentioned city of Nimrod. "Yet it is possible," he continues, "that it may represent only the Orchoe of the Chaldeans, instead of Umgeiyer." And he further remarks that the term Orchoe may be nothing more than a modification of the ancient Erech, and Wurka or Irkah, a more modern pronounciation of both.

To this we would object that Orchoe is itself a corruption of the Chaldean Ur, the name being Urchoe in Ptolemy, as we see the first and most ancient Ur of the Chaldees now called Urfah or Orfah. The

second or post Babylonian Ur or Urchoe, was also, on the combined authorities of Arrian, Pliny and Salmasius, situated upon the bed of the Pallacopas which was to the westward of the Euphrates, while the mound of Irkah lies to the eastward. Hence it is that the identification of Orchoe with the great mound of Umgaiya or Mugaiya is more likely to be the correct one than that proposed by Mr. Fraser.

The whole face of the lands in the midst of which we now advanced was interspersed with the mounds and ruins of ancient time. It was inhabited by the children of Shem, after they had attained power and prosperity in Babylonia, and at a time when the Chaldeans exulted in their ships (Isaiah, xliii. 14). As the Borsippean Chaldeans were distinguished by the love of science and by their proficiency in the industrial arts; so the Orchenian Chaldeans were renowned for their skill in astronomy and the mathematical sciences, while the men of Teredon were distinguished for being navigators of distant seas, and merchants of fame and enterprise. Hence it was that after the captivity this region was designated as peculiarly the land of the Chaldeans. "Behold the land of the Chaldeans; this people was not till the Assyrian founded it for them that dwell in the wilderness: they set up the towers thereof, they raised up the palaces thereof, and he brought it to ruin." It was for the same reasons, and after Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel, that the Greeks and Romans became accustomed to consider this country as Chaldea Proper, which their geographers described as bordering upon the desert Arabia.

Far more of the ruined towers which the Assyrians set up, and of the crumbling palaces which they raised, exist in this wide and little explored country than is generally imagined. Unlike the "ruinous perfection" of the remains of olden time which are met with on the banks of the Nile, the vestiges of ancient Chaldea have, from their extremely fragmentary character, attracted hitherto little or no attention. Yet to the archæologist, to the historian, to the philosopher, and to the man of religion, a fragment however small, but which is of a positive character, must have the same monumental interest as an entire pyramid. The traces of a laborious and aspiring people are however at once numerous, of great extent, and are of a most imposing character upon the Chaldean plains. In whatever direction the traveller moves he meets with long and continuous mounds like ramparts of ruin, or he finds the country intersected by ancient canals of irrigation, and in whatever direction he turns his eye he observes pyramids or colossal piles rising out of the level either close by, or in the far off dim and distant horizon,

> Chaldean beacons, over the drear sand,
> Seen faintly from thick-tower'd Babylon,
> Against the sunset.

The present degenerate hordes of the tent and the spear attach a name and a tradition to each of these extensive tracts of ruins and lofty artificial mounds, but it is almost impossible to detect out of these in the present day, anything to associate them with biblical or classical sites.

The mounds designated as Jayithah and Tel Siphr, or "the mound of copper," lead the way to the greater heights of Irkah; at the same time that the inlet, now called Graiyim, bears the waters of the Eu-

phrates to a more extensive series of mounds and ruins, among which one in particular is distinguished by its dimensions. It is called Sunkharah, and is one of a large number of mounds, which form a sort of circle and which are built of fire-burnt bricks, the whole surface being strewed with scoriæ, agates, cornelians and bits of copper. To the north and east of these are also several other clusters of mounds, the largest of which is called Yukkah. It is of considerable size, and towers up in the centre of a wide tract of debris.

Further to the north-west is a lofty pyramid called Til Aidah, which is surrounded by the relics of old habitations. Pyramids were not peculiar to Egypt, but apparently, from the descriptions left to us of the Tower of Babel and Xenophon's account of the pyramid at the biblical Resen, was a primeval form of architecture familiar to the Assyrians and Chaldeans; or which, as we find it in far distant countries, is most probably among the first and simplest forms of monument that suggests itself to the human mind.

The circularly-disposed ruins of Sunkarah must have extended over a space of three miles and a half, but seven or eight miles to the north-east of the pyramid of Til Aidah, are ruins of a city which must have attained still greater magnitude. The central portion alone of these latter ruins (and which are marked by walls that can be traced by irregular heaps and fragments, converging at right angles to one another), form a quadrangle of at least five or six miles each way. At the north-east corner of this quadrangle stands a structure like a great tower, built of sun-burnt bricks, with layers of reeds between each tier, and which rises to a height of at least fifty feet above the plain. The country around this enclosed space is everywhere covered with debris and low mounds, while long ridges of ruins stretch away to an almost boundless distance beyond. The Arab name of this site, Guttubah, bears some resemblance to that of Chuduca, one of the few Chaldean cities enumerated by Ptolemy.

Towers, such as are here described, appear to have been used as defences to the inner quadrangle of the city, where were probably the residences of the chief men and of the priests and soldiers. We find such towers described as "towers of strength" and places of defence "within the city," in Judges (chap. viii. and ix., 51).

Pyramids and towers of a similar or analogous character occur in other parts of the Chaldean plain, and are described by Mr. Fraser (who, with Mr. Ross, are as yet the only travellers that have crossed the interior of these unexplored lands), as occurring at a spot about thirty miles northward of these ruins, at a place called Zibliyah. At this place four pyramidal mounds, built of sun-dried bricks, rise abruptly out of the plain to a height of forty or fifty feet, while close by is also a still loftier structure, a tower about eighty feet in height, the exterior of which is formed of sun-dried bricks, but the interior of furnace bricks, like the temple of Birs Nimrud.

These pyramids occupy a position nearly half-way between the Euphrates and the Tigris, and near to the latter river, in a north-easterly direction, is another great group of mounds called Iskuriyah, of which the highest rises twenty-five to thirty feet above the plain. These mounds are further remarkable for being covered with immense quantities of scoriæ and slag-like stones, often several feet square and many inches in thickness. The size and multitude of these stones is ex-

tremely perplexing. The tradition of the Arabs regarding them is, that this was the country of Lot (Lut), and that Heaven in its wrath showered them down on its wicked inhabitants.

It is to be remarked, that Messrs. Fraser and Ross also found glazed earthen coffins on some of these Chaldean mounds, which is corroborative of the statements of Arrian, who says, that these eminences were sometimes, like the pyramids of Egypt, the tombs or mausolea of the Assyrian kings.

Such, then, is the character of the remains of Chaldea of old. Lofty artificial mounds arising in silence and in isolation out of the plain; groups or clusters of mounds dispersed upon a surface itself irregular, and raised in gentle undulations or sunk in alternate hollows; irregular heaps and fragments of ruin grouped around some central pile, and dotted all over with the black camps of Arabs; wide tracts of debris, or walled quadrangles enclosing vast bare areas; pyramids, towers and bastion-shaped buildings, of sun-dried and of fire or furnace bricks, with layers of reeds, as in the Babylonian edifices; great flag-stones, black, porous, heavy and semi-vitrified; scoriæ, agates, cornelian, bits of copper and other fragments, but no glass or inscriptions; glazed earthen coffins exposed as on the mounds or dakhmah's of the fire-worshippers; and lastly, long ridges of ruins traversing the country as far as the eye can reach, and themselves intersected by canals of irrigation and of navigation which interlace one another like a network.

This great country of shepherds, manufacturers, merchants and navigators, the home of men of science and philosophers, and famed in all antiquity for its peaceful virtues and the pursuit or knowledge, still contains all the elements of prosperity and riches, if it were in the hands of an industrious race of people. The site is exceedingly fertile, being everywhere meadow-land adapted for grazing, or a rich soil ready for the plough; water is abundant, and the climate, as of old, incomparable. It would form an admirable district for colonisation, and in such a country, and under such a heaven, Chaldea would soon rise again to eminence and distinction, as if by enchantment.

THE LEGEND OF LE PETIT SAINT ALBERT.

THE spire shines bright
In the soft moonlight,
The tower is high, and the church is white,
'Tis Christmas Eve—'tis a solemn fast
For sins to come, and sins that are past.
But ere the last sleeper
Has shut up his peeper
The shades of the night grow deeper and deeper,
The clock strikes twelve—and a dismal cloud
Envelopes the scene in a pitchy shroud.

The villagers are all gone to rest,
And a rumbling sound is heard from the west:
Pit-pat go the drops
Of the rain as it flops
Down from the trees and the cottage-tops;
And the wind it whistles its way through the trees,
And the howl of the wolf is borne on the breeze,
And owls that shriek
In their nightly freak
Are welcoming loudly the Christmas week.

But near to the church is a little abode,
And to it there winds a little bye-road,
There are two little chimneys and one little door,
And within is an odour of priestly lore.

Who is it that rides through that little bye-lane,
Without a stirrup, without a rein,
On a lumb'ring, clattering Breton bay?
Catch the galloping beggar, who may!
At the little white house he at length pulls up—
Is it for bit? or is it for sup?
Is it for something short? or does he
Feel sick, or bad, or only muzzee?

But look we within the little house-door,
We see a face, and we hear a snore,
And the face is round,
And the snore is sound,
And we guess from a certain fragrant shroud,
That the sleeper has just been blowing a cloud.
Over his head is put on awry
A three-cornered hat right jauntily.

A voice salutes the sleeper's ear,
A voice that's neither sweet nor clear,
"Awake! awake!
A soul's at stake!
Minutes are short, and time is flying!
Delay not a moment, the lady is dying!"

Slowly the priest gets up from his chair,
And arranges his three-cornered hat with care,
And gathering his petticoat round his knees,
He bids his housekeeper mind the keys.
But who is the lady that's taken so ill,
She cannot swallow her draughts and pill,
But can only groan through the livelong day,
And beg that the priest will come and pray?

Alas! her life has been none of the best,
Full rarely she fasted, and never confest;
In short her behaviour was rather so so,
And she always said "Yes," when she should have said "No!"

O'er desolate lands, and through furze-bushes prickly,
The father he ambles along pretty quickly—
Yes, onward he urges his little gray mare,
And keeps up her pace though she turns not a hair.

"He's there, I declare," cries the little *soubrette*,
"I hope your dear rev'rence hasn't got wet!"
"Why, bless me! it can't be my pretty Annette!"

Now behind the door the priest tarries a space
To learn all the pros and the cons of the case,
Then mounting the stairs with a heavy tread,
He takes up his post in a chair near the bed.
A skull-cap covers his shaven crown,
And his white locks wander his neck adown,
Around his form is a silken band,
And a little black book is in his hand.

" I'm sorry to find you, ma'am, so ill
That you can't take either your draught or pill:
I grieve to tell you your chance is slight
Of getting well over another night;
So, pray excuse, if I seem to press—
But you must—you really must confess!"

The lady turns in the bed and sighs,
But never a word to the priest replies.

The priest is about to essay once more,
When a crack is heard, and from out of the floor
Arises a form all black and red,
With a cloven foot and a horned head;
A vicious look is in his eye,
And the frighten'd Annette shrieks out " Oh my!"
While the priest for a moment is taken aback,
And can only exclaim, " Good lack! good lack!"

But good Father Migeote is not to be done;
A soul has yet to be lost or won!
He calls on St. Dunstan, St. Giles, and St. Anne,
And invokes Saints Michael and Athelstane!
But all in vain,
With might and main,
With tweak and with pain,
Again and again,
The Devil asserts his rights to possess
The soul of the lady who won't confess.

But all on a sudden the father bethought him
Of the little black book which a pilgrim had brought him.
'Twas a book that only a priest may see,
And not allow'd to the laity.
The " Petit Saint Albert " is its name,
And far and wide has spread its fame.
And amongst its uses both good and wise,
(And this no Catholic ever denies,)
The first and the foremost is, I know,
To send off Satan when he's *de trop*.

So the book right stoutly the father shies
At the head of his foe, and away he flies
In a crack and a blaze
And a sort of haze,
While the lady is left in a great amaze.
But after a time she receives absolution,
And takes a good dose of soothing solution,
While the pretty Annette puts the room to rights,
And there's left but a perfume of Lucifer lights.

Now, whether the lady lived or not,
Or sinn'd again, and the priest forgot,
Or whether old Nick,
Who cut his stick
For fear of Saint Albert ever came back,
In his terrible costume of red and black,
I cannot tell—but great is the glory
The father has gain'd by his share in the story.
And after this happen'd, for many a day,
Whenever the devil is mention'd—they say,
That the villagers always are ready to shout
For the jolly old father who bow'd him out.

SCHWARZKOPF, THE POACHER.

A TALE OF BAVARIAN FOREST LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

LION AND FOX.

On a certain May morning of the year 1825, and about an hour before daybreak, an unusual degree of bustle was apparent in the extensive domain of Westwald, in Rhenish Bavaria. A strong party of mounted gendarmes, under the command of a lieutenant, and a still more numerous body of keepers, well armed with their double-barrelled guns and broad-bladed hunting knives, arrived at one extremity of the forest that occupies a considerable portion of the magnificent chase. From this point detachments were sent to beat the wood, others to skirt it, and sentries were stationed on various elevations whence they could observe the adjacent country. Besides these, two men were posted in the neighbourhood of a small hamlet, inhabited by peasants and labourers, which stood at a distance of a few hundred yards from the forest.

The battue for which these preparations were made, was neither for hare nor partridge, nor yet for the boar or roebuck, with which the preserves abounded. A formidable gang of poachers, who had already cleared several extensive parks of the last head of deer they contained, had, within a few weeks, made their appearance in the Westwald. Count Armfeld, the owner of the property, a wealthy nobleman, who cared little for field sports, and rarely visited his hunting seat, might perhaps not have taken much trouble to punish these audacious trespassers; but his chief ranger was by no means so indifferent to the preservation of the game, and after vainly attempting to apprehend the offenders with the aid of his keepers, he had called in the gendarmes to his assistance. The exploits of Schwarzkopf,—such was the name by which the chief of the poachers was known,—and of his band, exceeded all that the annals of poaching could show. Their custom was to establish themselves in the well-stocked woods and preserves of some rich nobleman, and to remain there till they had completely depopulated them. With hares and partridges, and such small gear, they rarely meddled, but neither stag nor roebuck of which they came within shot, escaped their unerring rifles. The length of time that this had gone on, the importance of the persons aggrieved, and the repeated complaints that had been made, had induced the authorities readily to grant the assistance of the gendarmes, who had moreover received orders to fire without hesitation upon any of the poachers of whom they might obtain a view, and who did not instantly surrender themselves.

The first grey light of morning had scarcely appeared in the east, when the arrangements of the keepers and gendarmes were completed. The wood was surrounded by a chain of sentinels, the various detachments had taken up the posts assigned to them, and were awaiting the sound of a shot or the blast of a horn, to hasten in the direction in which that signal should summon them. All was silence, suspense, and expectation. Suddenly, and just as the first beams of the morning

sun gilded the upper branches of the loftier trees, the door of a barn adjacent to the village above alluded to, was thrown open, and a man in a shabby green coat, carrying a rifle under his arm, issued forth and advanced leisurely towards the wood. The vedettes posted at either end of the village caught sight of him at the same moment, and spurred their horses in pursuit. No sooner did the man perceive them than he commenced running at the very top of his speed; but presently perceiving that his retreat to the wood was cut off, he altered the direction of his flight, and endeavoured to regain the houses, choosing his path over several hedges and ditches, which in some degree impeded his pursuers. As he ran, he put his fore finger in his mouth, and whistled loud, long, and shrill. A single field now intervened between him and the village, and he darted across it with the speed of a hunted fox. He had reached the end next the houses, when he heard the gendarmes close upon his heels. Without a moment's hesitation he sprang into the nearest cottage, shut and fastened the door behind him, and rushed into the room where the peasant and his family were at breakfast.

"The gendarmes are after me," cried he, panting for breath; "deliver me up, but inform my comrades of my capture." As he uttered the words, his pursuers, who had dismounted from their horses, were heard thundering at the door.

"Boy," said the peasant to his son, a lad of twelve years of age, "when the sogers are in the house, sneak thee out and tell the others. Thee knowest where to find them?"

The boy grinned assent, and his father hurried to open the door before the gendarmes should break it in. With his naked sabre dangling from his wrist, and a cocked pistol in his hand, one of the soldiers stepped into the house, leaving his companion on guard outside. Pushing the peasant aside, he pressed forward into the room in which the poacher was standing beside a table, still out of breath, his rifle leaning against the wall.

"You are my prisoner," said the gendarme, levelling his pistol.

"As you please," returned the other sulkily; "you are the strongest this time."

"Are you Schwarzkopf himself?" demanded the soldier.

"May be," was the reply.

A smile of exultation overspread the countenance of the successful gendarme, who already, in imagination, heard the chink of the two hundred dollars that had been long offered as a reward for the capture of the notorious Schwarzkopf. Taking up the rifle, he shook the priming out of the pan, replaced the weapon in the corner of the room, and proceeded to bind the hands of the prisoner firmly behind his back; then, calling in his comrade, he bade him ride with all speed to the lieutenant, and request an escort to convey the prisoner to a place of safety. These arrangements completed, he began to interrogate the unlucky poacher concerning the whereabout of his companions; but to all his inquiries the prisoner opposed an obstinate silence. "Well, friend," said the gendarme at last, "you may hold your tongue if you like it better; I warrant there will be ways of making you speak by and by. For the present you will have the goodness to sit beside me upon this bench. Remember," added he, "that at the very first movement you make, I send a bullet through your head."

During this brief dialogue between the victor and the vanquished, the peasant was bustling about the room, and busying himself in the stable, which formed part of the ground-floor of the cottage. Presently his son came in, a spade and a basket of potatoes in his hand, as if he had just returned from the fields, and on entering he made a slight but significant sign to his father. The latter crossed the room and stood upon the bench on which the gendarme was sitting, in order to reach down a bottle and glass from a shelf above the window. In getting down his foot slipped, and, as if to save himself from falling, he caught hold of the cocked pistol which the soldier held in his hand. The pistol went off, and the bullet lodged in the opposite wall. Scarcely had this occurred when a pane of glass was shivered to fragments, and the astonished gendarme, turning quickly round, saw the muzzles of two rifles levelled at his head. At the same moment the cottage door was thrown violently open, and a tall man, in a dark shooting dress, carrying a gun in his hand, entered the room, followed by five resolute-looking fellows similarly armed. In an instant the prisoner was free, and the gendarme lay bound upon the earthen floor of the cottage. The rescued man looked down with a comical smile upon his recent captor.

"The tables are turned," said he; "but I can give you some small consolation under your misfortune: the reward you were calculating upon would not have been yours a bit the more for having taken me. Schwarzkopf is not my name, nor does he who bears it allow himself to be so easily captured. I am only one of his huntsmen or foresters—one of his gang, as you yourself would probably say."

"Enough," said the leader of the party; "we have no time for idle talk. To the wood, and keep together."

In prompt obedience to this order, the poachers left the cottage, gained the edge of the wood, and disappeared amongst its thick masses of foliage. In vain during the whole of that day did the gendarmes and keepers seek them in every direction. They had vanished as if by magic. The peasant in whose house the prisoner had been rescued was taken up and subjected to a severe examination, on suspicion of connivance with the poachers; but, although there was little doubt of his complicity, nothing could be proved against him, and he was again set at liberty.

On the fourth day after the one upon which the above incident occurred, a dozen men were assembled in a glade of the forest of Westwald; the sun was rapidly sinking, and its horizontal rays darted through the bright green leaves, and between the moss-grown trunks of the ancient trees, dappling with their light the short fresh grass that covered the ground. In the centre of the glade a small fire was burning, and above the flame hung an iron pot containing melted lead. Two of the men were busily engaged in casting bullets, from which, when turned out of the moulds, two others cut off the tips, and then threw them into a leathern hunting pouch. The remainder of the party were occupied in various ways, cleaning the barrels and oiling the locks of their rifles, or repairing their hunting accoutrements; and a few were lounging upon the turf, with pipes in their mouths. A little apart from the others, a man whom a certain superiority of manner and appearance indicated as the chief of the band, was leaning against a tree, his arms folded, his eyes fixed upon the ground, himself apparently absorbed in thought.

Suddenly, from the summit of a neighbouring beech, the croak of a raven was heard, thrice repeated. At the sound all occupations were suspended, and every eye was turned in the direction of the tree, on the topmost branch of which the form of a man, carefully shrouded amongst the leaves, might with some difficulty, by those acquainted with his position, be discerned.

"Thrice," said the leader;—"it comes then from the east. Go, two of you, and see who approaches."

Two men seized their rifles and hurried away. In a very few minutes they returned with the intelligence that a man in hunter's garb, but alone and unarmed, was approaching the glade. Their alarm tranquillized by this report, the poachers—for such was the profession of the men thus assembled together—resumed their several occupations. Scarcely had they done so, when a rustling was heard amongst the bushes, which the next instant were put aside, and a young and handsome man, dressed in a shooting coat, and wearing a game-bag over his shoulder, made his appearance. The flush of health was upon his manly pleasant countenance, and his muscular and well-proportioned frame gave promise of stength and activity combined. His large dark eye glanced undauntedly around him, and finally fixed upon him who has been already pointed out as the chief of the poachers.

"You are Schwarzkopf?" said he, in a tone of voice at once firm and friendly.

"And if I am," replied the poacher, "what seek you of Schwarzkopf?"

"Protection, and admission into his band," answered the young man.

"Protection!" repeated the other. "What crime have you committed? I admit no malefactor amongst my people."

"Nor am I a malefactor," replied the stranger calmly.

"Nay, then," said Schwarzkopf impatiently, "in the Devil's name, who and what are you?"

"My name is Werner," was the reply; "and for the last five years I have been learning woodcraft under a forester in Westphalia. My instructor cheated his employer in the sale of the venison, and was dismissed in disgrace. Although I had no share in his fault, a part of the odium attached itself to me, and notwithstanding that I am skilful in my profession, no one would give me employment. I have wandered thus far, seeking occupation and finding none, and am reduced to my last stiver. I heard by chance that you were in the neighbourhood, and resolved to seek you out and crave admission into your band."

Schwarzkopf fixed his penetrating gaze upon the countenance of the young man, who bore the look without flinching. The poacher glanced complacently at the active, muscular figure before him, and at last, nodding his head, as if well satisfied with what he saw, he again broke silence.

"I like your appearance," said he, "your frankness pleases me, and I am willing to believe your tale. But a woodsman without a gun is a novelty. Do you knock down your game with a stick, or run it down by speed of foot?"

"My rifle is at hand," replied Werner; "I laid it aside lest your people should take me for a keeper, and welcome me with half an ounce of lead."

"Young man," said Schwarzkopf sternly, "outlaws though we be, we never fire on our fellow-creatures but in defence of life, and when we are chased and hunted down like wild beasts. Go, fetch your gun."

Werner walked away, and presently returned with his rifle, which Schwarzkopf took from his hand, and examined with the air of a connoisseur.

"A good gun," said he, "stock, lock, and barrel; but the best rifle that ever was put together is of little value without a steady hand and a sure eye to direct it. Can you knock the eye out of a stag at a hundred paces?"

"I never tried," replied Werner, laughing; "but I might do such a thing in case of need."

Schwarzkopf looked around him, and pointed to a squirrel which was climbing along the branch of a tree at the distance of a hundred and twenty paces. Cocking his rifle, Werner raised it to his shoulder, and almost, as it appeared, before his eye caught the sight of the weapon, the report was heard, and the squirrel fell to the ground. One of the poachers ran to fetch it, and brought it to Schwarzkopf. The little animal was hit in the head.

"A good shot, men," said Schwarzkopf.

A murmur of approbation was heard amongst the poachers.

"You please me," said the captain to Werner, "and from this moment you are one of us. Wolf, read him our regulations; they are few and short."

Wolf, the second in command of the band, took from his pocket a greasy leathern case, and opening it, produced a scroll of parchment, considerably creased and thumbed, from which he read the following code of poacher law:—

Article 1st. We promise our captain unconditional obedience, and hold him responsible to no one for his actions.

2nd. Every member of our society has a right to leave it when he pleases, upon giving twenty-four hours' notice of his intention.

3rd. It is expressly forbidden to fire at a man, except when absolutely necessary for the preservation of our own lives. Whoever does so without such necessity will be held guilty of a crime, and be delivered over for punishment to the authorities.

4th. Whoever is guilty of treason to the captain or the society, becomes outlawed by the act, and his life is forfeited.

5th. All game shot shall be brought to the common stock and disposed of for the joint benefit of the society. He who infringes this law incurs expulsion and the loss of his rifle.

6th. All profits arising from the sale of the game are to be divided equally amongst the members of the band. The captain to take a double share.

"Have you heard and understood our regulations?" said Schwarzkopf to his new recruit, when Wolf had done reading.

"I have," replied Werner, "and I will abide by them."

Evening was drawing in, and the sun had already sunk below the western horizon, leaving in its place a streak of red-golden cloud which each moment that elapsed rendered narrower and less vivid. Suddenly the cry of a night-owl was heard, proceeding from the tree trunk against which Schwarzkopf was leaning. Werner looked round in astonishment, and as he did so, Schwarzkopf took his two hands from before his mouth and smiled at the surprise of his new acquaintance.

"You will have to learn our signals," said he, pointing to the beech before alluded to, from which the sentinel was now descending.

"Here is a new comrade, Hare," cried several of the band, as the vedette reached the ground. "As good a shot as any amongst us, not to say a better."

The man addressed by the name of Hare approached Werner and held out his hand.

"I saw your shot," said he, "it was excellent. What name have they given you?"

"Truly, we have forgotten to christen him," said Schwarzkopf, laughing. "We none of us go by our real names here," continued he to Werner, "lest a thoughtless exclamation should betray us to our enemies. Each man who joins the band adopts the name of some animal. Which will you take?"

"You may call me Lion," said Werner.

"We have a Lion already," cried several voices. "It is the captain's name."

"Nay then, let me be Fox, or whatever you choose."

"Good," cried the poachers, "Fox let it be."

"And now, my dear Fox," said Hare, "let me have another look at your agreeable physiognomy. I am sure I have seen it before this evening, but may I never shoot another deer if I can remember where. Well, I shall think of it just now, no doubt."

So saying, he turned away from Werner and applied himself vigorously to his supper, for which his sojourn at the tree-top seemed to have sharpened his appetite to a very acute edge. Even whilst eating, however, the man appeared uneasy and thoughtful, and from time to time examined his new comrade with a sidelong glance of suspicion. At last he approached Schwarzkopf and whispered something in his ear. The captain started and looked keenly at Werner.

"Are you certain of it?" said he.

Hare nodded affirmatively.

"Tell it to no one," said Schwarzkopf, "but do not lose sight of him." Then, turning to his men, "Up, lads!" said he, "and to our quarters for the night."

CHAPTER II.

SIGISMUND HOLZ.

On the skirt of the forest of Westwald, which covers a space of nearly a square league with its venerable trees and thickly-matted brushwood, there stands, or stood at the period of this narrative, a dwelling-house of small dimensions but comfortable aspect. It consisted of half a dozen rooms, all upon the ground floor; its exterior was painted white and overshadowed by the branches of some lofty trees. On one side of the house was a small building used as a kennel for a score of hounds of various descriptions, a pair of many-tined antlers were fixed above the principal entrance, and in front of the dwelling a broad carriage-road swept round a small garden in which flowers of the gayest hues grew in luxuriant profusion. The house was inhabited by Carl Sturm, the chief ranger of Count Armfeld's forests.

Of all the persons who had suffered from the lawless proceedings of

Schwarzkopf and his band, not one had taken their depredations more to heart than the ranger Sturm. An enthusiastic sportsman, and adopting the interests of his employer as if they had been his own, no punishment appeared to him too great for the outlaws who depopulated the woods under his care. Since their appearance in the neighbourhood he had scarcely given himself a moment's repose, his rifle was never out of his hand; his hair, already grizzled by age, was growing daily greyer from anxiety and mortification. In vain had he stimulated the zeal of his subordinates by promises of liberal reward, and endeavoured to bribe the peasantry to spy out the haunts of the poachers; all his efforts had proved fruitless, and the failure of the grand battue in which the gendarmes had taken part, had driven him to the verge of despair. His thoughts by day and his dreams by night all tended to one object,—how he should get within rifle-shot of the detested Schwarzkopf.

It was evening, and in the sitting-room of the ranger's house the family were assembled at supper. At the head of the table sat Sturm himself, a portly, broad-shouldered man, some fifty-five years of age, whose robust appearance and ruddy countenance bore witness to the healthy nature of his occupation. There was an air of honest independence about him, and that degree of good breeding in his manner which men of his class sometimes catch from the persons of higher rank with whom their profession brings them in frequent contact. But on the evening in question, his humour was silent and moody, and he ate his frugal supper in silence. Beside him sat his only daughter, Bertha, a blue-eyed girl of eighteen, who, since her mother's death, which had occurred three years previously, had acted as her father's housekeeper, and whose pretty face and gentle manners had made her the toast of the country for twenty miles round. Next to her sat the under-forester, Sigismund Holz, a tall, handsome man of six or eight and twenty, whose sunburned features were set off to advantage by his well-trimmed moustache and short curling beard. It was easy to perceive, by the marked attention that Sigismund paid to Bertha, by the eagerness with which he listened to each word she uttered, and by his stolen and lover-like glances at her bright eyes and charming face, that he had not escaped the fascination which the ranger's pretty daughter exercised over all who approached her. His admiration of her was obvious, and although Bertha's encouragement of it was less apparent, she could not be said to accept with anything like repugnance the homage and attentions of the handsome forester. Another of the ranger's assistants, and Bertha's younger brother, a lad of seventeen, had taken their places on the other side of the table.

"Bertha," said the ranger, pushing away his plate, "fill my pipe, and give me the last number of the Forest Register."

Bertha obeyed her father's directions. The ranger opened the pamphlet, read a page, and then tossed it impatiently away.

"I cannot even read," said he, "anger and vexation won't let me. These scoundrels have knocked ten years off my life. The deer-park is regularly ruined. Day and night have I been after them, without catching a sight of the infernal thieves. One sight of them, that is all I ask, with my rifle in my hand and half a dozen of my trusty keepers at my back, and if I don't give a good account of the villains, may I never pull trigger again."

"But, father," said Bertha, soothingly, "why vex yourself thus? The poachers have not been heard of in your district for the last three days, and it is said they have left it for the neighbouring one of Gemsheim."

"So much the worse," returned her father. "So long as they were here, I hoped to catch them, and to wipe out, by the destruction of the whole band, the disgrace they have occasioned me. If they have left the Westwald, they are out of my reach. Somebody else will catch them, and I shall pass for a careless or incapable forester."

"If they have gone to Gemsheim," said young Sturm, "they will give my brother Albert something to do."

"Is your elder brother still employed upon that domain?" asked Sigismund of Bertha.

"He is so," was the reply, "and I would he were any where else, for he is imprudent and hotheaded. One so often hears of foresters losing their lives in contests with poachers, that I cannot help feeling anxious on his account."

"Pshaw! no fear for him," said the ranger, who was striding impatiently up and down the room. "Albert can take care of himself, and has more prudence than he gets credit for. And if he shoots Schwarzkopf, he may ask me for any anything I have in the world, and it shall be his. It would be next best to shooting him myself."

The hour for retiring to rest had now arrived, and the party broke up, leaving the old ranger turning the pages of the Forest Register, and consoling himself as well as he could for his non-capture of the poachers, by the hope that his son would be more fortunate. About a quarter of an hour had passed in this manner, when the room-door was opened, and Sigismund Holz entered the apartment. Sturm looked up, surprised at his re-appearance.

"Ranger," said the young man, in a voice less steady than usual, "I have a boon to ask of you. I love your daughter Bertha, and, although she has not told me as much, I have reason to believe that I am not indifferent to her. If you, as her father, have nothing to object, I would fain woo, and should hope to win her."

The ranger looked at his subordinate with surprise and some displeasure.

"I am sorry, Sigismund," said he, "that you have thought it advisable to make this request. You have been but three weeks in my house, you confess to have nothing but what you here earn, and you aspire already to my daughter's hand. I am sorry for it. You are a smart and useful fellow, whom I should like to keep with me, but that is now impossible. I cannot give Bertha to a mere forester, whose sole possessions are his green jerkin, his horn and rifle, and as I do not choose to risk my daughter's happiness, we must part at once."

"I admit the justice of your remarks," replied Sigismund, "but you have not yet heard me out. Like the patriarch of old, I propose to earn my wife, not by a seven years' bondage, but by what will please you better. If I deliver into your hands the poacher Schwarzkopf, and obtain as a reward a ranger's appointment, will you still refuse me your daughter?"

"You are raving, man!" cried Sturm. "How should you accomplish what everybody else has failed in?"

"That is a secret which I shall disclose to you alone," replied Sigis-

mund. "My plan is this—to-morrow I join the band of Schwarzkopf."

The feasibility of this project at once struck the old ranger, whose eyes sparkled at the idea of seeing his mortal enemy at his mercy. He reflected for a moment, and then grasping Sigismund's hand, shook it heartily.

"A bold plan and a good one," said he. "Do but what you have proposed, deliver Schwarzkopf into my hands, and though you may not have a ducat in the world, my daughter shall be yours."

"Agreed!" cried Sigismund, joyfully. "By to-morrow morning I will invent a pretext for leaving your house for a while. But during my absence I may want to see you, and I shall do so with most safety at night. Three pebbles thrown against your bed-room window will be the signal."

"'Tis well, lad," said the ranger, "go and prosper—keep your promise and I will not forget mine."

And with another friendly pressure of the hand, the two men parted.

CHAPTER III.

SCHWARZKOPF'S STORY.

SHORTLY after the incidents already narrated, and in one of the wildest and most remote parts of the forest in which they occurred, two men were to be seen walking slowly along under an avenue of trees and talking together in low and earnest tones. The two men were Schwarzkopf and his lieutenant, Wolf.

"You are certain, then," said the former, "that Fox is in communication with the ranger Sturm?"

"Quite certain," replied Wolf, "and equally so that he has an understanding with Banner, the officer of gendarmes. But he sees that we suspect him, and will not risk his neck by hurrying the execution of his treacherous project. Were it not for your precaution of never saying beforehand where the day's hunt is to take place, or the night to be passed, I am persuaded that by this time we should all of us have either a bullet in our brains or irons on our heels. We have difficulty enough already in avoiding our pursuers, and it is high time to make an example of this fellow."

"Not yet," replied Schwarzkopf. "We must get an unequivocal proof of his treachery. One of these days I will mention before him where we are to pass the night; you shall take the men in another direction, and I will be on the watch to see if the gendarmes visit the place I named. In that manner the gentleman will be caught tripping to the satisfaction of everybody."

"He was right enough to choose the name of Fox," said the lieutenant.

"It seems to me, Wolf," continued Schwarzkopf, "that our affairs are in a most critical state. There is no longer any confidence amongst us. The perpetual pursuit to which we are exposed, and the fatigue it entails, have demoralized and disgusted the men; our profits are daily diminishing, the dangers and hardships of our occupation are beginning far to outweigh its advantages. How many amongst our

people would hesitate, think ye, if they saw their opportunity, to earn the price that is set upon my capture?"

"It is hard to say, captain," replied Wolf, gloomily, "but that some of them would act the traitor, if they dared, there can be little doubt."

"What think you, then, if we were to break up the band?" returned Schwarzkopf. "I will not conceal from you that I am weary of this lawless mode of life. Now is the time to make our conditions for a pardon, before the authorities discover how desperate our position has become. If we delay, it may be too late. According to our laws, it is in my power to quit the society by giving twenty-four hours' notice, but ——"

"That you would surely not do?" interrupted Wolf. "Without you, what would become of us?"

"I will not do it," replied Schwarzkopf, "not only because I am convinced that within those twenty-four hours I should be betrayed and delivered up, but because I know that I am the soul of the band, and I should be ashamed to desert it in the hour of peril. But I have another plan, and I look to you, Wolf, the only man in whom I fully confide, to assist me in it."

"I will readily do so," replied Wolf, "for I also am tired of this restless and dangerous existence. How can I be of use?"

"By doing all in your power to increase the discontent amongst the men. Complain continually of the fatigues and dangers to which we are exposed, extol the comforts and advantages of a peaceful mode of life, under the protection of the law. Trust to me for the rest."

Wolf promised to attend faithfully to the instructions he had received, and the two men repaired together to the place where the poachers were assembled.

It was about eleven o'clock on the evening of the day on which this dialogue took place, and the household of the principal magistrate of the small town of Neuburg, situated within a few miles of the Westwald, had already retired to rest. The magistrate himself, Herr Freidorf, was busied amongst his books and papers, when he heard a knock at his study door, which the next instant was opened, and a man of agreeable countenance, and plainly but not inelegantly dressed, entered the room.

"Pardon this untimely intrusion, Herr Freidorf," said the stranger, "but I have to speak with you on business of the greatest importance."

The magistrate bowed, uttered some common-place phrase of civility, and pointed to a chair.

"Whom have I the honour to address?" said he, when his visitor had seated himself.

"My name is Schwarzkopf," replied the stranger.

"Schwarzkopf!" exclaimed the magistrate, thunderstruck at the name, "not the celebrated ——"

"The celebrated Schwarzkopf," since you are so pleased to style him," interrupted the unabashed intruder.

The magistrate sat for a moment petrified with astonishment; then recovering his presence of mind, he sprang from his seat and seized the bell-rope. The bell did not ring, and the rope came off in his hand.

"It is useless calling for assistance," said Schwarzkopf, smiling, "I have taken all the measures necessary to ensure my safety." So saying,

he opened the door of the study, and the magistrate saw in the corridor a man dressed as a peasant and holding a dark lantern in his hand. At the same moment Schwarzkopf drew a pistol from his pocket. Herr Freidorf sank back in his chair.

"I am in your power," said he.

"Which you have no occasion to fear," replied the poacher. "I come on a peaceful errand, to crave your mediation between myself and the authorities. They have long made war upon me, and are as far from victory as ever. I am willing to treat for peace."

"Your offer," replied the magistrate, "betrays your weakness. And did it not do so, how can you, a violator of the laws of your country, expect to be treated with on this footing of equality?"

"Why not?" replied Schwarzkopf. "You have more to fear from me, than I from you. But I am weary of my manner of life, and desirous of returning to the society of my fellow-men. Consider the expense to which the government is put by the search made after me, and remember that this expense may last for years, and at the end of that time the object proposed may still be unattained. Think of the blood that may be shed, of the destruction of your woods, the ruin of your deer-parks. And what do I and my men risk if we are taken? At the most, three years' imprisonment. You see that I have studied your criminal code."

"I cannot deny the truth of what you say," replied the magistrate, "and it is not impossible that some arrangement might be come to Your conditions—what are they?"

"You have them here," replied Schwarzkopf, placing a paper upon the table. "A free pardon for my men and myself; for each of the former a passage to America, and fifty ducats on arriving there; for myself the situation of ranger in one of the royal forests. I can neither live in idleness nor abandon the noble profession of woodcraft."

"And supposing that these conditions were granted you," said the magistrate, "how are we to know that you have not been guilty of other and worse crimes than poaching? Schwarzkopf, I presume, is an assumed name. What is your real one?"

"I shall not disclose it till my conditions are accepted," answered Schwarzkopf. "It will be time enough then to investigate my former life, and if any crime can be alleged and proved against me, let me be punished accordingly."

"And how," continued Herr Freidorf, "could you, who evidently possess abilities for better things, betake yourself to so precarious and disreputable a course of life?"

"I was driven to it," replied Schwarzkopf. "My father had intended me for the church, but my addiction to a woodsman's life was so strong that he was compelled to yield to my wishes and place me with a ranger whose district adjoined the frontier of the duchy of Nassau, the part of Germany where the game laws are most severe. I had completed my apprenticeship, and was waiting for an appointment that had been promised me, when one day, as I was shooting near the limits of our district, I fired at a stag, which, although mortally wounded, had still strength enough left to cross the boundary. The temptation was too great to be resisted, I followed, and cut the animal's throat with my hunting knife. Scarcely had I done so, when

three of the duke's keepers burst out of the wood, seized me, and conveyed me to prison. I was tried, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment, the most horrible of punishments to one who, like myself, was never happy but when the turf was under his feet and the greenwood over his head. On the way to my place of confinement, I managed to escape, and in my exasperation at my unjust sentence I swore to become a poacher, and to exterminate, to the utmost of my ability, that game, of which the preservation was prized more highly than an honest man's liberty."

There was a frankness of manner about the poacher which interested the magistrate in his favour.

"I am inclined to give credit to your story," said he, "and will do my best to obtain the conditions you ask. To-day is Tuesday. Sunday next, at the same hour, come here and receive your answer. Should it be unfavourable, I guarantee your unmolested return to the forest."

"I shall be punctual," replied the poacher, rising to depart. "You will pardon me, Herr Freidorf," added he, "if I leave my companion for a couple of minutes at your door, as a measure of precaution. Your guarantee does not include this evening."

He bowed to the magistrate and left the room. When, after a short time, Herr Freidorf ventured to open his study door, the corridor was empty. Upon investigation the bell-rope proved to have been cut nearly through with some sharp instrument. The house door, upon which no traces of violence were visible, must have been opened from within, or with a false key.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LETTER.

Five days had elapsed. It was Sunday evening, and Schwarzkopf was seated in a peasant's cottage, his head leaning on his hand, awaiting the hour at which he should betake himself to his rendezvous with Herr Freidorf, when he was interrupted in his meditations by the entrance of Wolf. "What brings you here?" said Schwarzkopf to his lieutenant.

"Our fox is in the trap," replied Wolf, with a satisfied smile; "cunning as he is, I have caught him at last, and we may knock him on the head with a safe conscience."

"You speak in parables," said Schwarzkopf, impatiently; "say at once what you mean."

"I mean," replied the poacher, "that Fox has been writing a letter to the officer of gendarmes. I was in the loft above the room in which he wrote it, and I looked through a crack in the floor. I could not distinguish the contents, but the direction I saw as plainly as I now see you. When he had folded the letter, he put it in the breast pocket of his coat. What say you, shall I take it out to-night whilst he sleeps?"

"It would hardly be advisable," said Schwarzkopf, after a moment's reflection, "now that we are in all probability on the eve of receiving our pardon, and changing our mode of life, to punish Werner with the severity which our regulations authorize. It will be sufficient if we

prevent him from injuring us, and that I can easily find means of doing. Bring him here to me."

Wolf went out, and presently returned accompanied by Werner, who entered the room with a firm step and confident glance, evidently quite unaware of the suspicions entertained of him. At a sign from Schwarzkopf, Wolf left the apartment. The outlaw captain fixed his keen gaze upon the countenance of Werner, who did not sustain it without some signs of embarrassment.

"Give me the letter which you have in your breast pocket," said Schwarzkopf, sternly.

Werner gave a violent start, and then mechanically obeying, he produced the letter. Schwarzkopf snatched it from his hand.

"To Lieutenant Banner, of the Gendarmerie," said he, reading the superscription.

"I am betrayed," exclaimed Werner.

"Say rather that you are a traitor," returned the captain. "Have you so soon forgotten the fourth article of our regulations? Your life is forfeited."

"Read what I have written before you condemn me," said the young man, in some degree regaining his composure. Schwarzkopf opened the letter and read aloud as follows:—

"I am unable to put into execution the intention which I lately communicated to you. I cannot make up my mind to betray a man possessed of so many estimable qualities as the one with whom I have for the last few days been associating. I have abandoned my design, and shall take the first opportunity of returning to my usual occupations."

"The letter is not signed," said Schwarzkopf, when he had done reading. "Would your correspondent know from whom it came?"

"He would so," replied Werner. "I did not sign, lest it should fall into wrong hands. For the same reason your name does not appear in it."

"There may be listeners at hand," resumed the poacher, and therefore I will not tell you your real name, though it is well known to me. But the man who refused to betray me when he thought he had it in his power, shall not be injured if I can help it. There are at least two of the band who know you, and suspect your object in coming here. You are closely watched, and I could not ensure your safety if you were to remain another day amongst us. I will enable you to escape, but upon one condition. Promise me that to-morrow afternoon, at three o'clock precisely, you will be at the house of Carl Sturm, the Westwald ranger, and that previously to that time you will tell him nothing of your proceedings since you have been with us."

"I pledge myself to do your bidding," said Werner, "and in return for the service you so generously render me, let me warn you against your own men. There is a spirit of mutiny and discontent abroad amongst them, and he in whom you most confide, your lieutenant, Wolf, is its instigator."

Schwarzkopf smiled. "Thanks," he said, "for the warning, but Wolf acts by my directions. Leave me now. So soon as it is dark I will fetch you and accompany you till you are out of all danger."

About two hours after midnight of the day on which this conversation took place, the ranger, Sturm, was awakened from a sound sleep by something striking against his window. The noise was repeated a

second and a third time. The ranger got out of bed and opened the casement. "Is it you, Sigismund Holz?" he asked.

"It is," replied the forester.

"And what have you to say to me?"

"Merely this. Remain at home to-morrow afternoon till I come. I have much to tell you. Farewell! Time presses."

And with the word, the young man disappeared in the dark shadow of the forest.

CHAPTER V.

THE DISCOVERY.

On a rustic seat in the ranger's garden, beneath a bower of vine leaves and honeysuckle, Bertha was seated, her fingers busy with needlework, her thoughts wandering to the handsome forester, who had now been many days absent from her father's house. At a window of the dwelling sat the ranger himself, enjoying his after-dinner pipe, and impatiently awaiting the appearance of Sigismund. Presently an exclamation of joy from Bertha reached his ear, and looking out, he saw a green hat and bunch of cocks' feathers appearing above the tall shrubs in the garden. In a few moments Sigismund approached the house, with Bertha leaning on his arm.

"You seem to have made your cause good with my daughter," said Sturm, somewhat testily. "But how is it with our conditions?"

"Here is something towards their fulfilment," replied the forester, drawing a paper from his pocket. "My appointment as ranger of one of the royal forests in Franconia. The post is not the most lucrative of the kind, but it yields sufficient to support a family."

"The devil!" said Sturm, looking at Sigismund with great astonishment; "it is no bad beginning, young man, and may lead to better things. But Schwarzkopf?"

"Shall be delivered up to you," replied Sigismund, confidently.

At this moment a man in a forester's dress was seen coming up the road leading to the house. "My brother Albert!" exclaimed Bertha, joyfully.

"Albert himself," cried the ranger. "What can bring him here, on foot, and so unexpectedly?"

With rapid step Albert reached the house, and entered the room in which the three persons were assembled. Scarcely, however, had he cast his eyes upon Sigismund, when he started back in surprise and consternation.

"You here, Schwarzkopf!" he exclaimed. "You in my father's house!"

"Even so, my dear Fox, or Werner, or Albert Sturm, by whichever name you best please to be called."

"Schwarzkopf!" shouted the ranger, springing furiously from his chair. "Who is Schwarzkopf?"

"I am, or at least I *was*," answered Sigismund. "Pardon the deception I have practised on you."

Beside himself with astonishment and rage, Sturm rushed to the side of the room where his guns were hanging against the wall. Before he could reach them, his son seized his arm.

"Be not hasty, father," he cried; "Schwarzkopf is a brave and generous man, who saved my life when I had sought to take his."

"Have I not fulfilled my conditions and placed Schwarzkopf in your power?" remarked the poacher, smiling.

"Your stratagem shall avail you nothing, villain," cried Sturm. "It was not to you, but to Sigismund Holz that I promised my daughter's hand."

"And Sigismund Holz now stands before you," replied the forester. "Schwarzkopf, the poacher, no longer exists. He has made his peace with the authorities, and his band is broken up. You will surely not refuse me your daughter, for love of whom I have done this good work?"

It is scarcely necessary to explain, what will have been already inferred, that it was Albert Sturm, who, desirous of delivering Schwarzkopf and his band into the hands of justice, had joined them under the name of Werner. Neither shall we relate in detail how it was that the ranger yielded to the united entreaties of his children, and how, within a month after the scene above narrated, the bells rang merrily out for the wedding of Bertha and Sigismund.

THE MOURNFUL TOURNAMENT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

Seven riders free rode forth so bold,
With shield and spear and banner,
Good tournament they went to hold,
The king's fair child to honour.

And when they saw both tower and wall
They heard a faint bell tinkle,
And when they trod the monarch's hall
They saw seven tapers twinkle.

There saw they lying deathly pale
The lovely Adelaide;
The king, with tears and bitter wail;
Sate by the clay-cold maid.

Then spoke the haughty Dagobert;
"My grief I cannot bridle
That I my steed in vain have girt,
That shield and spear lie idle."

Sir Adelbert the gallant said,
"Let not that damp our spirit;
A trusty lance, a good stout blade,
May still the maiden merit."

Sir Walter spoke, a rider bold,
"We best were homeward wending;
To fight for a maiden dead and cold
Can ne'er have happy ending."

Sir Adelbert said: "True she is dead,
Yet lives there none so fair;
She wears a wreath of roses red,
A ring of jewels rare."

So they rode forth upon the plain,
The brave free riders seven;
And until six of them lay slain,
The mortal strife was striven.

The seventh was Adelbert the good,
All other knights excelling;
Dismounting pale and stained with blood
He sought the monarch's dwelling.

He took the wreath of roses red,
The ring of jewels rare;
He fell to earth all pale and dead,
Pale as that maiden fair.

The king a mourning garment wore,
The mourning bells rang slowly;
Six knights the sad procession bore
Unto their graves so lowly.

The seventh was Adelbert the brave,
With his own lovely maid;
In the cool earth their rest they have,
Beneath one gravestone laid.

J. W.

THE GAMBLING BOOTHS AT BADEN.

By Thomas Roscoe, Esq.

Of whatever nature the spell, not unfelt even by the strongest minds —a spell which induced the witty Sedley to travel five hundred miles to witness a single execution, and which extends its power, more or less, over all, impelling us to witness scenes of powerful excitement—who can question its existence?

"Is it not strange," I said to myself, on returning from the promenade, "that I, who have seen so much bodily infirmity and suffering during the day, should feel such a desire to behold a far more terrible exhibition at night? The hallucination of the intellect—the scourge of reason—the very leprosy of the soul!"

But while musing upon the why and the how, I had entered the "Spielsaal," that grand receptacle of vice and folly—the Temple of Fortune's triumphs over the prostrated faculties, and every quality that is estimable in man.

As I proceeded up the rooms, I thought of Virgil and Dante in their "*descensus Averni*," and felt as if I should like to have had them for a guide, to instruct me in its dread mysteries and secret recesses of sorrow. Unluckily no guide to this great Cacus's den, can show a footprint back again, or teach the redeeming art *revocare gradum;* a more than Herculean task, when once the victim of play has entered these doors, which might appropriately borrow Dante's inscription over the infernal gates. My object is simply to record, as exactly as possible what I saw, on the night of my visit, a single leaf out of the innumerable volumes of Transactions in a Society, which far surpasses in its destructive principles that of the assassins of the east, or the blood tribunals of the north and west, which all seem to have found their centre in the modern rage for play.

Not without a slight shudder had I passed the police Cerberus that guards the illuminated portals of this realm of darkness, sin, and pain; yet which bases its title to patronage and support upon the supreme will and pleasure of those who live beyond the law. It always produces a melancholy sensation to see guards posted round a place professedly devoted to scenes of gaiety and pleasure. What a contradiction! What an idea of selfish exclusiveness does it not convey! Then what a retribution for the proposed indulgence of a kind of patent happiness, against which laws are made for the people; and in which the rest of the world must not join. When first confined within the pale of rank and fashion, was it imagined that it contained in its germ the vilest and basest passions, with all those horrors and fatal consequences which the great are so rejoiced to make a present of, and leave exclusively, if they could, to the profane vulgar? No! pleasure, and the love of excitement only were taken into account—the rest, like the ingredients of the witches' cauldron, were supposed to be left behind with Pandora's box, for the enjoyment of the world at large. It was not quite anticipated that suicide, duels, highway robberies, house-breaking, murder, and ignominious deaths, were to fill up at least three-fourths of

the canvas in the glorious picture of monopoly which rank and title had chalked out.

Yet an institution which combines all the ferocities and horrors which met only in a thousand domineering crimes of other times, cannot surely be without some good—as a scourge, like the plague or cholera—to inflict punishment for some other misdeeds, and put the crown to men's sins by a public execution even while on earth. For instance, I could not but approve of the delegated power of the modern Cerberus alluded to, which had the effect of keeping the tortured souls in order, and making their vulture appetite and inward raging passions all assume the mild and gentle aspect of the lamb. The respectful silence which reigned throughout reminded one of the school of the ancient, who made all wisdom to consist in ruling the unruly member for a given time; and it had certainly an aristocratic air, spite of the ins and outs—the change of seats and places among the observers and the observed—"peace" where there is no peace was the sovereign law.

All along the sides sat in a shining row the beautiful and the plain, the Graces and the sister Fates, all belonging to the fair sex, and if the awarders of the domestic destinies grew weary of observing, music, cards, or chit chat, waited to welcome them close by. Clouds of flatterers and admirers hovered round them; others lounged about, roving from table to table, where Plutus was busy, pushing for the government and its lessees a very pretty and thriving trade. There he was, like the talisman we read of in eastern story, whose business it was to bring every thing wanted within the prescribed limits in a given time; the magician, who, with his squares, circles, and magic numbers, threw his absorbing spell over every table, making statues of men as stony as their hearts; or like that noble metal, which, declining any connexion with low iron, deigns to draw unto itself only silver and gold. Rolls and caskets, and shining heaps added to the potency of the charm; the four-and-twenty kruitzer piece, that seemed to ask you to come and clutch it at the "Roulette" as you passed by—the greater crown at the second table—the half-crown at the "Trente et Un," and so in proportion, that you might just take a little step, or mount the great ladder of fortune at your option.

It is this adaptation of such an institution to all sizes and tastes that, with the varying moods and motives, insures its infernal success. Next come the magic forms and incantations, in the shape of, "Play, play! *faites votre jeu!*" from the eager croupier, in a tone to electrify the younger comers, while the veterans are already seated, hard at it; at the same time flourishing his rateau of the hour as new corsairs of the green table seat their intended victims and prepare to fleece them.

Suddenly, as if conjured from their ocean home, you see the gold and silver fishes—apt symbols of those doomed to the net and the hook—flying about in all directions, in all the sparkling colours of hope, upon the green smooth surface. All things are arranged, change aspect, or are settled in a twinkling; no want of energy, no delay complained of here, as the quick, business-like question, "*Jeu fait?*" as the ball flies to its destined point; and then the "*rien ne va plus!*" in a suppressed tone of thunder, when some unlucky one pockets his last piece, in the superstitious notion that it will be better to reserve it, and

thus perhaps break the tide against him, for some happier occasion. All the pangs of suspended fate are concentrated in the brief period before he shall venture his final stake, or in what he shall venture it, as he watches the golden showers pouring upon the head of some one who has plucked him, the heap growing larger and larger upon the board. All is in deep and desperate contrast.

In other parts, however, fortune's tide preserves a more agreeable course; ebbing and flowing as if with some regard to conscience. Here again, where play rages like a dance of drunken bacchanals, its contrast is seen in the quiet serious air of the banker, who presides over the destinies of the card-tables. His party was not a large one, while the quarter crown table was full, and the little "Roulette" overflowing; the whirl, the clash, and the ring of money changing hands, being in proportion to its minor stakes, and its conflicting numbers. It was the theatre of the smaller interests; of passions less repressed, and of maledictions often loud as well as deep. It was a sort of "High Life below Stairs."

Soon my attention was drawn to a few of the more distinguished performers; the masters of the art, deeply versed as the old Egyptian priests in the arcana of their business, and of whom rather than speak impartially, I had rather not speak at all; for like other Briarean rulers, they have long arms. As little use would it be to caution their great rivals and former victims—those veterans among the *dilettanti*, who have survived the "ordeal fierce," and succeeded in forging weapons to turn against the professors, who first initiated to victimise them. Such caution could only extend to their younger connexions, to their special friends and companions, not yet sacrificed. The sharp practice of these grand specimens of their genus is typified in the sharp and sinister expression, in the keen reckless eye, and pointed feature; in each fold of the brow, each wrinkle and line of the face are written former care and present want of prey.

The same characteristics, by no means favourable to beauty, will apply to the female votaries of the card-table, on whom—the case being hopeless, all advice would be lost. But there is another class—the more recently initiated—whom I easily recognised as not yet bearing the mark of the beast, and in so far open to redemption if their better genius interpose. But this is a miracle he seldom performs.

Just opposite where I was standing sat a very striking figure, whose powerful frame, strong, yet aristocratic cast of countenance, proud sarcastic expression, with his richness of costume, seemed to attract more eyes than mine. He wore a dark riding coat, a bright red plush waistcoat, over which hung a large broad gold chain and opera-glass; his whole appearance and ease of manner marking the man of rank and fashion. With an air of apparent absence and indifference he was playing with the seals of his gold watch, which, with a massy gold snuff-box, and a gold musical box, lay beside him; indeed, he seemed to be environed with gold and silver, large heaps of dollars, to which he was carelessly adding, lying near him. A few minutes before taking his seat he had been observed in the public walk to spurn the prayer of a poor cripple; but here the great capitalist in the realms of fraud spread his treasures lavishly, with an expression of contempt, as if he cared not how soon they should disappear. And was he fated to find his match where he least expected it

The dice-box—to which he now challenged a stranger—a simple-looking and apparently plain, unpretending character, whose fate I looked on as sealed—was the only game for a mind like his. The gold fish, it was whispered, were fast following the silver ones into his net. Pale, lean, and shrivelled, with a hanging look and a stupid expression that flatly said he knew nothing and cared for nobody, he was yet reputed wealthy withal. He was "a fresh one," another sheep come to the shearing; he was deemed hardly worth a contest, but he coolly accepted the challenge. The stakes ran high; a few throws went in favour of the grand aristocrat, who looked round him with an air of triumph—the eyes of the by-standers following his, while I kept mine fixed on the ugly little man right before me. Was it fancy, or did I observe a rapid motion of his left hand on making a throw, after which a fierce gleam shot from his sharp, deep-set eye, and he evidently what is termed "brightened up." The tide turned; the great speculator at every throw became less the favourite—bets were speedily made high on the other side to cover the first;—stakes are again and again doubled—still in favour of the little ugly man—the charm works deeper and deeper—the hell broth bubbles up from its lowest dregs, sparkles and hisses till it runs over the infernal cauldron.

Such a storm and hurly-burly of the passions could not last long, and there are limits even to the most astounding wrath. As the battle grew more and more animated, the expression of the different passions through the whole scale, from indifference, pride, scorn, to fear, hatred, revenge, horror,—the entire scene as it drew nigher its close was truly terrific. It then seemed as if all the evils the human mind could anticipate—shame, grief, want, desperation, were all there painted indelibly upon the features of the but now proud, high-soaring spirit that seemed as if born to look down on his fellow-man? It is all over! Every bit of gold and silver, to his watch, chain, and seals, his snuff-box, pencil-case, were all put into requisition ere the last hope expired. As he rose and passed on, gliding like a spectre from the scene of his former triumphs, a sort of horror seemed to seize the bystanders, and I felt a strange icy chill run through my frame.

But see! all eyes are rivetted upon that little man, while his grand-looking predecessor is forgotten. He seemed to exult for some moments after the successful exercise of his demon power, and then looked more insignificant, ugly, and stupid than before. Who will finish or unmask HIM, was the whisper? Yet he was not the worst nor the most formidable of his class.

"Once mounted—sit fast!" cried a jockey-looking personage, but evidently of some rank, as he reached his hand over the table and laid down a few gold pieces. "When I bet it is upon my horse, for I know whom I have to trust to—he'll show game; and it's the surest game for me of all."

"My lord," whispered a chatty little man at my elbow, "is just arrived with eighteen high-bred horses in Baden. He loves them much more than wife, children, friends, relatives, and all the world put together, indeed he is a true friend and father of the turf. But he may well boast of his horse, for he has lost sixteen out of the eighteen already in this place;—he does right to use himself to the singular number 'my horse,' in time—for you saw him put down his money; there is a race to-morrow, and at the end of it he most likely won't have one

left. Spite of his motto of 'once mounted,' &c., he must walk or hire like other people until a fresh batch arrives. No! he will never learn to ride the high horse here."

"But who are those people with the unconscionable-sized breast-pins, the brilliancy of which, if pure stones, would become a kingly crown. Are they poets, musicians, exiles, or lovers—as their attentions to those two beautiful neighbours of theirs would seem to imply?"

"They are officers in plain dress," was the reply, "and you see how they are trying to prevail on their fair companions to try their luck at one of the card tables. But Eve's fair daughters, by that little shrug of the shoulders, seem to have some more serious game in view, and love and conquest assuredly become those features better than the demon power of avarice, which real play is. Did you ever hear a gambler laugh like them, with that clear ringing sound? Could they see the hidden furies that preside over those tables, the hateful, baleful passions that metamorphose human hearts into so many Adramelechs—a prey to every gust of fortune, they would not call it play, but most serious and hard work—half the energy necessary for which being directed to noble pursuits would raise men to honourable fame and independence."

"See!" observed my chatty friend, "there is one of the handsomest, noble spirited young fellows now in Baden. He is losing, and mark the power of the horrid vice in deforming the finest features. Nay, I have seen it, and it can make the most beautiful woman's face look absolutely ugly."

This last observation seemed to attract the attention of the young party near us, for one of the ladies being again solicited to join a new set, exclaimed with peculiar energy, "Not for the world! I detest cards, and I will detest them as long as I live, though I had very nearly become fond of them," and as she spoke she bestowed a particularly com plaisant look upon my little neighbour.

The case of the young man alluded to was evidently becoming desperate; with trembling hand, and looks of mingled rage and terror, he was seeking for his last piece, if he had one.

"There is more than shame and remorse in that look, his honour is lost too; he is paying his last in part of what he owes. Were I that winning neighbour of his, I should not like him to see me home tonight. I saw an expression that I know well from long observation here; it is even worse than despair, for it augurs danger to others; he will not die without a struggle—perhaps a fearful crime."

That unhappy man had married a rich and fashionable woman—already initiated in the fatal vice. She had married for what is called love, but it had not banished the stronger passion. To the woman then who loved him he owed his present ruin, and she too was there to witness it. A splendid beauty and reigning toast not long ago, she was still an object of pursuit to the most seductive and abandoned of his class—a gay Lothario of sixty who, long scorned, and now thinking his conquest sure, was insidiously inviting the ruined man's wife to play. She has nothing. See, he offers her gold,—her eye is directed towards him she has ruined—shall she venture—shall she save him at any price—him whom she still loves—then, perhaps, more fondly, distractedly than ever? What a moment! and for a decision on which hung impending ruin and death, or dishonour. Could she have foreseen that the card-table would have brought her to such a moment, how would her soul

have abhorred the thought of play—that mere speck which had slowly and gradually assumed the dimensions of a giant. Ah! she rejects the golden bribe; but she puts down a crown piece—is it her last?—and —she wins. With a forced laugh,—not the happy, ringing laugh we had just heard,—she handed to her husband what she had won. He arose, approached, and having placed it in her reticule, hurried from the spot. Her eye followed his receding form, and I was so near her that I could hear a deep drawn but suppressed sigh that shook her whole frame as if it came from the inmost recesses of her soul. A small heap of shining gold lay near where she stood: her eye rested on it, there was a large prize to be thrown for in a lottery. With her last gains she bought a ticket—it was soon over—the croupier announced the happy number, it was that she held in her hands. One uplifted look, one gentle folding of the hands towards heaven, and, with a look of ecstasy I can never forget, she stretched them forth to receive the prize, and she was gone. A laugh of scorn followed her retreating steps, while a gleam of disappointed rage and malice shot across the features of the wily seducer, whose long pursued prey was thus snatched out of his very grasp.

But I had no time for comment: quick as light, my little friend hurried me away, and we hastily followed the steps of the lady, to learn as far as possible the result.

"I fear," observed my companion, "that she will be too late. Fortune seldom plays such pranks with a family as with hers to-night, without some singular fatality or notable result. I have visited that hall thirty years in search of such, just as you go to see a man's head in the mouth of a lion bit off; but I never met with a more curious case. The fine aristocratic-looking man, plundered by the agent of the hoary seducer, an English lord, is the father of that lovely young creature. From him and in his parties she imbibed her fatal love of play; she married that noble-looking fellow, whom you saw lose his last penny, for he was drawn into the same vortex. I wonder if he has yet shot himself, gone off, or robbed some bank—I am most curious to learn—for I cannot imagine she will find *both* alive—there would be nothing to add to my cases and precedents—the study of a life. No, no, she cannot find them safe! But, see, there she is."

We had followed her to the most lonely and shady part of the chestnut-walk—the first spot, my friend assured me, to which the ruined victims of this vice resort, to decide upon what they shall next do.

There was a tall figure seen at some distance, towards which that lady was fast hurrying. He moved not a step, leaning with his head against a tree, though conscious of her approach.

"Father!" she cried, trying to arouse him, for it was the proud portly figure we had seen early in the evening; "do not despair! God has helped us this time, and, oh! never let us tempt our fate again—no, never; for I played with my last crown, and see what it has brought—without this we must have wanted even food for to-morrow. God has helped, but were I to live a hundred thousand years, I never would again risk the possibility of suffering the soul-distracting anguish which I have endured to-night."

"You are right," replied the once proud man, completely overcome; "my dear child, I have already a load of guilt enough upon my soul—I am the author of all those sufferings—we must try."

"Oh, yes!" she exclaimed, "try to forget the past. But where is my Frederick? it was his good genius surely that protected me; nothing but my love, my reverence, my deep devotedness, amid all my cruel faults and errors, could ever have supported me through such a terrific scene. Oh, take me to him!"

Scarcely had she uttered these words when a sudden flash, followed by a quick report, threw a momentary light through the trees at a distance.

"Did you hear?" cried my friend; "was I not right? it could not end without something dreadful. When did it? and especially in any chronic affair like this: one or two single isolated faults, or even crimes, may boast impunity and escape; but when did any connected series of vices or errors fail to meet with a most tremendous visitation at last?"

All the time he uttered these philosophic ejaculations, we were hastening towards the spot; ere we reached it, a wild, piercing shriek seemed to confirm my friend's worst predictions. There, stretched upon the turf in the arms of death, from which no love nor remorse could snatch him, lay the lifeless form of him for whose sake she had been impelled to make one last heroic effort, and then to renounce the soul-destructive vice for ever.

"Oh, my love! oh, father!" she murmured, "one moment earlier, and he was safe. Ah! why did you not tell me—but Heaven is angry, I see! I feel its retributive justice—I see it all now—too late—too late!"

And again she gave way to those heart-piercing shrieks, as she fell on his dead body.

MY ANCESTORS.

My ancestors were glorious
  Midst England's barons bold,
In many a field victorious
  They proved themselves of old.
But now their race ye scarce may trace
  In earth's extended fold.

On many a castellated tower
  Their banner reared its pride,
And many a serf in danger's hour
  They mustered to their side.
But now their might has vanished quite
  In Time's destroying tide.

O'er many a mile of hill and plain
  Did they extend their sway,—
O'er many a hall and fair domain,
  O'er many a village gay.
But now their wealth has fled by stealth,
  And passed away.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF NIMROD.

No. I.

FEW men made more noise while living, and have descended more silently to the grave, than the distinguished gentleman whose *nom de chasse* we have placed at the head of this paper. Two pages, we believe, will comprise all that has been written about the writer of more than twenty volumes.

Charles James Apperley, for such was the real name of our author, was born at or near Wrexham, in the county of Denbigh, in, we believe, the year 1778. He was the second son of a gentleman of ancient family, a stout old church and king Tory, living on his own property on the Welsh side of the county of Hereford. The family consisted of eight children, two sons and six daughters. Nimrod's father lived to the advanced age of eighty-six; at eighty-two being equal to all the enjoyments of life. His mother, who was a Miss Wynn, attained the age of seventy-three. Of her family, all that we glean from Nimrod's writings is, that three out of four "own brothers to his mother," as he sportingly terms them, drank themselves to death before forty, while the fourth was a man of great stature and personal prowess, and called "Leg Wynn," from the symmetry of his formation. This gentleman could carry a table about in his teeth, and thrash the best man in Oxford, whether gownsman or raff. He was what is called an awkward customer, as the following anecdote shows.

The county of Merioneth having been very severely contested, it was necessary to place a guard at the gate of the castle-yard at Harlech, the county town in which the voters on one side were assembled. Leg Wynn was on the opposite side, and on his being seen approaching, a voice exclaimed, "*Double the guard at the gate, there is Bob Wynn coming, three parts drunk.*"

Old Nimrod, if we may so designate a gentleman who we believe did not hunt, was a scholar—at least so says his son.

"My father," writes Nimrod, in the *Old Sporting Magazine*, "was a literary man—corresponded with Dr. Johnson—read Greek before breakfast—and being himself a scholar, he fondly hoped he should have made one of me; but in the weakness of his affections, being unable to say 'no,' his hopes were blasted. He suffered me to follow fox hounds in a red coat and cap, like puss in boots, before I was twelve years old; so instead of a scholar, he made me a fox-hunter, which in my humble opinion was a much better thing."

The old gentleman was more successful with the elder brother, who we believe was induced to become a clergyman, but he too had a passion for hunting, and according to Nimrod was a capital performer across country. Nimrod, in his early career as a writer, we remember was mistaken for his brother, and at one time it was currently reported that the author of "Nimrod's Letters" was a clergyman. The brother, it seems, had some other propensities, besides hunting, at least if we may judge from the concluding portion of the following lamentation on the sale of the paternal estate, written some five-and-twenty years ago.

Speaking of a good anecdote, which he would reserve as he was "not in the humour" for telling it then, Nimrod says,

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Speaking of a good anecdote, which he would reserve as he was "not in the humour" for telling it then, Nimrod says,

"This is a day of bad import. On this sad day comes to the public hammer the last and only remaining birthright of my family. When I read the description of the property, 'The ancient monastery surrounded by its own grounds, gardens, lawns, and woods,' when I think of the ages in which it has answered to the name of its owner, and when I picture to myself the classic elegance of the house—now perhaps to be occupied by some half-bred Englishman, some Dutch Jew-broker, my heart bleeds within me. But it is gone! the name of * * * * * is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more. Had this fine estate been spent in fox-hunting, some consolation would have been left to me; but the greater part of it has been frittered away in the pomps, the vanities, and the nothingnesses of this empty world."

Nimrod, thus early in the day, exhibited his dislike to trade and mercantile pursuits—a feeling that is traceable throughout the generality of his writings.

Our author was educated at Rugby, and seems to have had some idea of the nature of scent even in those early days. Rugby appears to have been rather an ill-conducted school, if we may judge from what he wrote of it in *Fraser's Magazine*, under the title of "Memorabilia Bacchanalia."

Talking of drinking in early life, he says, "It too often commenced at a public school, as mine did at that of Rugby. How often have I been hoisted over a wall at night, and rehoisted by the same means with a bottle of wine under my great coat from '*Master* Lamley,' as we used to call him of the Spread Eagle, or 'old Brummage,' of the Black Bear. The price of the bottle was half-a-crown, and what it was composed of mattered not; it was black and strong, and called *Port*.

"The old master, 'a dear lover of a drop himself,'" says Nimrod, "used to try to get to the windward of the boys whom he suspected of drinking, and so to deaden the scent they used to have recourse to bits of orange and lemon-peel."

Nimrod says there were boys at Rugby in his time who became habitual drunkards.

On leaving school our hero entered the army—a dragoon regiment—though which we do not remember. It was chiefly in Ireland, we believe, during the time Nimrod was in it, at all events it was there during the rebellion. How long he remained in it we do not know, but he appears to have left it by the beginning of the present century. He hunted in it one season, as we learn by his writings, though in what part or with what stud does not appear. He found out, however, that the way the Irish horses became such good drain-leapers, was to be attributed solely to their education; it being the custom to put a fellow more than three parts drunk on the horse's back, with a pair of sharp spurs and a cutting whip, who would take no refusal at any thing he put him at. Quitting Ireland, and we presume the army too, Nimrod made his appearance in Leicestershire in 1802, just at the close of the great Mr. Meynell's hunting career.

"Casting over my boyish days," says he, in his "Hunting Reminiscences," written in 1843, "I will proceed to the first year of my visiting Leicestershire, which was in 1802, I believe; at all events it was the first year of Lord Sefton taking the Quorn hounds from Mr. Meynell, and I cannot do better than commence with Mr. Meynell himself."

He then goes on to describe a run, during which he rode alongside this pattern for fox-hunters, and had his figure before him in his mind's eye.

"He rode a strong black horse, possessing twice the speed he appeared to have, and of course a perfect fencer; indeed, I saw his rider charge a very fair brook just before the finish, scarcely appearing to look at it, his attention being riveted to the hounds, which he was frequently heard to cheer. Although forty-one years ago, I have a good recollection of his face, and still better of his person; his gray locks more than peeping from under his black cap, and his keen, ay, piercing eye; I remember also that he sat rather on one side on his saddle, as if he had one stirrup shorter than another, and was without spurs, but kept kicking his horse's sides with his heels, not at all afraid of going the pace over all kinds of ground. His appearance was extremely sportsmanlike."

Nimrod then took Bilton Hall, near Rugby, in Warwickshire, formerly the residence of Addison, where he cultivated the chase very assiduously; Bilton being within reach of five packs of fox-hounds. Here he remained, we believe, the greater part of twenty years, when he removed to Beaupaire, Hampshire, close to the Vine, the residence of the late Mr. Chute, thirty years member for the county, and owner of a capital pack of hounds. Nimrod's first acquaintance with this gentleman and removal into Hampshire is so quaintly told by him, that we may as well continue his memoir in his own words.

"My first acquaintance with Mr. Chute," writes Nimrod, "was by accident, for although I had heard of him and his hounds, I never crossed him in my path till I went from London, in the spring of 1822, to look at the house I afterwards lived in in Hampshire; and in returning from an inspection of it to a post-chaise that was waiting for me in a lane, I saw a person tit-up-ing along on a little brown hackney, in rather a shabby surtout, with saddle, bridle, hat and boots, all a dead match. Now to tell the real truth, when he approached me, I took him for the parish-doctor; but the sight of his pig-tail, in addition to a slight bow that he honoured me with *en passant*, convinced me of the fact. Seeing him then open the gate that led to Beaupaire House, I ventured to holloa him back, when he instantly pulled up his horse.

"'Pray, sir,' said I, 'can you give me any account of this house, for there is no one here but a drunken keeper who can tell me any thing about it?'

"'What, sir!' said he, 'have you a mind to take it?'

"I told him such was my wish.

"'Are you a sportsman?' said he, looking at my boots and breeches, in which I chanced to be clad.

"'A bit of one,' was my reply.

"'*Then take it, sir*,' said he, emphatically, '*you will be within half a mile of the best pack of fox-hounds in England*.'

"'My God!' said I, 'is it Mr. Chute whom I have the honour of addressing, and with whom I have taken this liberty.'

"'WILLIAM CHUTE IS THE MAN,' replied he. 'I am going to see two puppies that are at walk, but I will overtake you directly, and you must call and see my hounds.'

* * * * *

"In three weeks from this time," continues Nimrod, "I became a

neighbour to Mr. Chute, but as hunting was concluded, I saw nothing of his hounds in the field till the summer was over, and I believe that never passed too quickly for him. Nevertheless I saw a good deal of him, and he certainly was, in his way, a very singular character—something approaching Sir Roger de Coverley, but without his gravity. He had, however, many of the good qualities of the worthy knight—he was a good landlord and a good master. He conversed with his tenants as if they were his equals, and treated his servants as if they were his friends; indeed, the easy, good-humoured, but rather unfashionable manner in which he generally spoke to them, gave somewhat a licence to their tongues. He told me that one day, as he was sheltering from a storm, under one side of a thick hedge on his farm, and some of his labourers were doing the same thing on the other, he overheard a conversation in which the names of his butler, his bailiff, his huntsman, and himself were every now and then introduced. 'There was *Mr.* Chapman,' said he, my bailiff; there was *Mr.* Woods, my butler; there was *Mr.* Nixon, my huntsman; but when my name was introduced I was *old Billy!*'"

Nimrod of course soon took a turn with the renowned hounds. Riding to cover with them one morning he asked the huntsman, *Mr.* Nixon, if Mrs. Chute liked the hounds.

"To be sure she does," replied the huntsman, "they keep master quiet, for he's a terribly noisy man about a house."

But to return to Nimrod. Having got himself settled in Hampshire, and taken a couple of farms, he bethought himself of turning his sporting career to some account, accordingly he opened a treaty with Mr. Colburn for the publication of a work on sporting. Pending the negotiation, a friend advised Nimrod to offer his services to *The Sporting Magazine*, a work then but little known, but which it was conceived might be made something of. *The Sporting Magazine*, up to that time, was a very different sort of work to what it is now. It was published at a low price, theatricals, *crim. cons.*, prize fights, dreadful accidents, cocking, chit chat, and other matters, were admitted into its pages, and what was original in the literary department was evidently supplied by persons without much knowledge of their subject. A bargain was struck, and Nimrod commenced quietly with some papers "On Pleasure," signed with the letter A, after which he adopted the signature of Acastus, then a British Sportsman, and, finally, the name of "Nimrod," into which he merged all others.

On referring to Nimrod's early writings it will not be surprising that his first really good article should have been on Warwickshire. His long residence in the county, his friendship with many of the leading men in it, and his partiality for it as a hunting country, all conspired to throw energy into his pen, and cause the production of a masterly article. That feeling remained in full force after all his subsequent experience, and it is worthy of remark how the same spirit glows in an article written many years after, describing "Warwickshire" as a hunting country, though the language and arrangement is perfectly different.

"When I first hunted in it, the county of Warwick," says Nimrod in 1822, "was not as universally known as it is at the present moment. Leamington was then only a small village, which we galloped through as we did any other by the road-side, without looking at it. It now

contains magnificent hotels and houses. It is the resort of all descriptions of persons, who during their residence there have little else to do but explore the beauties of the country, and they are well paid for their trouble."

In 1831 he writes:—

"Descending Long Compton Hill we enter the rich vale of Warwickshire—rich in agricultural possessions; lavish of rural beauties, and renowned for the wealth and respectability of its inhabitants.

"As a hunting country, Warwickshire ranks third. With some this point has been disputed; but that it *once was* the third best hunting country in England no sportsman who knows it can deny. Look at its dimensions:—it commenced at Hooknorton, just on the confines of Oxfordshire, and ended at the town of Birmingham. So much for its length, at least forty miles. In breadth, say from Woolford Wood to Ladbroke, within two miles of Southam, not less than twenty-five."

And so he proceeds throughout the article, for which see *New Sporting Magazine*, Vol. II., p. 343. Mr. Corbet was the Magnus Apollo of Warwickshire in Nimrod's early days, just as Mr. Meynell was of Leicestershire, and his admiration for them appears to have been equal, though his acquaintance with the former was greater. Mr. Corbet was a master of fox-hounds upwards of forty years, thirty-one years of which they were in Warwickshire, and he never received a guinea subscription to them, with the exception of five pounds a year by each member of the Stratford Hunt Club to reward the earth-stoppers of the country.

"Succeeding to a fine estate," writes Nimrod, in 1822, "Mr. Corbet went abroad after having concluded his education, and returned to his native country a finished gentleman of the old school."

And here we may observe how different that statement is to the generally received opinion of the education of sportsmen of the old school, and how men of the present day flatter themselves in supposing they are superior in manners, accomplishments, or refinement, to those who have gone before.

It is worthy of observation, also, that Mr. Meynell did very much the same as Mr. Corbet. Mr. Meynell was a second son, but his father having disinherited the elder brother, he came into a fine estate at an early age, when finding that he had not made the best use of education to qualify him for the proper enjoyment of fortune, he engaged a tutor with whom he studied diligently for two or three years.

But to return to Mr. Corbet:

"To the last year of his life," writes Nimrod, "Mr. Corbet was remarkable for the neatness of his person and extremely gentlemanlike appearance. His manners were peculiarly adapted to a man at the head of a pack of fox-hounds, being civil and obliging to the whole field, and particularly so to the farmers, by whom he was so much respected, that the destruction of a fox by foul play was never heard of in Warwickshire in his time."

The following anecdote gives one a pretty good idea of the man:

"Though no man," says Nimrod, "performed the duties of life more correctly than Mr. Corbet, he was wrapped up in his hounds. *His mind was with them* although *corporeally absent*, as the following anecdote will prove. He had lost his hounds one day, as also had a friend of mine who was out with them; and as he was riding in search

of them he was passed by Mr. Corbet at a pretty slapping pace, when he exclaimed, '*Pray don't ride over the hounds!* you'll only spoil your own sport!' The hounds were not within five miles of him at the time."

"Warwickshire," writes Nimrod, "never knew happier days than during the period of Mr. Corbet hunting it. The farmers had plenty of money and so had their landlords, and the greatest good fellowship and sociability prevailed throughout the county. Every man who was a sportsman, and had a good horse in it, made a party for some of his brother sportsmen on the day preceding a favourite fixture, and I recollect on one occasion turning out every morning for a week together among eight red and two black coats, from under one man's roof."

Nimrod thought the Hunt Club at Stratford, where the dinners were not more than twenty-four or twenty-six shillings a-head, very reasonable, an opinion in which few of our provincial brethren will, we think, be disposed to coincide. But Nimrod was no economist. The best of every thing satisfied him, and he was as well qualified to spend that now common *conversational* income—"ten thousand a-year"—as any man we ever met. We believe too he would have spent the greater part of it in hunting.

Simultaneously with "Warwickshire" and other articles, appeared the papers on "Riding to Hounds." The latter were among the best of Nimrod's productions. His heart and soul were in his subject. Nor was the mere personal prowess of the thing the only light in which he viewed it.

"Independent of the pleasure arising from *the chase*," he says, "I have always considered a covert side with hounds to be one of the most lively scenes in nature. The pride of the morning—the meeting of friends, and the anticipation of diversion, contribute to raise the spirits and expand the soul. In my experience in life I have found or heard of but few friendships formed on the associations of very early years, and for one lasting friendship founded at a school or college I have known a dozen proceeding from fox-hunting."

Nimrod's writings had begun to attract attention not only in the sporting world, but in the world at large. *The Morning Post* noticed his contributions, saying "that a sensation had been created by the letters of a gentleman in *The Sporting Magazine*, who appeared to have passed all his life among hounds, horses, and coachmen,—that his style was so excellent, the editor thought it was a pity it had not been more worthily directed."

This reminds me of an anecdote Nimrod used to tell of an interview he once had with Doctor Parr.

After speaking of a former pupil of the doctor's, Nimrod observed, "You had another pupil to whom I have the pleasure of being known, and who was a schoolfellow of mine."

"Pray, sir, who is he?" asked the doctor.

"Mr. P——y, sir," replied Nimrod.

"A very clever man, sir," resumed the doctor, "a very clever man indeed! A strange taste for *horse, dogs, and coaches.* Strange propensities for a clever man!"

It was not until December, 1823, that Nimrod appeared otherwise than as the chronicler of past doings of the chase, or the writer of sporting essays and sketches. His writings, however, were "answer-

ing" to the proprietors of *The Sporting Magazine*, as the following important notice in the November number of the magazine of that year shows.

"It must be obvious to our readers from our recent notices to various correspondents, that we have frequently been under the necessity of suppressing the insertion of valuable and interesting matter for want of necessary space. This difficulty, unless some remedy be applied, is likely to increase on us rather than otherwise, having redoubled our exertions to obtain an additional quantity of original information, such as we pledge ourselves will be interesting to the sporting world. To enable us to put our intentions into effect, we have resolved on increasing the number of our pages; for this we shall be under the necessity of raising *The Sporting Magazine* to half-a-crown; and we doubt not that when the next number is seen, the alteration will be cheerfully acquiesced in."

Accordingly the December number commences the since celebrated "Tours;" and, as if in contrast to what he had written of Warwickshire, Leicestershire, and the flying countries, Nimrod throws off in the metropolitan county of Surrey. His first essay is with the Surrey hounds. Thus he commences:

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

"Sir,

"It has so happened that, with the exception of three days with the late King's stag-hounds, and two or three with the Oakley, five years ago, I never hunted within forty miles of London in my life. Accident, however, bringing me into Surrey, in the beginning of the present month, I lost no opportunity of seeing the different packs of hounds which it contains, and shall offer our readers a short account of each in their turns.

"I confess," he continues, "it excited no small degree of interest to satisfy myself how the system of fox-hunting was carried on within a dozen miles of the metropolis, where, in general, the country is so thickly inhabited, where there are so many gentlemen's plantations, and where, calculating by the points of the compass, it is not three to one that the chase do not lead into London. A few days' experience, however, dispelled all such apprehension, as there is a chain of woodlands through all that part called 'the Hills,' too inviting for a fox to quit for a country of which he can have little knowledge, and where he would not be likely to be very well received."

This may hold good with foxes, but not so with deer; for if we remember right, Davies hunted one into the Regent's Park since the establishment of the Great Western, by which he returned, hounds, horses, and all, after the feat.

An amusing circumstance happened to Nimrod while in the renowned county of Surrey—new to himself, he says, as doubtless it will be to many of our readers.

"The second day," says he, "I missed a very good run by a trick that was quite new to me, and which I hope I shall never experience again. When I got to covert, I found my horse was not there; and as it was on the high road, and I had written down the fixture, I thought nothing less than that he had dropped down dead on the road. It

seems, however, that a gentleman from London told a man who kept one of the turnpike-gates, to tell his servant, who was coming on a bay horse, to go back again. It so happened that my bay horse made his appearance first, and of course obeyed the order."

This reminds us of a wrinkle we picked up in what is called a Down country—a very open one that is to say. Having caught a loose horse, we handed him over to a whip, who immediately turned up the flap of the saddle to see who he belonged to, the gentlemen all having their names written in them for fear of such accidents. A loose horse on Salisbury Plain would have a poor chance without this precaution.

His tour in this number (December, 1823), comprises his visit to the Sanderstead and Mr. Meager's harriers, both then in the neighbourhood of that metropolitan Melton, Croydon. The former were what are called *blue mottled*, or ticked hounds, long-eared, slow, and musical, a breed that has become almost extinct, owing to the increased desire for pace.

Mr. Meager's hounds were true harriers; and the character of the worthy master—now, like blue mottled harriers, almost extinct—is well described by Nimrod.

"There is another pack of harriers kept within a mile of this town (Croydon)," says he, "which an admirer of hare-hunting would ride a long way to see. They are kept at the sole expense of their owner, Mr. *Meager*, who has had them for twenty years, and turns them out in very good style. He hunts them himself, but is assisted by a whipper-in, who knows his business well; but, if I may hazard a pun on the occasion, there is nothing *meagre* about them—hounds, horses, and *men* appearing to be all well fed, and well up to the mark.

"Mr. Meager is an excellent farmer as well as an excellent sportsman, and is said to be the best judge of a sheep and a harrier anywhere in these parts, paying equal attention to the breeding of each. Although in possession of very considerable landed property, he classes himself with the yeomanry of the county. This was the man, however, whom a monarch envied, as enjoying life without being a slave to its formalities, and who is often happier than his more wealthy neighbour, who leaves nature behind him when he dismounts from his horse, and has his part to act for the rest of the day. The former calls for his slippers and his dinner as soon as he comes home, and if (which is rare) no one partakes of his hospitality for the evening, he can snore in his chair, whilst his daughter plays 'Those Evening Bells,' or some other of Moore's melodies on her piano. He retires to rest at an early hour, and is called by the crowing of the cock fresh for the occupations of the coming day."

From so unsophisticated a character, one would naturally expect a corresponding establishment, and Nimrod says, there was no affectation of the fox hound (that curse of modern harriers) in Mr. Meager's pack; his harriers, like his sheep, being of pure blood, and exactly what they should be—full of power, fast enough to kill any hare, and in beautiful condition.

"Mr. Meager," continues Nimrod, "is a great farmer, and having a good eye to business as well as to hounds, never loses an opportunity of transacting to advantage. Being one day in the act of capping a favourite hound to a very ticklish scent in a road, and anxious to reco-

ver his hare, a man stood by him who had some manure to sell, when the following interlude took place:

"'Yo-doit, Nancy! Have you sold that dung?'

"'No, sir,' said John.

"'Yo-doit, Nancy, good bitch! What do you ask a load?'

"'Three shillings, sir.'

"'Yo-doit, Nancy; have at her, good bitch! I'll give you half-a-crown.'

"'Can't take it, sir.'

"'Go and be d—d then! Yo-doit, Nancy, good bitch! She's got it, by God! Hark to, Nancy, hark!'"

A similar sketch of this celebrated gentleman is given by an amusing writer (Wildrake) in a recent number of the *New Sporting Magazine*.

"Few originals in the hunting world," says he, "have surpassed this worthy old man; and no one who ever saw him in the kennel or the field will forget his love for his hounds, or his hatred of a hunting parson. His turn-out was unique, with his old green coat, and broad-brimmed hat, and his whipper-in, such an exact copy of himself in dress and general appearance, that you could never distinguish them from one another, excepting by the large mother-o'-pearl button which the commanding officer wore by way of epaulette on his left shoulder. His voice was very deep and gruff, and if, in beating for a hare, his eye glanced on a jolly red phiz and a black coat on the same horse, his 'dog language' was broken into parentheses by his denunciations of the sporting clergy somewhat after this fashion:

"'Yeh! dogs yeh! gentle, Rantipole!—there's a parson—mind there!—have a care, Bluebell!—I hate a hunting parson!—yooi! yooi!—what business has a parson out hunting?—yooi doit, Rarity, good bitch!—why don't he stay in his parish?—have a care, Gadabout! and take care of the sick—steady dogs—steady—or marry somebody—yooi over, Active!—or bury somebody—Hark to, Challenger!—hark! forward away!—wish I could ride over him—*d—n me, how I hate a hunting parson!*'"

From Surrey Nimrod travelled to Sussex, visiting Brighton for the first time, and inspecting the establishments of Colonel Wyndham, still going on with unabated vigour, and those of the deceased East Sussex fox-hounds, and the Brighton and Brookside harriers. His observations on the country and style of hound suited to it, combine agricultural knowledge with sporting skill, and we hope the following comfortable assurance about horses may induce some of our sedentary brethren to treat themselves to three-and-sixpence a side in the shape of a Brighton hack when there.

"As for horses," says Nimrod, "a hunter is not wanting on the Sussex Hills. A little thoroughbred horse, good in his loins and gaskins, pulling well together, and drawn as light as a cuckoo to enable him to go upon wind, would beat the best hunter in Melton."

Dr. Hooker, the late popular and sporting divine of Lewes, draws forth a story of a neat reproof from a certain bishop to one of his clergy, whom his lordship met not very canonically attired, riding a fine black horse. The bishop patted the horse on the neck, saying, "You are a noble animal, and I wish your master was as clerically dressed as you are."

Doctor Hooker was a good sportsman, rode good horses, and was very much of the stamp of the renowned Mr. Butler, commonly called "Billy Butler," of Dorsetshire fame, of whom we shall have occasion to speak presently. Dr. Hooker took a few pupils, and if they did not always turn out scholars, he generally made them sportsmen and gentlemen, which Nimrod would say, was "a much better thing." The doctor, if we recollect right, was a "Brookside harrier man."

The Brighton harriers afforded Nimrod an interesting half-crown's worth before he quitted the country—whether it was out of compliment to him or not we cannot say—sportsmen will smile at the variety of the venery. First they hunted a doe, which wouldn't run; next a Jack hare; then a vixen fox; and lastly, a hare. "It was evident," writes Nimrod, "that the scent of the hare did not relish after that of the fox. It must," adds he, "have been to the hounds something similar to putting men to drink bad port wine after good claret."

Nimrod was out of luck with Colonel Jolliffe's hounds, and in five days' hunting did not get a run. Roffey, the huntsman, however, compensates for want of sport.

"When I meet with *a character* in my travels, I cannot pass him over, and of this genus I must class Mr. Roffey. As has been before observed, every situation in life serves to form one, and a huntsman above all cannot hide his talent in a napkin. His calling will not suffer him to do so. 'Every block, however, will not make a Mercury,' nor will every fellow with a wide throat and a good voice make a huntsman."

Roffey was quite a character, and would have made an admirable subject for an artist wanting the *beau ideal* of a huntsman of the old school. He weighed, we should think, about eighteen stone; at all events his blue-plush coat, lined with buff, substantial leather breeches and boots, looked as if they contained that weight. To see him mounted on his big chesnut-horse, with the spare stirrup-leather round its neck, his long gray locks protruding beneath his hunting-cap, his penetrating eye and cheery holloa, was worth riding twenty miles any day. Nimrod relates a good answer he gave to his master as to how he liked a certain out of the way part of the country. Colonel Jolliffe had sent Roffey to hunt one day when he was not going out with the hounds himself. "Why, sir," said Roffey, "*they just knows when it's light, and that's all.*"

Roffey told Nimrod, or the "Bookman," as he used to call him, an uncommon crammer about a run, and on some one remonstrating with him about it, Roffey said, "Oh, why I thought I must give the gentleman something to put in his book."

The same season, 1823–4, saw Nimrod in Hampshire and Berkshire, visiting Sir John Cope's, the late Mr. Chute's, and the late Mr. Warde's hounds. Sir John is generally understood not to be particularly partial to "pen and ink sportsmen;" and Nimrod's observations favour the supposition. He does not say much about the worthy baronet, further than bearing testimony to his extreme keenness as a sportsman. When he had him through hands, some years after, in his characters of "masters of hounds," he went rather beyond the Nimrod licence mark.

In the great John Warde, Nimrod met an old acquaintance. He had hunted with Mr. Warde twenty years before, when he had what is

called the Pytchley country, in Northamptonshire, one of the best, if not the best hunting country in England.

As showing the turn Nimrod's mind had always had for hunting, we may requote what he quotes as having been written respecting that day's sport at the time.

"Thus," says he, "it stands in my book. Friday, December 30, 1803, met Mr. Warde at Warwick Warren. Ran a fox to ground, bolted him, and killed him. Found again, five minutes before twelve, near the same place, and killed him when attempting to reach the earth at Thorncomb, in Leicestershire, after a run of an hour and three quarters, with only two trifling checks, and which was declared by Mr. Warde and Lord Spencer to be the quickest run *for the time* ever seen in Northamptonshire. A large field was out, and among the few who saw him killed were Lords Spencer and Althorp, Mr. Elwes, Mr. Buller, Rev. Mr. Barnard, &c. &c. Mr. Warde came up twenty minutes after we had killed the fox. But Forfeit got a bad fall at a brook; horses, Caravan, and Snuff-box."

Our readers will observe that Nimrod did the thing well. Two horses out, and a cover hack, no doubt, or a carriage.

In May, 1805, Nimrod added the following note to the foregoing memorandum:

"Snuff-box never recovered this day. A humour settled in his thigh, and after a great discharge, thought it was well. Turned out for the summer, but worse than ever when he came into work again. Sent him up to Mr. Field, who fired him, but all to no purpose, and sold him at Tattersall's for 26*l*."

Mr. Warde was a great sportsman—a great man—and we trust our readers will not consider it irrelevant in the biography of the great literary sportsman of the day to touch a little on the great practical ones with whom he came in contact. Mr. Warde was an acknowledged authority. About him there was no dispute. All men bowed to his judgment. Nimrod enjoyed his intimate acquaintance. Writing in 1841, Nimrod says, "I know not how it is, but I cannot fancy myself an old man, and yet such must I be, for I can remember Mr. Warde hunting Warwickshire, and his hounds lying in the little village of Newbold, between Shipston-on-Stour and Stratford-on-Avon. This must be at least fifty years back; but I well recollect seeing his hounds pass through the village of Halford, where I was sojourning with an uncle of my father during the Easter holidays, being '*scholæ Rugbiensis alumnus* at that time.'"

Mr. Warde, we may observe, kept hounds fifty-seven years, and was the father of the field. The chief scene of his exploits was Northamptonshire; so that thus early in our memoir we have introduced the three great contemporary sportsmen of the three celebrated hunting countries.

Where our author is now going to meet Mr. Warde, is in the Craven country, in Berkshire, which Mr. Warde used facetiously to observe, he had been condemned to hunt for his sins. We are now back to the year 1824, and the reader will have the kindness to suppose that Mr. Warde has driven to the meet with his friend Sir John Cope, and exchanged the gig for the hunter. Hark to Nimrod!

"When mounted on his hunter, and in the midst of his hounds, I could not help looking at Mr. Warde with admiration—I might almost

say with veneration—when I considered that I had before me a man whose long life has been devoted to fox-hunting, and whose character as a sportsman has always stood so high; whose name is every day quoted as authority for some rule of conduct in the kennel, or as the author of some witty saying, or some pleasant joke, and as a real sample of old English blood."

* * * * *

"I know not what weight Mr. Warde rides," continues he, "but I do not wonder at his telling a gentleman who was out with him, that *it would be the best recipe for his hot horse.* He reminded me of a celebrated character among the Welter weights of the Forest, who, on being asked what he weighed, replied, 'that he was two-and-twenty stone *on the weigh bridge*'—as much as to say, 'no scales will hold me.'"

If we had wanted to show a foreigner a perfect specimen of an English gentleman of the old school, we would have selected Mr. Warde. Poor old John! who does not remember his yellow mail phaeton, with the steady old half-breds, and the brown country liveried lads, as they used to stand at the end of Rotten Row of a summer's eve, while the owner chatted and jested, and scattered his jokes among the surrounding circle.

Mr. Warde was a fine-looking man, tall, handsome, and portly. He adhered to the ruffled wrists, leathers, tops, and knee-garters to the last. Alack-a-day! we haven't a pair of London leather-breeches left, but old Beecher's. Lord Westmorland wore his to the last—the same pair, too, we should think; but Colonel Jolliffe hid his legs in trousers before he died. Mr. Byng, we suspect, has been faithless to the garb; Sir Charles Knightly has deserted it, and does not look half so knightly as he did.

Then the neat kerseymeres and boots have long flown. Old Lord Scarborough with pepper-and-salt coat, pony, and pig-tail. The late Duke of Dorset, the late Duke of Manchester, the late Delmè Radcliffe, the late Loraine Smith, and the living Duke of Grafton, who, in his boot days, was Lord Euston.

The first time we ever met Mr. Warde in society was at dinner at Mr. Tattersall's. It was on a spring or summer evening, though the time of year may be better defined by saying it was the Sunday before Epsom races, and the old gentleman was seated in the bow-window of the drawing-room as we entered. Though nearer eighty than seventy, Mr. Warde rose and bowed to the stranger, a compliment he paid to each succeeding arriver; so different to the frigid suspicious manner of the present day, which carries the caution of the coffee-room into what ought to be the social circle.

We well remember Mr. Warde's finely-shaped snow-white head, his clear black eye, and the playful smile that hovered round his good-natured mouth. Then his well-got-up linen, smart dress coat, well-washed white waistcoat, nankin shorts, white silk stockings, and buckled shoes, all contributed to the character of the "fine old English gentleman." Peace to his manes! He was a real fine fellow, and an enemy to no one but foxes.

Nimrod finished the season with Lord Derby's stag-hounds, which in those days hunted the county of Surrey; but his descriptions evidently show that his predilections were not for venison—at least in the field.

Still as an almost certain means of procuring exercise, which fox-hunting cannot command, he considered it praiseworthy. His paper on these hounds is dated from the "Study at Halston," Mr. Mytton's seat, in Shropshire.

The summer of 1824 produced divers papers on the condition of hunters, and the "Road," which latter Nimrod thought had then reached the acmè of perfection.

"Had our present expedition in travelling," says he, "been proposed to our ancestors as a possible thing, they would have scouted it as the illusion of a madman. So lately as 1742, the coach from London to Oxford was two days on the road, taking ten hours to go half way: the whole distance is now done without the least distress, without the point out of the thong being out of the coachman's hand, in six hours."

Twenty years more, and the perfection of those days is thrown as much in the shade as the more remote travelling of 1742 was in the year 1824.

Still the dawn of steam was then apparent, and Nimrod observes that unless a second Dædalus should spring up and teach us to fly, there was little doubt but that, either by steam or air, before the present century expired, carriages would be transported without animal power.

Nimrod was a great man for animal power, and for the appropriate fitness of things.

"When I first started in life," says he, "a gentleman would have been ashamed of being seen in the streets of London in a gig; whereas now, he is almost ashamed of being seen out of one—the use of them having nearly superseded that of legs, or a saddle-horse—so much for fashion!"

Nimrod considered the medical men and the undertakers profited quite as much by the introduction of two-wheeled carriages as the coach-makers.

"When I see a modern gig," says he, "with a powerful thoroughbred horse, full of condition, in its shafts, two similes always present themselves. First, it reminds me of a boat, inasmuch as there is only a one-inch plank between those who sit in it and eternity; and secondly, it brings to my imagination a canister tied to a dog's tail."

He finds consolation, however, even in these two-wheeled eye-sores.

"One great advantage arising from the present style of gig-building is, that it has pretty nearly exploded tandem driving, as the low seat of the driver precludes his having any power over a leader. In a former letter I ventured to assert, that hunting bag-foxes with harriers was only doing things by halves, but driving tandems partakes still more of the mongrel system."

To demonstrate the want of power even a superior tandem driver has over his leader, he tells a story of a friend of his, who being on the point of starting for a drive out of a livery stable-yard in London, and being asked by a friend which road he was going, replied, "*You must ask my leader, for I cannot tell you till I get into the street.*"

We have not seen a tandem about London for we do not know when—poor little Captain Bridges we think was the last. We well remember his lofty home-built looking thing, in which he used to rattle himself and a lady about in the park, himself attired in a sort of Jolliffe hat, and no end of coloured handkerchiefs about his neck. Bridges

was a sportsman; it was he who rode down the Devil's Dyke at Brighton, after the harriers, a feat that is rarely if ever attempted. He used to boast that he could upset his tandem without hurt to any one aboard. He was very skilful, but as is generally the case in these sort of experiments, he tried it once too often, and pitching head foremost on the stone parapet of Burford Bridge was killed on the spot. Captain Bridges was a jockey as well as a fox-hunter and a coachman. Nimrod once rode against him, and on mounting was greeted with shouts of the "Captain wins for a guinea!"

On inquiring if the party offering it knew any thing of the captain's prowess, the farmer, for such he was, replied,

"No, but the captain wins for a guinea, for all that."

It was the sheer popularity of the rider, without reference to either him or his horse.

The following is a good sketch of a bygone fashion, affectation, rather.

"A fashion has lately prevailed in the neighbourhood of the metropolis," writes Nimrod in 1824, "of driving gigs without a whip, than which nothing looks more uncoachmanlike or absurd. A man in a gig, with his coat over his knees, squaring his elbows with the affectation of a coachman, and all this to manage one horse, cuts but a sorry figure at best; but without a whip he is still worse, as he does not know what to do with his right hand."

Cabriolets were just then coming into fashion.

"Though we know nothing of them on the road," writes Nimrod, "they are very good things for Frenchmen or for Englishmen who are afraid of being melted."—We wonder what he would have thought of Broughams.

Nimrod commenced the season 1824-5 early, by a trip into Devonshire to see the wild-stag hunting of that county, which is in perfection about the beginning of September. This is evidently its objection—hunting then is an unseasonable sport.

"To see a field of sportsmen clad in scarlet coats and mounted on good looking horses, in one field," says Nimrod, "and a crop of standing corn in another, with a burning sun, usefully employed in ripening it, is to a fox-hunter like green peas at Christmas. There is a *tout ensemble* which would almost make him exclaim, 'Surely I am not hunting! it is a dream!' Such, however, is the case with the North Devon stag hounds. They commence their stag-hunting long before fox-hunters think of hunting at all, and begin their hind-hunting at a time when fox-hounds leave off."

The Devon and Somerset stag-hounds, which we presume are the continuation of the North Devon stag-hounds, began hunting on the 13th of August this year.

The magazine continued to prosper, and in addition to the extra sixpence the proprietor now commenced publishing double numbers, or rather supplements, containing some of the most inviting articles. The November number, 1824, contains the following notice:

"With the present number is published a supplement, in which is comprised the conclusion of Nimrod's 'Sporting Tour into Dorset and Devon,' embracing a description of the North Devon Stag-hounds—Sir A. Chichester's Fox-hounds—the Hon. Newton Fellows's ditto, and Anecdotes of his Huntsman—Poem, 'A Day with the Eggersford

Hounds,' Mr. Froude's Hounds—Mr. Templer's Fox-hounds and extraordinary system of Hunting—Anecdotes, &c., also Nim North's account of Kelso Races and the Caledonian Hunt Meeting, and many other very interesting articles."

"The Hampshire" and "Hambledon hounds," in the same county, underwent the scrutiny of Nimrod during the season 1824-5. The hounds and their arrangement pleased more than the country, of which he said, "that to ride a good hunter over a bed of flints was a misery reserved for him till he came to reside in the county."

The "H. H.," or Hampshire hounds, were then kept by the late Mr. Villebois, a fine old sportsman of the John Warde school—a gentleman resembling in appearance the late Duke of Beaufort. Mr. Villebois hunted the country at his own expense, a noble instance of patriotism, seeing the money he spent would have procured him any of the best in England. He hunted it above thirty years, always four, but oftentimes five days a week. There was a capital hunt club, of which his late majesty, George IV., was a member.

The Hambledon hounds were then hunted by Mr. Smith, since known as the author of the "Diary of a Huntsman," and the "Life of a Fox," which former work Nimrod exercised his last efforts upon in the shape of an almost total transplantment of a review that spun itself out for eighteen months after his decease.

It will be encouraging to young masters of hounds to learn that so signal a sportsman as Mr. Smith has since become, commenced under most discouraging circumstances—his hounds going out day after day without killing a fox, until at length they attacked an old ewe, when returning to the kennel with their faces all smeared, Mr. Smith observed to the feeder that they had "got blood enough that day, at all events." Nimrod prophesied in 1824 that Mr. Smith would make a good huntsman, a prediction he saw fulfilled to the letter, for no man can beat him at killing foxes—an apparently easy feat to those who have never tried.

We remember hearing amusing cross observations, as we may call them, though they had nothing of that sort in their nature, these parties made on each other.

"I met Tom Smith," said Nimrod, "all figged out in a bag wig and sword the other day. 'Where are you going to?' asked Nimrod. 'To court,' replied Mr. Smith. 'What the devil business has a fox-hunter at court?' rejoined Nimrod.

"I met Nimrod the other day in St. James's-street," observed Mr. Smith. "He was looking smart and well. As we were talking, he dropped a clean kid glove in the kennel, so pulling off the other he stamped them both under foot."

It was not until March, 1825, that the title of "Tour" was conferred on Nimrod's peregrinations. The title-page of that number commences with these words, "A Tour by Nimrod," without describing the whereabouts. The letter-press, however, shows that it was into Oxfordshire to visit the late Duke of Beaufort and the late Sir Thomas Mostyn's hounds, Nimrod having despatched his horses to the seat of learning itself. His first gratification on arriving was to find that his luggage had gone to Holyhead instead of being in his bedroom, as he expected.

That portion however of the "Tour" being written right in the

middle of the hunting season, it was not until the following volume—in the second or May number of it that Nimrod got into his stride—as we may call it, with his Tour.

The experiment of publishing a supplementary number, appears not to have answered, as at the end of the April number is the following notice:—

"Our readers are respectfully informed that we shall publish *two* numbers on the 1st of June. The extra number will not on this occasion be as a supplement—the two will form the regular numbers for May and June. By this plan our publication will in future bear the date of the month in which it appears, agreeably to the established usage of most other periodicals, and the mistakes which frequently occur in ordering *The Sporting Magazine* will also be avoided. Amongst the contents of the two numbers will be a 'Tour by Nimrod,' during which he visited the hounds of Sir Thomas Mostyn, the old Berkeley, the Dukes of Grafton and Beaufort, the Warwickshire, Colonel Berkeley, Lord Anson, the Quorn, the Duke of Rutland, and of Lord Lonsdale."

By this arrangement there appears to have been two months of May in 1825. Nimrod, however, did not flower till the second one. He then appeared in full feather, with five hunters and a hack. The early tours,—the Surrey one certainly—was made with his own horses, Mr. Pittman, the proprietor of the magazine, paying the stable bills, and allowing Nimrod at the common magazine rate of payment. Now he was found every thing—horses, servants, and money, without end—a very fine life, and one that would have lasted too if he had played his cards well. He had rather a trick of over-rating its difficulties, if difficulties indeed they could be called where none existed. In a subsequent volume we find the following passage:—

"But t'other day an old acquaintance addressed me thus:—'How I envy you your moving life. You start off as soon as hunting begins, with four or five good hunters, and (perhaps) with as many hundred pounds in your pocket, and go into a far country, where you are kindly received and take your fill and pleasure.' 'Delightful!' I replied, 'and quite to my taste.' But this pleasant picture is not *scot free*. There is the reckoning to be paid by a draft—not on the banker, but—on my poor brains; and what if it should be returned for *nulla bona*—no effects. Believe me, reader, this is not impossible. Memory is the only magazine of my treasures, and I fear it is sometimes but indifferently found."

That is all imaginary. He had nothing to do but tell what he saw, and the danger was not being brought up short for want of matter, but making his matter too expensive in the acquirement. If his memory was bad, a metallic pencil and a pocket-book would have cured all that. Telling what one sees and hears is very different to drawing on the brains for scenes, characters, and situations. However, now we have him fairly started—five hunters and a hack, and we must do him the justice to say that he was not churlish in the goods the god in Warwick-square had provided him with, for the first page of the Tour finds him mounting an Oxonian, who but for him would have had to stay at home.

Thus Nimrod worked his way through Oxfordshire, Wiltshire, and

Warkwickshire, and arrives at the Atherstone, then hunted by Lord Anson (now Lord Lichfield) the next step in his opinion to Melton itself.

"Lord Anson's Atherstone country is well known to me," writes he. "I hunted in it in Mr. Adderley's time, I hunted in it in Lord Vernon's time, as also with Sir Bellingham Graham; and I now pronounce it, with the acquisition which Lord Anson has received to it, to be—barring the Duke of Rutland's and the Quorn—the best country I ever rode over. It all holds a good scent, is easy and gentlemanlike to cross, the Leicestershire part of it is very fine indeed."

It was March ere Nimrod reached the chosen region of hunting. On the 22nd he met the Quorn hounds at Oadby toll-bar, five miles from Leicester, on the Market Harborough road.

Mr. Osbaldeston, then in the zenith of his fame, hunted Leicestershire in a style that it had never been hunted before, and never has since. He hunted six days a week, not unfrequently having two packs out, one for the morning, the other for afternoon, always riding to covert, though residing at Quorndon Hall, a place wide of the best part of his country.

The Squire, as Mr. Osbaldeston is called, though no longer on the list of masters of hounds, belongs more to modern times than the great characters we have chronicled while journeying onward with this biography, and his feats we shall leave to the pen of future historians, observing that for successful variety in field sports, Mr. Osbaldeston would compete with any of them, though he partakes of some they perhaps would not have indulged in.

The following sketch of a hunting stable will be interesting to many of our readers. It is the Quorndon one, built we believe by Mr. Meynell:—

"The stable in which the hunters are kept (stated to be 300 feet in length) has stalls for thirty horses, all standing in a row. When I cast my eye up it, I could not help fancying myself looking at King Solomon's stud, having never seen so many horses in one stable before; but in compliment to the groom I must say that it bore no resemblance to that of Augeas, for it was remarkably clean and sweet. A well polished watering bridle, neatly folded up, hung on the right side of each horse, and there is a patent lamp between every fourth stall."

The following observations on the effects of draining will be interesting both to sportsmen and farmers. The winter of 1824-5 was remarkably wet, and Nimrod said the vale of Bicester was never known to be as tender as it was in the month of February.

"Draining, however," adds he, "appears almost entirely neglected there, whereas that is not the case in Leicestershire, and I have heard Mr. Lockley say, that it does not require a horse to be so good, by a stone, to carry his rider over the greater part of that country now as it did when he first rode over it, when much of it was neither drained nor enclosed."

Furrow draining we believe is almost as good a friend to fox-hunting as it is to the farmer. It makes arable land ride as light again.

The following is a little of Nimrod's Leicestershire flash:—

"I was asked by several," says he, "why I had not come to Melton sooner in the season, and before the dry weather set in? My answer o this was obvious.

"'A man,' said I, 'with five hunters and a hack, makes a very respectable appearance in the provincials, but he has no business in Leicestershire. He would be more than half his time kicking his heels in the town where he was quartered, whilst his friends were enjoying themselves in the field.'"

There is a good deal of exaggeration in all this. In the first place, whatever he might have been, Nimrod's riding days were past, and six horses would have carried him every day in the week, and to church on Sundays; besides the chronicler of the run was not expected to ride in front, or how could he tell what was going on behind. Added to this, some of his "twenty-horse power friends" would have given him a mount, as many of them did, when he afterwards exchanged into the "dismounted troop." But Nimrod was quite a top-of-the-tree man, forgetful of the fact that no one then supposed he was hunting with his own money. Strange contrast to a subsequent gentleman, who having advertised his coming, cast up at Melton with nothing but his boots and breeches, and was indebted to a runaway hack for a glimpse of the hounds, before it floored him at the first fence.

Moreover, Nimrod was not always very consistent in carrying out his own theory, and having announced that a large stud was indispensable for Leicestershire, strong nerves, weak nerves, or no nerves at all, he proceeds to tell us of another application of horseflesh, other than the exertions of hunting.

"Exclusive of work for horses," says he, "when the hounds are running, there is another way of making use of horseflesh in Leicestershire, and that is in coming home from hunting, or what in the language of the day is called 'larking.' One of the party holds up his hat, which is a signal for the start, and putting their horses' heads in a direction for Melton, away they go, and stop at nothing till they get there."

This, as Nimrod observes, is all very well for men with fourteen or fifteen horses in their stables, and it accounts for one or two of his friends, who with that number had only two fit to ride.

We remember a story of a noble lord at Melton, one of the larking tribe, who, on pulling up at the end of one of these cross-country gallops, exclaimed, "See what sport we might have, if it wasn't for these d—d hounds!"

Nimrod says in a note, "It is a well-known fact, that a season or two back, two very hard-riding Meltonians went half a mile neck-and-neck over the country, beyond where the hounds had killed their fox."

So much for attending to what they *profess* to go out for.

Nimrod thus sums up his opinions of Leicestershire: "Leicestershire, desirable as it is, has disadvantages; first, the crowd in field; and, secondly, it spoils a man for any other country, on which account no poor man should ever go near it.

"On the other hand, its advantages are innumerable. It is the only country in the world that appears to have been intended for fox-hunting, and where fox-hunting can be seen in all its glory. The flower of our English youth also (of those at least worth looking at,) have always been to be seen there; and a winter in Leicestershire has ever been found to be, to those who are entitled to it, the *passe-partout* that leads to the best society in the world."

There is a great deal of exaggeration in all this too. Why should not a man, with a moderate stud, go into Leicestershire and take the best meets just as he would in any other country? Are there no frosts—no bad days—no failure of scent—no ringing, short running foxes in Leicestershire as well as in other countries? Of *blanks* we say nothing.

There was always a disposition on the part of Nimrod to magnify Leicestershire and Leicestershire men into something beyond what they will fairly bear. No doubt it is a fine grass country, and many famous sportsmen resort to it from all parts of the kingdom; but it also draws a lot of noisy, perfumed, chattering coxcombs, who have no idea of hunting, and no real pleasure in the thing. One may go to Almack's or the park to look at the flower of English beauty, but as to going to Melton to look at the flower of English youth, that is an expedition few fox-hunters, we think, will be inclined to undertake. The man who is entitled to be in good society, will soon be in it whether he goes to Melton or not, while he who is not, will neither have his progress quickened nor retarded by his pilgrimage there. A gentleman's a gentleman, and a snob's a snob wherever they are. We use the word snob in the real acceptation of the term, not in the Nimrodian one, as applied to an unfortunate stranger in a country-cut coat in the hunting-field. Neither do we subscribe to the doctrine that Leicestershire is the only country in the world that appears to have been intended for fox-hunting. Nay, we are Goth enough to know countries we prefer to it, but having conducted our hero to his Elysium of the Chace, we will now leave him till the first of the ensuing month.

THE SEARCHERS OF THE SEWERS.

A TALE OF MODERN LONDON UNDERGROUND.

BY CHARLTON CAREW.

London above ground, and London below! two worlds in close connexion, yet unseen, one by the other. As we walk through the busy streets of London above ground, and see its long line of densely populated houses, and its many thousand carriages whirling by, making earth tremble as they pass; and its crowd of human beings, jostling, pushing, and driving, as they flow onward in perpetual motion, intent on everything and nothing—when we see all this hurry and turmoil, does the thought never strike us that underneath the very roots (so to speak) of the houses, a river runs, while close to the water are lines of iron pipes choked with fire? A dream evoked by an Arabian fabulist could hardly present to our wondering senses fancies more strange or magician-like than this *reality*. Light and water—great luxuries of life—stream into our houses at the will of man; and the same voice that bids them come, sends them back again to their silent home. A marvel, yet a truth, of which we daily feel the benefit.

More extraordinary still is the fact that men are to be found who peril life in traversing the sewers, to search for things of value that have been swept into the stream through gutters and other openings. We gape with astonishment on reading Belzoni's feats in Egyptian caverns

and tombs; how he crawled into the dusky grave of the shrivelled mummy, and fetched into the light of day strange things of by-gone times; how, with untiring perseverance, he set at nought the opposition of crafty guides, and burst into the granite pyramid—vast emblem of man's ambition. We read of this, and wonder at his daring. Yet there are men who now plunge into subterranean London, where perils equally frightful to those of the great traveller, await them—perils that even the miner knows not; for, in these underground places, rats breed by myriads—creatures that, knowing nothing of man, fear him not, and would punish him for invasion of their territory.

Nor has the treasure-seeker of the sewers this alone to dread; to scare away the vermin, he carries a lantern which sometimes ignites the gas evolved in these unventilated tunnels, and the unhappy being within is stifled to death. But in dry weather, when the stream is inconsiderable, trinkets, silver spoons, or other small valuables, are sometimes discovered in the mud deposited by the turbid water in the sewer.

On an afternoon in the early part of September, a man emerged from the mouth of the great sewer, opening into the Thames, and bent his way towards one of the poorer streets that lie between Whitefriars and the Strand. He held a lantern in his hand, which, together with all parts of his dress, was covered with splashes of mud. People stared at him as he went along the dusty streets, and wondered "where on earth he could have picked up so much dirt;" but he was too tired to attend to them, and too ragged to care for their sneers, if he had.

He turned up a narrow court, and was greeted by the words,—"Here's father, here's father," from many little voices. The man, though he was trembling with fatigue, smiled pleasantly to see his children thus welcome him back; but he sighed a minute after: one little thing was gnawing a bone that she had picked from the gutter. He kissed the eldest—she was a pretty child, though but half-clothed in rags—and something very like a tear dropped from the man's eye as she whispered, "Have you brought any bread home, father? Johnny's been crying for his supper."

He turned his head away while he told her quickly (she thought it sounded harshly, but it was not so) to bring all the children in, and they should have some supper. The girl jumped away to do as she was bidden, and the father turned into his squalid room, where a woman sat, busily plying her needle. On hearing him enter, she lifted up her aching eyes, and starting from her seat, exclaimed, "Thank God! Robert, you're come back. I'm never happy when you are away in those frightful places."

"There's nothing to fear, Ellen," returned the man; "though even if there were you'd have nothing to distress yourself about, for I don't think I shall go again. I've met that Canfield, with another man, and they swear I shan't hunt the sewers any more. They say the privilege of doing so belongs to them, as they've been at it many years, and I've no *right* there. Right! What's *their* right any more than mine? What is a man's right, if he mayn't work—ay, and that like a pig wallowing in a ditch—for an honest penny? But the rascals drove me out, and I don't think they'd stand nice about smothering me in the mud. There were two of 'em, or I mightn't have gone so easy."

"Well, well, Robert," said his wife soothingly; "it's a dreadful place,

and you're better away from it. In about an hour's time I shall have finished this work, and then, perhaps, I shall get the money for it. The poor children are very hungry."

"Never mind the work, Ellen," returned Hampton—such was the man's name. "I've not come back quite empty-handed. See here; I've raked out this ring; it's gold, I think, and there's no inscription on it. Look at it carefully, and if you see anything on it by which we may discover the owner, he shall have it; though may be he's dead and gone long ago, for I found it in a chink of the brickwork, and I should say it has been there many a long year."

It was an old-fashioned, chased gold ring; there was no stone in it, no inscription, no crest, whereby its owner might be known.

"Are you sure there's nothing there, Ellen?" inquired Hampton.

"It is a good deal worn," she replied; "but I don't think there's ever been any words marked upon it."

"Go and sell it, then, and bring back some bread and meat. Here come the children; don't be long, Ellen. Now then," he cried, as the little ones, with eager eyes, peered into the room, "we'll soon have some supper. Johnny, my boy, what's the matter?"

"Mother hasn't given me any thing to eat," blubbered Johnny, "and I'm hungry."

She had worked hard, though, to gain food for him, but the child was too young to know that, and cried bitterly; thus adding mental torture to his mother's physical suffering. She did not answer a word to the boy's complaint, though it sorely pained her to hear his words, but hastily putting on her bonnet, she sallied forth with the ring. The children stood in a little knot at the doorway, anxiously waiting her arrival with the food their father had told them she was gone for. They stared up the court with their large eyes, wondering "what made mother so long;" for the baker's was not far round the corner.

At length Mary (the eldest) ran along the court to the street at the end, and looked about, but presently returned to the expectant group without bringing satisfactory tidings. Half an hour passed away, and the little crowd at the door was joined by Hampton, who had now begun to feel uneasy at his wife's protracted absence. Still she came not. Hampton, after speaking to the eldest girl, went out to the silversmith's, where he had directed his wife to sell the ring, and entered the shop. Several people were standing about the counter, talking to the master, and many more were outside the shop, peering through the windows, as though something curious was to be seen inside. Mrs. Hampton was not there. From the few words he heard spoken, the dreadful truth at once struck upon Hampton's brain.

"Where is my wife?" he cried.

"Who do you mean?" inquired the master of the shop.

"My wife. The woman who came here just now to sell a gold ring. Where is she?"

Several gentlemen here gathered round Hampton, and the crowd outside pressed still closer to the window, flattening their noses against the glass; while others blocked up the doorway.

"Did that ring, which the woman you call your wife brought here to sell, belong to you?" inquired the master.

"It did," replied Hampton.

"Where did you obtain it?"

"What right have you to question me in this manner?" cried Hampton fiercely. "I say the ring was mine, and I won't tell you any more. Do you think there an't an honest man in the world but you fellows that have got a fine coat to your back? Is every poor man a thief? Ah! you may look at my rags, and turn up your bottle nose, but I've got a clear conscience, and that's more than many of you *gentlemen* can say. Where is my wife?"

At this moment a policeman, whom Hampton had not previously observed, stepped forward, and taking hold of him by the collar, said, "This sort of thing won't do here, my man. I know you, so come along with me."

Hampton struggled for a minute, but for a minute only. The degradation of being publicly borne along through a hooting crowd in the custody of a policeman, weighed him down, and he was silent. He was taken to prison, where his wife had previously been lodged, and deposited in a gloomy cell, in a corner of which he tumbled down—a heap without life, without hope.

Evening came on, and twilight; deeper and deeper yet, and then 'twas night. Lamps were lighted in the streets, and every shop threw its warm glow athwart the road—comfortable gleams that existed a few hours and then died away—till only the glare from some late tavern betokened life in the houses; at length even that was gone, and busy London slept peacefully. Yet still Hampton's eldest child stood at the door peering, with tearful eyes, up and down the court. The other children had cried themselves to sleep, but the eldest was too sick at heart to think of repose. Both parents gone she knew not whither! Oh! how she watched upward for the first streak of light that should announce the coming of day, that she might go abroad and learn the fate of her parents, even if she could not assist them! So there she stood: motionless as a statue, ay, and as white.

All this time Hampton lay in his cell, bound up in a trance, like a dead thing. Morning dawned, and with it consciousness of his situation; indistinct at first, and dreamy; then, like a blow, it struck him. He started up, seized hold of the iron bars that caged the window, and shook them like a madman, while foam oozed from between his clammy lips.

"Why are these things here?" he shouted. "What were these stony walls built for? why this iron door, and that grated window? They are for *thieves;* yes, thieves; yet *I* am here. Curses on the man who put me into a thieves' house. Why be an honest man, if a jail gapes for one? Rogues, pickpockets, and slanderers can live like kings, while an honest man is thrown into a dungeon, and destroyed—crushed for the rest of his life. Ah, I see it; it is a crime to be poor—a dreadful crime; so I am here. And my wife, my poor Ellen; they could not even spare her, but dragged her through a howling crowd to a jail. Oh! that I had seen a man lay a finger upon her! it might have been his last moment!"

He relapsed into silence, and sank down; his face buried in his hands. Then he thought of his hungry children at home; of their little, thin faces, and of their going starving to bed; father and mother both away. Hampton was a man, but his sobs were audible as he constantly ejaculated, "My poor children!"

Hours passed by, and still the deep despair that laid hold of the

man clung to him like a palsy, and crushed those hopeful feelings that conscious innocence should have engendered. But Hampton was not gifted with that martyr-strength that would uphold him in his troubles; that inward might of virtue which keeps man erect, and enables him to look placidly around, though ten thousand howling fiends try to tear him down. For a time he sunk under the overwhelming disgrace of being thought a thief; and, like others whom accident or misfortune has placed in a similar situation, he lost that *moral courage* which should have spurned the hasty conclusions the world might form of his character; a virtue, the want of which makes man the mere slave of designing hypocrites. He was stricken down into comparative imbecility. In time he might have recovered from this state, and looked up proudly, as his innocence would warrant; but now, when the jailer roused him, he suffered himself to be led—not caring whither—to the prison van, hanging his head down as though *he* were the thief, and the thieves about him, honest men. Hampton saw in this dismal vehicle his wife, whose haggard eyes and blanched cheek gave sure evidence of the bleeding heart within. He was not allowed to speak to her, and they saw nothing of each other again till at the bar of a police court before an alderman.

This functionary—a pudding-headed man, with a "fair round belly;" who knew about as much of law as did the candles he made—heard the depositions with a very stolid countenance, and seemed a good deal puzzled at the fact of Hampton being in custody, though it was his wife who offered the ring for sale.

"Let me see," said his worship. He couldn't see much, though, for his eyes were nearly choked up with good living. "Is the charge against the male prisoner, or the female? It is necessary that that should be clearly stated."

There was a slight titter in court at the importance with which this was said; and the clerk, in an under tone, attempted to explain it.

"Ah, I see," said his worship; "the male prisoner stole the ring, and sent his wife to sell it. Is the owner of that ring in court?" (another titter.)

The silversmith to whom the ring was offered for sale, here said that he did not positively know the trinket had been stolen, but that the female prisoner, who brought it to his shop, gave so unsatisfactory an account of the way she possessed it, that he considered himself justified in giving her into custody. Then he related (for about the third time) the fact of Hampton's coming to the shop.

"Now then, I see how the case stands," said the magistrate. "Prisoner," he continued, in a pompous tone, addressing Mrs. Hampton, "how came you by the ring?"

She was about to answer when Hampton interrupted her, saying, "She got it from me, your worship; and I found it in the sewers under Temple Bar."

"Under Temple Bar!" cried the magistrate, in amazement. "How did you get under Temple Bar, my man? come, answer that."

"I tell you I was in the sewers," replied Hampton, doggedly. "I'll take your worship there if you like."

"In the sewers! Do you mean to tell me you slipped down a grating in the streets, like a rat? How dare you trifle with the bench?"

A roar of laughter here burst from every one in court, which it was difficult to suppress. In the mean time the clerk succeeded in explaining the mystery to his worship, and advised him to dismiss the case, unless any one came forward to claim the property. After a few more questions of the prisoner, and inquiries of the police as to whether Hampton was known to them, (which were answered in the negative, though, when the poor man was taken into custody, the policeman said he "knew him well,") both prisoners were discharged with a caution from the magistrate to "beware about being brought before him again; they mightn't get off so easily a second time." But the ring was retained: *some one* might claim it. So Hampton and his wife went back to their starving family laden with disgrace—nothing more: what should a poor man care for that!

Yes; to their starving family and wretched home the couple went there to be grief-torn afresh at the sight of their little ones crying for bread—for *bread* that the parents had not to give them. The woman here showed herself stronger than the man, who had lost the spirit that animated him before the magistrate, and sat amongst his children—himself a child! Mrs. Hampton, though she felt the pain of their situation as keenly as her husband, suffered it not so entirely to prostrate her; but, like a woman, bore up, and plied her needle till the bleeding eyes refused their office. But the work was nearly done: a few minutes' rest, and she was at it again: it was finished. In another hour she had the blessed enjoyment of seeing her children eat. Then with true female tenderness she tried to console her husband; and many were the sweet words of cheerfulness with which she hoped to alleviate his misery. Thank God, she succeeded.

Days passed by, and the little stock of money which Mrs. Hampton's needlework had produced was nearly gone. She tried in many places to obtain something to do, but she had been in a prison; that crushed all her efforts, and her husband's likewise. Starvation stared them in the face, and Hampton sat hour by hour in his squalid room, brooding over his fate; his teeth clenched and his brow knit; while his pursed-up mouth told that a sullen fierceness was working within.

About a week after his incarceration in the prison, he was sitting alone with his wife, deep in one of these moody fits, when suddenly he started up, and exclaimed,—"By Heaven, I'll go again!"

"Where, Robert?" said Mrs. Hampton.

"To the sewers! What matters where I go? They can but put me in prison again. I'm a thief! Men point at me in the streets and say so. Who'll employ me now I've been to jail? But I must live for all that; and you must live, and the children must live. Starving's only fit for honest men; and I'm a thief. Oh! curse the man that called me one."

"Calm yourself, Robert," said Mrs. Hampton.

"Calm!" cried he, fiercely. "Calm! It's well for those to talk so who haven't an empty belly and five starving children crying for bread. But *I* must have food, and *they* must have food, and they *shall* have food. If I find it in those loathsome places, well and good: if not, I'll have it elsewhere. I'm a *thief*, you know; and what I find in a place where few men dare to go, I must take to a thief, for the *honest* man puts me in jail. I must couple with the receiver of stolen goods, though I work for what I get, and peril my life to do it. It

makes me mad to see my poor children's haggard looks; and all for want of bread.—Look there!"

He pointed to a heap of rubbish that lay in the narrow court, where one of his children was groping, and had just fetched out something which it ate greedily.

"Give me the lantern, Ellen," said Hampton. "I'll bring something home to-night, though I search the sewers of all London."

He took the lantern, passed rapidly out of the house, and bent his steps towards the principal sewer opening into the Thames. It was low water, so he readily entered the noxious place. The stream was still running, though, being dry weather, it was not considerable. In he plunged up to his knees. The turbid water threw up an inky foam, which played about the surface like foul creatures that the Styx might have bred. Hampton stayed not here, but splashed on through the arch, passed the end of several smaller sewers—long dismal tunnels running into the principal receptacle; traversed the whole length of Farringdon Street in this vaulted passage, and then turned into a shaft on the left piercing Holborn Hill. This was formerly the channel of the Old Bourne. It was here profoundly dark. The little light that crept in from the opening at the Thames had died away. All was silent, except here and there a slight trickling sound of water dropping in from the drains, and the rush of many rats escaping to their holes; the blackened arch reeked with unwholesome moisture; strange insects—things born of the humid air, that know not the light of day—crawled about in heaps; the very atmosphere of the place seemed as though it came from an infernal source; yet here stood a man, with one solitary light for his only safeguard, close by thousands of human beings, but alone in these dusky paths. The stream was here very slight, running through a layer of soft mud, in which Hampton searched, by the aid of his light, for any stray articles of value that might have swept down through the drains. It was weary work: in the centre of the arch the height was barely five feet and a half; so Hampton could not, at any time, hold himself erect. The lantern gave but a feeble light, owing to the bad air; it glimmered like a star, but its rays could not penetrate the solid darkness hanging about this infernal place. Blacker and blacker yet: the light fell lower still—a tiny speck, and a stifling vapour arose which nearly choked the man. He held his breath and rushed back into the larger sewer as though a demon pursued him; while a strange brown thing, shaped like a wasp, fastened on his chin and stung him. But he was now safe, and cared little for the pain, though that was far from being trifling; the light burnt more freely, and after waiting a few minutes to recover from the effects of the thick subterranean air, Hampton continued his search up the main passage, which was higher and wider than the one he had just left.

At least a mile had been traversed in this dungeon-like drain, and yet nothing rewarded the toil of the treasure seeker. Still with indomitable perseverance he held on his lonely way; explored many of the smaller sewers, through which he had to creep nearly doubled up; suffered severely from the damp cold, which gnawed right into the very bone; was lost at times in the intricate ways, from which no human aid could have extricated him, had his courage failed; yet nothing was found. The weary man would have laid him down and died, but the

thought of his starving children animated him, and impelled him to fresh exertion. Never despair, Hampton! No man should, however oppressed he may be, if his own heart tells him he never wronged his fellow creatures.

What is that sparkling at the edge of a little drain, like a chip of light? Hampton seizes it, and holds it close to the lantern. It sparkles in ten thousand places. A diamond! Yes. Hampton securely places the jewel in his pocket, and, half laughing, half crying at his success, prepares to leave the sewers.

"I'm not a thief," he cried. "No, no; they shall never say that of me again. This diamond is of immense size, and I am sure to find the owner, who will reward me, and I shall get bread—ha, ha!—I shall get bread for my little ones! Bread! Ha, ha, ha!"

His laughter, which reverberated with a hollow sound through the tunnels, suddenly ceased, for, as he turned a corner, he saw but a short way off, a man with a light groping about the mud, as he had done before. This was Hampton's way out; he could go no other, and, though he guessed who the man was, and would willingly have avoided him, he was forced to walk on and confront him.

"Halloa," cried the man, as soon as he saw Hampton; "so you're here again, poaching."

"No more poaching than yourself, Mister Canfield. There is room enough for both of us, surely. I wish you success. Just move on one side, and let me pass."

"Who are you as talks to me in that way?" said Canfield, with a sneer. "A thief—a jail-bird. So now you've come here again to splash yourself with mud, to make people believe that what you prig you've found in the sewers. But I'm cursed if you come here again."

"You're a liar and a scoundrel, Canfield. I'm a poorer man than you are, but I won't demean myself with talking to you. Move aside and let me pass."

"Not till you hand over what you've found. I know you've got something, or you wouldn't be in such a hurry to get out. Come, dub up. You've no right here. Everything that's picked up in this place belongs to me, and curse me if you go till I've got it."

"Will you move?" cried Hampton, furiously.

"No, I won't."

"Take that then, you lying fool." And Hampton struck him a blow that would have felled many men. Canfield, however, was not so easily disposed of; he staggered for an instant, but before the other could pass, he threw down his lantern, and rushed savagely on Hampton, who still held a light in his left hand. He was forced to drop this to defend himself from Canfield's attack, and a moment after the two men were fighting in total darkness. They clung to each other, and struck here and there with savage fierceness. Both men knew their danger, and that knowledge made them fight with a recklessness fearfully appalling. In their struggles they were dashed up against the walls, and left there many a sanguine trace of the awful combat. They were nearly exhausted, when Canfield seized hold of his adversary's arm with his teeth, and bit fiercely; but Hampton catching him by the throat forced him to leave go his hold, and with giant force threw him back. Canfield's head struck the wall as he fell, and he rolled into the muddy stream of the sewer. Hampton stood for a minute panting for breath,

not knowing that his opponent had no longer the power to recommence the fight. No sound came from the fallen man: all was still in this frightful place.

"Good God! can he be dead!" cried Hampton: all his passion leaving him on the instant. "And in this horrible tunnel! Canfield! Canfield!"

Hampton stood appalled as a low, rushing sound, but fearfully distinct to his ears, broke upon the silence. They were the rats, who now attacked the body of Canfield. Hampton stooped down, and laying hold of the man, raised him up, and shook the reptiles from his body, while he halloed aloud in hope of scaring the creatures away. He seized Canfield firmly, and ran on a little way with his burden, in the hope—a despairing one—of gaining the mouth of the sewer. Ah, what is that white speck, shining like a star in the blackness? A light!

"This way," shouted Hampton. "Halloa! halloa! Quick with the light, or the rats will kill us. Halloa! halloa! Don't stop; there's a dying man here. Ellen!"

Yes, it was his wife who now came up, exclaiming,—"Thank God, Robert, I've found you. Great Heaven! what's the matter? You're streaming with blood. And this man; what is he?"

"Never mind now, Ellen. I see he is still alive, though I feared I had killed him. What could have brought you into this dreadful place?"

What brought her there! Need he have asked? Mrs. Hampton was a *woman*, and from her husband's protracted absence (he had been nearly twelve hours underground) she feared he was in danger; so scorning the physical weakness of her sex, she had ventured in the subterranean paths of London, to seek and assist him. Noble woman!

As soon as they got clear of the sewer, Canfield, who had only been stunned by his fall, recovered sufficiently to be able to walk to Hampton's room, where he was carefully tended by the wife of the latter. In a few hours he was well enough to leave the house. He was not so utterly hardened as to forget that he owed his life to the exertions of the man whom he had so belied. He shook hands with Hampton before he left, and they parted friends.

The possession of the diamond which Hampton had found, for some days sorely troubled him; but, by the advice of his wife, he took it to one of the principal jewellers in London, by whose assistance the owner was discovered. It belonged to a lady of rank, who had lost it some weeks back, from a ring which she never removed from her finger. This lady—a real lady—one who deserved the title she bore (would that we might record her name)—heard Hampton's story of the frightful way he obtained his living, and thoroughly satisfied of the man's honesty, offered him a situation as gardener at one of her houses in the country, and gave his wife employment in the same place.

Oh! with what intense feelings of thankful joy did Hampton and his wife leave the squalid court where they had endured so much misery, and pass into the sweet country. The fields and trees and green lanes, were each and all pure Heaven. To their ears, the birds chirruped Divine music; and the children laughed. Ay, that was Divine music too.

When they reached the cottage allotted to them, Hampton fell down on his knees and prayed. Tears trickled down his cheeks; but they were tears of happiness, not of pain.

MINSTREL LIFE IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY,

A SKETCH OF MEDIEVAL MANNERS.

BY THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A.

We hardly need tell our readers that literature, in the Middle Ages, was managed in a very different manner from that in which it is conducted at the present day. There were no printers and no publishers, whereby an author certainly escaped a numerous variety of troubles. Hearers were much more numerous than listeners, so that, although a man gained absolutely nothing by the sale of his works, his fame literally spread from mouth to mouth. The first edition of a new work generally consisted of a single copy; and as no one ever dreamt of such a thing as copyright, any one, at his own pleasure, gave another edition of the same number of copies; and sometimes the new editor thus pirated a poor writer's book, and quietly put his own name to it. But the first edition frequently answered the author's purpose very well, when, by judiciously pitching upon the right individual, he obtained, in return for his book, a fat living, or a comfortable place. To judge from his selection, it would seem that a worthy monk sometimes found it more amusing to copy a dull manuscript than to sit still and do absolutely nothing at all. A philosopher, or a man of science, found scholars who were zealous enough to copy his writings; and, of course, there were men who copied books, in order to profit by the sale. But this was, in a great measure, heavy literature—often the mere lumber of learning; and we cannot discover that anybody made much profit by selling the popular fashionable literature of the day.

This, in fact, was published in a totally different manner. If a poet would make known a song, his only way of proceeding was to go forth and sing it; if a romancer invented a story, he must go and tell it. He must utter his own joke, and recite his own reflections. Hence the popular authors of this description formed a class totally distinct from the others; they indeed stood alone in society, in some degree a separate caste. Clever, joyous fellows, like many of their successors in modern times, they drew upon themselves some discredit by their irregular course of life; and like them also, contented with the enjoyment of the day, they seldom thought of, or provided for, the morrow. They received the general appellation of *minstrels* (from the Latin *ministro*), because they were looked upon as only equal with servants; they were also called *jogeleurs* (in Latin *joculatores*), because they amused by their performances, for they added a great variety of games of different kinds to their literary labours. Eventually, as the class of persons to whom these titles belonged disappeared, the word *minstrel* became used to denote any one who sings, and *juggler* was a term applied only to a mountebank or a conjurer. These general notions are not much calculated to raise the position of the medieval "men of letters" in our eyes.

The reward of the minstrel depended entirely on the generosity of his audience. His chief scene of action was the baronial hall,—the time, dinner, or rather after dinner, when the *convives* were seated at their wine. Money was then a rare article, and the rich host testified his admiration of the minstrel's performances by a gift of some article

of wearing apparel, and sometimes even a horse or a jewel. He was sure, at all events, to get a plentiful share of the good things on the table before him. Thus, a capital joke might procure its author a hat; an attractive poem would gain him a cloak; a good story some other equally acceptable present. In this manner, a James of the thirteenth century must have recited his effusions in some rich man's hall, who in return would have given him an old coat, or some other thrown-off garment; or perchance, if he met with a generous wight, some more valuable article; and he would probably have raised money by selling it to the Jews.

It must not be denied that there were minstrels of different ranks and degrees in their profession, but this appears to have been merely accidental. The medieval writers make no distinction in their characters, although a large portion of the minstrels were probably unable to do more than repeat the productions of others. In the old romances and other literary productions of the thirteenth century, when the minstrel is brought on the scene, he is introduced as distinguished more by the number of pieces which he has committed to memory, than by his own skill in composing. Although any grand festival was sure to bring together a numerous host of these volatile worshippers of Parnassus, a wedding-feast appears to have been their special glory. The Provençal romance of Flamenca gives a singular picture of the crowd of minstrels who attended at the marriage of its heroine. "He who knew a new air, or song, or 'descort' (debate—what the old Scottish writers called a 'flyting'), or lay, put himself forwards as much as he could." A long list of the romances, and stories, and poesies, which they recited, is then given:—"every one said the best he could; between the sounds of the players on the viol and the voices of the reciters, there was a great noise in the hall"—

> "Cascus dis lo miel que sabia.
> Per la rumor dels viuladors,
> E per brug d'aitans comtadors,
> Hac gran murmuri per la sala."

In fact, the listeners must have had little chance of judging of the merits of the compositions thus rehearsed, for the whole body of the minstrels appear to have been individually occupied at the same time. Some of them, however, were employed in a manner rather derogatory to the literary character:—"one played the game of baskets; another tossed knives; one crawled on the ground, and another tumbled; another performed a drunken danse; one passed through a hoop, and another jumped!" This lasted six days, and then all the minstrels went away satisfied, for their host "gave so much to the minstrels, that the poorest of them, if he could refrain from dice, might have been rich." The minstrels were sorely addicted to gambling.

Much of the lighter literature of the thirteenth century carries internal evidence of having been composed by persons who gained their living by the performances above alluded to; and we know that several of the most remarkable poets of that age were minstrels who wandered from hall to hall. Some nobles and knights there were who, in their love for this profession, not only composed and recited themselves, but kept munificently in their courts the men who were dependent on their literary talents for support. It is a race which has been long extinct. William of Nevers, one of the heroes of the romance which we have

been quoting, "knew more songs and lays, 'descorts' and verses, 'sir ventes' (satirical invectives), and other kinds of poems, than any minstrel." "No minstrel, bad or good, was sorrowful in his presence; he kept them well from hunger and cold."—

"Degus joglars lai ou fos,
No fo marritz, avols nl bos;
Be 'ls garet de fam e de freg."

But the life of the minstrel, joyous and reckless as he might be, was not all sunshine. The poets of the thirteenth century complain that the times were degenerated; that the rich were no longer generous, or endowed with literary taste; and that "hunger and cold" were not unknown to the poor trobador er trouvère. Colin Muset, a talented French *chansonnier*—a worthy Sam Lover of the thirteenth century—has left us a song, in which he naïvely relates his discouragement at being sent from the hall of his host without his reward. "Sir Count," he says, "I have performed before you in your house, and you have given me nothing.....My purse is ill-furnished, and my knapsack is not well filled. Give me, Sir Count, a fair gift: for I want to go home to my family; and when I go with an empty purse, my wife is far from smiling. She says to me, 'Master Frostbitten, in what land have you been, that you have gained nothing? See how your knapsack bends! it is filled with nothing but wind. Bad luck to any one who wishes to be in such company!' When I come home to my house, and my wife sees that my bag behind me is crammed full, and that I am dressed in a good new robe, quick she throws down her spindle, and her two arms go round my neck. Without delay, my wife begins to untie my knapsack; my boy runs to feed and put up my horse; my maid hastens to kill and cook a couple of capons; my daughter playfully and affectionately brings me a comb. It is then that I am lord of my own house, and my joy is past all belief!"

Another poet of the thirteenth century, the once celebrated, but now almost forgotten, Rutebeuf, has given an amusing description of his own condition in life. Rutebeuf has left us no less than six poems on his poverty and distress. He confesses that he was in the habit of attending marriage-feasts and tournaments, and complains bitterly of the neglect there shown towards the votaries of literature. Rutebeuf, like Colin Muset, had a wife and children at home, who added but little to his comforts, particularly when he returned home empty-handed. He tells us that he concealed his address on account of his poverty, and that he kept his door shut, in order that the misery of his household might not be exposed to the world. The nurse threatened to send home his child unless he paid his wages, and his landlord at the same moment threatened to deprive him of any home in which to receive it, by giving him notice to quit unless he paid his rent. He had put all his goods in pawn, and had nothing left—

"Mi gage sont tuit engagié,
Et de chiés moi desmanagié;"

—"I have been living on the money of others, which they have lent me; but now no one will give me any credit, because I am known to be poor and in debt"—

"J'ai vescu de l'autrui chatei,
Que hon m'a créu et prestai;

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C'om me seit povre et endatei."

In another poem he tells us that he "coughs with cold, and yawns with hunger;" that he has neither coat nor bed; that there was no one so poor between Paris and Senlis. His bed was nothing but straw, and in the midst of rich people and luxury he had not wherewith to buy bread. "I have not even a shirt to my back; and I have no fear that either servant or stranger will steal anything from *me*." There are reasons for believing that Rutebeuf, like so many of his profession, was a victim to the dice.

But poverty was proverbially the lot of a minstrel. We are told in a medieval story that a party of thieves were once so foolish as to break into a minstrel's house by night; their victim rose up to meet them—"I know not," he said, "what you expect to find here in the dark, for I have never been lucky enough to find anything even in broad daylight."

Still, however, the minstrel's character and his talents stood him in the place of money and passport, and he wandered without danger from country to country, in an age when distant travel was a perilous undertaking. In the Adventures of Eustache the Monk, a sort of privateer or freebooter of the reign of our King John, we find Eustace on one occasion assuming the character and disguise of a minstrel, in order to make his escape out of England, the king having ordered the ports to be closed against him. When he came to the coast, he found a merchant ship ready to sail, and entered without ceremony. The master of the ship ordered him out, but he persisted in remaining, and used his powers of persuasion to obtain a passage. "I am a minstrel," he said, "of such talents, that you will find few my equals. I know all sorts of poems. For the love of God, fair sir, carry me over! I come from Northumberland, and have been five years in Ireland. I have drunk so much 'goudale,' that it shows itself in my face, and now I want to return home to drink again the wines of Argentuil and Prouvins." The sailors asked him to sing them something, but he complained of sea-sickness, and their respect for his character enabled him to escape the pursuit of his enemies. When on his travels the minstrel easily found board and lodging; and the person who ventured to insult him or treat him with disrespect, was sure in some way or other to feel his vengeance. Among the many stories of the thirteenth century in which the minstrel figures, one furnishes an amusing sample of his cleverness in this respect. There was a rich monastery, which was celebrated for its want of hospitality; the abbot was a bad man, and he selected the worst men he could find to fill the inferior offices. One day a minstrel, overtaken by night, entered this abbey to seek a lodging. The abbot was away; but the prior received him with a sour countenance, grudgingly set before him a forbidding mess of black bread and water, and sent him to a hard bed. The minstrel was highly offended; and, perceiving the character of the place, he set off the next morning by the road on which he understood that the abbot would return, and meeting him, he saluted him with the words—"Thrice welcome, good and liberal abbot! I thank you and all the brotherhood for the noble reception given to me last night by your prior; for he set before me choice fishes and wine, and served me with so many dishes that I cannot tell the number. When I left he gave me these new shoes and

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In another poem he tells us that he "coughs with cold, and yawns with hunger;" that he has neither coat nor bed; that there was no one so poor between Paris and Senlis. His bed was nothing but straw, and in the midst of rich people and luxury he had not wherewith to buy bread. "I have not even a shirt to my back; and I have no fear that either servant or stranger will steal anything from *me*." There are reasons for believing that Rutebeuf, like so many of his profession, was a victim to the dice.

But poverty was proverbially the lot of a minstrel. We are told in a medieval story that a party of thieves were once so foolish as to break into a minstrel's house by night; their victim rose up to meet them—"I know not," he said, "what you expect to find here in the dark, for I have never been lucky enough to find anything even in broad daylight."

Still, however, the minstrel's character and his talents stood him in the place of money and passport, and he wandered without danger from country to country, in an age when distant travel was a perilous undertaking. In the Adventures of Eustache the Monk, a sort of privateer or freebooter of the reign of our King John, we find Eustace on one occasion assuming the character and disguise of a minstrel, in order to make his escape out of England, the king having ordered the ports to be closed against him. When he came to the coast, he found a merchant ship ready to sail, and entered without ceremony. The master of the ship ordered him out, but he persisted in remaining, and used his powers of persuasion to obtain a passage. "I am a minstrel," he said, "of such talents, that you will find few my equals. I know all sorts of poems. For the love of God, fair sir, carry me over! I come from Northumberland, and have been five years in Ireland. I have drunk so much 'goudale,' that it shows itself in my face, and now I want to return home to drink again the wines of Argentuil and Prouvins." The sailors asked him to sing them something, but he complained of sea-sickness, and their respect for his character enabled him to escape the pursuit of his enemies. When on his travels the minstrel easily found board and lodging; and the person who ventured to insult him or treat him with disrespect, was sure in some way or other to feel his vengeance. Among the many stories of the thirteenth century in which the minstrel figures, one furnishes an amusing sample of his cleverness in this respect. There was a rich monastery, which was celebrated for its want of hospitality; the abbot was a bad man, and he selected the worst men he could find to fill the inferior offices. One day a minstrel, overtaken by night, entered this abbey to seek a lodging. The abbot was away; but the prior received him with a sour countenance, grudgingly set before him a forbidding mess of black bread and water, and sent him to a hard bed. The minstrel was highly offended; and, perceiving the character of the place, he set off the next morning by the road on which he understood that the abbot would return, and meeting him, he saluted him with the words—"Thrice welcome, good and liberal abbot! I thank you and all the brotherhood for the noble reception given to me last night by your prior; for he set before me choice fishes and wine, and served me with so many dishes that I cannot tell the number. When I left he gave me these new shoes and

this handsome girdle and knife." When the abbot heard this he flew into a furious rage; and, as soon as he had reached his monastery, he called the prior into the chapter-house, abused him heartily for his extravagance, and in spite of all his protestations, ordered him to be immediately subjected to the discipline, *i.e.*, to be severely flogged, turned him out of his office, and gave him for successor one who, he thought, would be less likely to fall into fits of generosity. In the fabliau *Des trois boçus*, three minstrels receive hospitality even at the table of a miser, and are rewarded with gifts before they leave the house.

The minstrels, it has been already observed, were as proverbial for their reckless character, and love of drinking and gambling, as for their poverty; the latter, indeed, being a natural consequence of the vices just mentioned. One of the fabliaux or metrical tales of the thirteenth century tells us of a minstrel of Sens, in France, who was very poor; he lost all his gains at the dice, and he had seldom a whole robe upon him, even at times he had no more than a shirt to cover himself with. Shoes and other articles of apparel were with him great rarities. His abode was in a garret, so full of holes and crannies, that at all events he had his share of daylight. His true dwelling-place, however, was in general either the tavern or the "bordel." At length he died, with nothing but a shirt on his back; and the evil one, finding no one to dispute his right to the soul, carried it off to his own warm dwelling-place. Of the rest of this droll story we can only give a slight outline, for various reasons: the only employment in which the jongleur could be made useful here, was that of blowing the fires, and he long demeaned himself in this office with becoming diligence and fidelity. One day all the fiends left their home in search of their prey, and left the care of the souls below to our exemplary minstrel. They had scarcely gone when St. Peter came in disguise with a bag of money and a box of dice. The minstrel felt his mouth water, but he had no money; his visitor offered to stake his gold against the souls who were under his care; the minstrel resisted as long as he could the temptation, but it was too strong for him, he was led gradually from one thing to another;—when the fiends returned, every corner of the lower regions was emptied of its tenants!

The very talents of this class of men gave them a certain political importance; their wandering habits made them, in an age when there were no newspapers, the general bearers of news from distant lands. The facility with which they passed from one country to another rendered them useful as spies. They were often sent as messengers on secret business. In one of the fabliaux, a person is introduced inquiring privately concerning a man and his wife who lived at Soissons; in return he is asked his reason for the question, and replies—"I am a minstrel, and am sent to him privately by a high personage." In the romance of Flamenca, already quoted, a minstrel is sent by the king to a noble baron, to invite him to his court on a festive occasion. At other times we find minstrels used as secret messengers between a favoured suitor and his "ladye love." All these appear to us at the present day singular attributes for a popular writer.

This facility of access into all places, and among all society, made the character of the minstrel a favourite disguise. We have already given one instance of its adoption for this purpose. In the romance of

La Violette, the hero visits in this disguise his own castle, in the possession of one who had treacherously deprived him of his inheritance. In the fabulous British history, as told by Wace, in his "Brut," Balduf is made to pass through the enemy, who were besieging his brother's castle, and obtain entrance into the fortress in this disguise. These are all pictures of the manners of the age in which these poems were written. In the history of Fulke Fitz Warine, an outlaw in the reign of King John, one of Fulke's companions, named John de Raunpaygne, who "knew enough of minstrelsy," takes upon himself this disguise, to enter the castle of one of Fulke's enemies to obtain intelligence, and the first question put to him, on presenting himself in the castle, was "What news is there abroad?"—"E queles noveles?" Another incident in the same "History," shows us, that so great was the respect for the character thus assumed, that even minstrels from infidel countries met with a favourable reception among Christians, and *vice versâ*, Christians often visited the infidels in the same disguise. This same John de Raunpaygne is made to blacken his skin and present himself before King John as a minstrel from Ethiopia. In the same manner, in the elegant story of "Aucasin et Nicolete," (printed in Barbazan,) the daughter of a king of Carthage, rather than marry a person who is obnoxious to her, runs away in the disguise of a minstrel, in which character she easily obtains a passage over the sea to Provence, and there wanders about and lives by her assumed profession till she discovers the castle of her ancient lover. A chronicle of the twelfth century furnishes us with an example of a more historical character than the preceding. When, in 1108, Louis le Gros, king of France, laid siege to a castle of Hugh de Crecy, the latter made an attempt to enter it during the siege by assuming, among other disguises, that of a minstrel.

A large portion of those who belonged to the profession of a minstrel had, of course, no claim to a literary character: some of them patched up pieces with fragments taken from the works of others, or repeated what they had heard; and might be compared in their class to the booksellers' hacks and penny-a-liners of the present day; and many had no inventive talents at all. In an age when there was no general publicity, as now, it was difficult to distinguish between the true composer and the man who only repeated the compositions of others. We trace, even in the thirteenth century, jealousy between the minstrels of higher rank and those who usurped their attributes without their talents. In the gradual change in society, the minstrels found less encouragement among the rich, and were obliged to depend for their support upon the populace, to whom they sang their ballads or told their stories in the streets and villages. It became then a sort of literature "for the million;" and the character of the profession became more and more degraded, until a minstrel was regarded with contempt only as what Chaucer calls a "lousie jogelour."

ON A FAVOURITE WALK,

WHICH I HAVE CALLED "SAINT MARY'S AISLE."

BY EDWARD KENEALY, ESQ.

Author of "Brallaghan," &c.

It is a lone and gentle walk
O'er-arch'd by moss-grown woodland trees,
Beneath whose shade we laugh and talk,
And live in soft luxurious ease;
Our thoughts as bright as Indian seas
A-sleeping in the golden sun;
And rich as that enchanted breeze
That blows o'er woods of cinnamon—
Such thoughts the happy hours beguile
With *thee* in sweet Saint Mary's Aisle.

The ash trees wreathe their silver boughs
Aloft to form an arch of green,
So closely twin'd, it scarce allows
A wandering beam of sun between;
A dim religious vesper light
This walk of trees and flowers pervades,
Save only where thine eyes so bright
Shed morning-radiance through the shades—
Though dark as night, one sunny smile
From *thee* illumes Saint Mary's Aisle.

Along this silent wild retreat
The yellow cowslips thickly grow,
While airs with many an odour sweet
From yonder beds of roses blow,—
Give me thy hand, as white as snow
But warm as sunshine, and we'll stray
Through the green paths with footstep slow,
Till Evening veils the face of Day—
Oh! what so sweet as thus to while
The hours in lone Saint Mary's Aisle?

I see thee like some nymph of old,
Some Grecian nymph with wild flow'rs tress'd,
Thy silken ringlets all unroll'd,
Loose on thy snowy neck and breast.
I hear thee, and thy language breathes
Delicious rapture in mine ears,
Like the light breath of rosy wreaths,
Like the rich music of the spheres—
For angels talk and angels smile
Like *thee* in sweet Saint Mary's Aisle.

How oft by moonlight have we stray'd
Beneath this Gothic roof of leaves,
And gaz'd upon the distant glade
With frequent trees and golden sheaves;
How oft in mellow nights in June
We've rambled through the sleeping shade,
While the soft rays of star and moon
Round us like show'rs of silver play'd—
It seem'd some old cathedral pile,
And *thou* the Saint of Mary's Aisle.

At times some flute's melodious sound
Broke through the silence of the night,
Careering round and round and round,
Like as young seraph's airy flight,
Filling our hearts with new delight;
Lending new visions to the scene,
Of fauns and nymphs in festal rite,
And dancing o'er the moonlit green—
Such antique dreams our hearts beguile
At night in sweet Saint Mary's Aisle.

O beauteous dreams of faëry time,
Of tilt and tourney, knight and dame,
Fain would I build the lofty rhyme
And give your praise to deathless fame;
Fain would I chant the olden days
Of nymph and oread, bard and faun;
But other themes demand my lays
From purple-night till saffron-dawn,—
My songs are *hers* alone whose smile
Makes heaven of dear Saint Mary's Aisle.

Bring forth the lute whose silver strings
Have oft beguil'd the summer hours,
And while the wild-bird yonder sings
Recline within th' acacia bowers;
And wake once more its wondrous chords
With airs as sweet as airs can be;
Nor yet disdain the quaint old words
Of song, that once I wrote for thee,
Receiv'd with many a gracious smile—
Of thanks, in dear Saint Mary's Aisle.

Or, if thou wilt, sit still and hear
The classic tales we love so well;
To noble hearts like thine, how dear
The great heroic truths they tell;
Spenser, and Shakspeare, wild Rousseau,
The Wandering Childe whose heart grew hell,
Or lonely Dante born to woe,
Or stern Ferrara's shadowy cell,—
Ah!—*these* will win thy tears awhile
When musing in Saint Mary's Aisle.

Thus pass our joyous hours away,
With flowers and music, songs and books,
The stars of night, the beams of day,
The beauty of thy brighter looks;
Why need we sigh for marble halls?
Or Eastern pomp, or stately domes?
More dear to me one word that falls
And one sweet look from her who roams,
With happy heart, and song, and smile,
Thro' thy green shades, Saint Mary's Aisle!

HERMANN AND REGINA.

A TRUE ANECDOTE.

BY CAPTAIN MEDWIN.

A NATIVE of Manheim, after serving his time as a sugar-baker, with the *vade mecum* of operatives, written by one of their own itinerant body (a journeyman tailor, I think) in his pocket, and but little else, after making the tour of Germany, at the expense of the public, settled himself at Hamburgh, and there followed his paternal occupation. The house at which he lodged in that fire-devoted city, was also tenanted by a widow, who had been left,—we come now to the pith of our narrative,—with an only daughter. They were the counterparts of Göthe's—and Regina, (it is a name as common as Josephine in Belgium or Gothon in France,) might have said with her prototype, "We have no maid, and I must cook, and scrub, and knit, and sew, and my mother is in all things '*so accurat*.'" It might be said, too, that this new Margaret, in addition to her beauty, possessed innocence, simplicity, and humility, which the great poet calls in his untranslateable language, though it has been often attempted in bad prose, and worse verse, "die hochsten gaben der liebevoll *austheilenden* natur."

These gifts were not lost upon Hermann; who could be insensible to them? and to pass over the story of their loves, in process of time this pair became what the Italians call "promessi sposi." Such espousals are held much more sacred than with us. The rite is solemnized by the interchange of rings; thenceforth worn by the man on his fore-finger. By a strange application of terms, the betrothed are called Braut and Brautegham before marriage, as before the birth of a child they entitle themselves mother and father. They make no secret of the relation in which they stand to one another; on the contrary, talk of it to all their friends and acquaintances, and receive, as a matter of course, their continual congratulations. The bridegroom claims almost all the privileges of a husband, is constantly seen walking arm-in-arm with his intended, spends all his leisure hours in her society, gives up his kniepe in order to please her, sometimes his pipe, the greatest of sacrifices. In short, he is looked upon as one of the family—an *amico di casa* in Italy has not more power in the house,—and calls their proprietors parents.

Such, alas, in this instance, were the *bridals* of Hermann and Regina. Had he been questioned as to his religion, his replies, however different to Faust's, would have proved equally unsatisfactory, nor is it surprising, therefore, if he should have followed the bad precedent of that heartless libertine, and made a too confiding and unprotected girl his victim. She became a mother, and exchanging for

> "that quiet,
> Which virtue pictures—bitterness of soul,
> Pining regrets, and vain repentances,"

saw him on whom she doted, a few weeks after this untoward event, set out on his return to the place of his birth, whither he was recalled, or so he said, by his father, who had expressed previously his entire approbation of the match. They parted with vows of eternal fidelity, and a solemn assurance and promise, on the part of the seducer, speedily to ratify the contract, and fetch her home as his wife.

Meanwhile, Hermann arrived by the usual mode of travelling, which I have described, at Manheim, whither a twelvemonth later I shall bring myself. That second town in the Grand Duchy of Baden, which from its position ought to have been made the first, is not only a place of considerable activity in trade, but presents many resources to a stranger. The society is the best on the banks of the Rhine, many of the old German families of *Eben blut*, that is, of equal blood to royalty, making it their resort, and keeping up a certain state, forming a magic circle about themselves which none of inferior rank are allowed to enter. I speak of their own compatriots, not of foreigners, especially the English, who have a *passe par tout*. There is also a little court of easy access, a mighty attraction for our islanders, so easy, that a tailor who found himself there, to his own especial wonder, asked the chamberlain to give him a certificate of his presentation. Excuse this bit of gossip. But one of the chief advantages of Manheim is its opera. Even before the time of Schiller, and there the Robbers was first produced,—I have the original play-bill,—this theatre was what Bath formerly boasted to be, a sort of preparatory step to the boards of the great capitals. Very many of the brightest stars have here risen above the horizon. And at the present day, the most celebrated prima donnas never fail, from time to time, even at their zenith, to grace this stage, which, I speak advisedly, and from the best authority, in its mechanical arrangement possesses secrets even unknown to Paris and London. The orchestra is excellently composed. Meyerbeer was satisfied with it, *c'est beaucoup dire*.

But what has all this to do with your story? Don't be impatient, reader.

On the night of my arrival, I saw an announcement, in large characters, on the columns of this theatre, that Schrœder Devrient was to appear in Don Giovanni. Who could resist such an invitation? The pressure at the doors was immense, I was carried in with the stream, and as good-luck would have it, obtained a seat in the very centre of the parterre, by the side of a respectable-looking man, with whom I soon fell into conversation. My neighbour was a master-shoemaker, as he told me, a very different one from Boz's American *Sartor*. Among their many virtues, the Germans possess one,—they *are what* they *are*, i. e., they do not affect to be what they are not, which in these days of *pretension* is no small merit, and more than can be said of most of their visitors. For all that this narrative contains I am indebted to this honest bourgeois, though, for the sake of telling the tale in my own way, I have thus far introduced my characters, without quoting him as an authority. But I anticipate.

The overture is begun, that overture, which if Mozart had composed nothing else, would justify the worship paid him. Though the offspring of a single night, it is doubtless one of the greatest efforts of human genius; and the opera, had I not in my mind's eye Hoffmann's eloquent description of what *he felt* at its first representation, irrelevant as it might be, I should be inclined to indulge in a little rhapsody. But if my enthusiasm yielded to the eccentric composer's, it fell far short of that which the audience displayed on this occasion, I knew their idolatry for Mozart, I was aware that they are almost all musicians, but I was little prepared to witness what I did that night. As the interest of the story waxed greater and greater, with it in-

creased the excitement of the public. A breathless interest pervaded the house. The female part of it seemed to feel the wrongs of Donna Anna as though they were their own—the men to express an undisguised detestation and horror of Don Juan's libertinism, which all the humour of Leporello could not dissipate or diminish. As the plot thickened, and the catastrophe was at hand, some of the women sobbed aloud, others shrieked, and two were carried out in violent hysterics.

From time to time passages were seized on, like the clap-traps of a modern piece, and applied to some occurrence of the day; all the admiration of the audience for Staudigl could not save him from being frequently hissed, as though they were venting their indignation on some embodied form of their distempered fantasies, some being of their creation. In short, the curtain fell in a complete uproar, which did not soon subside. The prima donna was not called for, and the benches were at length cleared in gloomy silence.

Had I been at Königsberg, the head-quarters of Pietism, instead of Manheim, I should have been less at a loss to account for this extraordinary scene. Are the Germans, thought I, turned into Abderites, or have they such an outrageous sense of morality, as to be shocked with a fictitious picture of vice,—so shocked, that the melodies of Mozart and the magic accents of Schrœder Devrient fail to reconcile them to the bare exhibition of it on the stage.

In my astonishment, I communicated my thoughts to my new acquaintance, who in our way through the streets thus concluded what I have already prefaced.

"You are surprised at this popular commotion, and well you may be, but when I explain it, your wonder will turn to pity: know then, that Manheim has to-day witnessed a frightful tragedy—been the scene of an occurrence that has left an impression on all hearts that will not so soon be effaced.

"Few words are best. Hermann, as I have already said, returned here, and in the course of a very few months his father died, leaving him in the possession of a flourishing trade. Till this period he kept up a constant communication, by correspondence, with Regina, but the acquisition of so much wealth hardened and corrupted his heart; his letters became few and far between, colder and colder, till he at length ceased to write to her at all, or to send her any money for the support of their child; and worse than even this heartlessness, he formed another engagement with a rich citizen's daughter, and a day was fixed for their wedding. This was the very day.

"Imagine to yourself all the preparations made for the ceremony, the bridegroom gone to his mother-in-law's house, in the act of handing his new bride down the stairs, and about to proceed with her to the church,—when an apparition, rather than a woman, so changed had she become by sorrow for the loss of her mother, who had died of a broken heart, and sickness, and want, and outworn by fatigue, for she had begged her way from Hamburgh—presented itself. Poor Regina, staggering as one after the paroxysm of a mortal fever—'wild, pale, and wonder-stricken,'—she gazed dizzily on that scene. 'Deadened, though her lost intelligence' was, within, it needed not the snowy veil and orange wreath entwined about the brows of the new bride, nor the white favours that adorned Hermann, to divulge the harrowing tale of faithless love and betrayed affection. Conscious of all this, in

her agony of mind she threw herself on her knees before them, barring the way, and stretched out with emaciated hands her infant to its father. The unnatural wretch appeared not to recognize, and spurned them from him; she then clung to the bride, appealing to her in broken accents, but she regarded her not. Nor can it be said in her justification, that she considered her rival as an impostor,—both she and her mother were perfectly aware of her prior claims. They scarcely deigned her a look, almost stepped over her as she lay on the ground, entered the carriage; it drove off, and left Regina senseless on the pavement.

"From that swoon she never awoke—was transported almost immediately to the hospital—no blood followed the lancet;—she had already expired.

"The fame of this tragedy ran like lightning through Manheim. A meeting was called, and a subscription immediately entered into for defraying the expenses of the funeral; a sufficient sum being raised, at two o'clock,—you know that in this country interments are never delayed as with you,—a long procession, consisting of the most respectable of the citizens, set out from the *Krankenhaus*. As the mourning train proceeded to the *Gottesacker* it swelled more and more, till a vast multitude, one-third of the inhabitants, joined in it, or crowded about the bier. Women, you are aware, never attend funerals in Germany, but I was not the only person in that group turned into one. I am not ashamed to say that I wept bitterly. So solemn a *Leichen-begleitung* has not been seen for many a year in our town. Catholics and Lutherans, without distinction, were animated with one feeling. The deceased, unlike me, had been of the latter persuasion. The good pastor who performed the service, in his oration over the grave, surpassed himself, and moved all hearts with the pathetic story of the unhappy Hamburgher's love and fate. He dwelt on her virtues, and recapitulated her wrongs, recommended her orphan to the protection of the congregation, reprobated in the strongest terms—none could be too strong—the conduct of the heartless wretch, whom he denounced as her murderer, and pronounced on him the anathema of the church, and the vengeance of an outraged Deity.

"After the conclusion of the affecting ceremony, a mob proceeded tumultuously to the house of the new-married couple. They broke the windows, and were endeavouring to force the door, in order to execute summary justice on the culprit, when a strong body of the police interfered. The riot, however, was not so easily put down. It was scarcely an hour before the opening of the theatre that the street was cleared, and you are at no loss how to account for the excitement you witnessed this evening."

I here took my leave of the good citizen, and returned to my hotel—a better man. Since that day, a melancholy has always fallen upon me, like a shadow, when I have been present at the performance of Don Juan, and with it is mingled a regard, such as I never entertained for any audience.

It has raised the character of the Germans in my estimation as a moral people, and does infinite honour to Manheim; nor must I omit to add the tribute of my respect for the excellent and amiable Grand Duchess Stephanie, who adopted the unfortunate and orphan child of the affianced.

THE PARADISE OF MOHAMMED.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO, ESQ.

WITHOUT inquiring into the nature of the higher degree of felicity which was promised by the Arabian prophet to those of his followers whose superior virtue on earth entitled them to the greatest enjoyment hereafter—for, according to al Ghazâli and other learned commentators on the Korân, the Paradise of Mohammed does not altogether consist in sensual gratifications—it is intended to confine the scope of the present article to the material pleasures which are said to await the majority of true believers when, mounted on white-winged camels with saddles of gold, they seek the realms of eternal bliss. To this will be added, by way of comparison, a review of the paradisiacal enjoyments which have formed the expectation of pagan nations in general.

The principle will be found the same in all; for it has been justly said that it is scarcely possible to convey to the generality of mankind an idea of spiritual pleasures without introducing sensible objects; and therefore it is that an appeal is invariably made, if not to the passions, at all events to the material perceptions of the living man. It requires a strong faculty of idealism readily to comprehend an existence whose pleasures arise from causes with which mortality has nothing in common; and, save in the Christian dispensation, no founder of a religion has ever trusted to mental gratifications alone to draw worshippers to his altar. Mohammed certainly did not base his plan on, what his countrymen would have deemed, such unsubstantial grounds: he invested it with every attribute of physical delight, increased in a tenfold degree, and the sensuality of the East brought millions to his creed.

To the wandering Arab of the burning, sandy desert, what prospect could be more grateful than a land of perpetual verdure, watered by crystal streams, and abounding in the means for gratifying every desire. His love of the wonderful was satisfied by prodigious fables—his fondness for splendour by descriptions excelling those to which he nightly listened at the door of his tent—his admiration of beauty by the promise of illimitable enjoyment in the presence of ravishing black-eyed maids created solely for him.

The Korân contains numerous passages in which these things are promised in a general way; but it is to the ingenuity and amplifications of the commentators that the specific knowledge of the pleasures of Paradise is due. In the 47th Chapter of the Korân, whose object is to stimulate the true believers to fight for the Mohammedan faith, we find—"The description of Paradise which is promised to the pious: Therein are rivers of incorruptible water; rivers of milk, the taste whereof changeth not; rivers of wine, pleasant unto those that drink: and rivers of clarified honey: and therein shall they have plenty of all kinds of fruits; *and pardon from the Lord;*"—the last blessing thrown in something like Falstaff's half-pennyworth of bread, to qualify the intolerable deal of sack. The commentators have improved on this hint; for the first joy of Paradise offered to the blessed is the pond of the Prophet, from which they are to drink. It is supplied by two pipes from the river Al Cawthar, which takes its rise at the root of the tree called Tûba, or "tree of happiness," of which more anon.

This river is declared to be sweeter than honey, whiter than milk, cooler than snow, more odoriferous than musk, and smoother than cream; its banks are of chrysolites, and the vessels to drink thereout are of silver, and as numerous as the stars of the firmament. Such is the incomparable virtue of this water, that he who drinks of it will thirst no more for ever. Here was an inducement for the thirsty Hadji to prosecute the pilgrimage to Mecca, though to be told of these delights in the midst of the desert was almost as tantalising as the mirage itself.

In the Chapter entitled "The Merciful," Mohammed himself enters more into detail. He says: "For him who dreadeth the tribunal of his Lord are prepared two gardens, planted with shady trees. In each of them shall be two fountains flowing. In each of them shall there be of every fruit two kinds. They shall repose on couches, the linings whereof shall be of thick silk interwoven with gold; and the fruit of the two gardens shall be near at hand to gather. Therein shall receive them beauteous damsels, refraining their eyes from beholding any besides their spouses, having complexions like rubies and pearls. And besides these, there shall be two other gardens of a dark green; and in each of them shall be two fountains pouring forth plenty of water. In each of them shall be fruits, and palm trees, and pomegranates. Therein shall be agreeable and beauteous damsels, having fine black eyes, and kept in pavilions from public view: therein shall they delight themselves, lying on green cushions and beautiful carpets."

Again, in the chapter called "The Inevitable," the Prophet says of the faithful:—"They shall dwell in gardens of delight, reposing on couches adorned with gold and precious stones; sitting opposite to each other thereon. Youths which shall continue in their bloom for ever, shall go round about to attend them, with goblets and beakers, and a cup of flowing wine: their heads shall not ache by drinking the same," (it would seem that Mohammed had some experience in tippling,) "neither shall their reason be disturbed; and with fruits of the sorts which they shall choose, and the flesh of birds of the kind which they shall desire. And there shall accompany them fair damsels having large black eyes, resembling pearls hidden in their shells, as a reward for that which they shall have wrought. And the companions of the right hand (the blessed) shall have their abode among lote-trees free from thorns, and trees of *mauz*, (a species of acacia,) loaded regularly with their produce from top to bottom, under an extended shade, near a flowing water, and amidst fruits in abundance, which shall not fail, nor shall be forbidden to be gathered; and they shall repose themselves on lofty beds."

It has been wittily said by the poet, who has given us the most glowing descriptions of the East, that—

> "A Turkish heaven is easily made,—
> 'Tis but black eyes and lemonade."

and, as far as Mohammed's account goes, they seem indeed to be the principal ingredients in creating a Paradise; but Jellalo'ddin, Yahya, and others, are not willing to receive the blessings of the promise so literally. Founding their assertion upon the Prophet's traditions, they say that the Paradise promised to the true believers is situated in the seventh heaven, next under the throne of God, the earth whereof is of the finest wheaten flour, or of the purest musk; that its stones are pearls and jacinths, the walls of its buildings enriched with gold and

silver, and the trunks of its trees of gold. Conspicuous amongst the latter is the tuba tree, to which we have already alluded, which stands in the (celestial) palace of Mohammed, and a branch of which reaches to the house of every true believer. This tree produces everything edible: fruit of all kinds, pomegranates, melons, grapes, dates, and figs, fish, flesh, and fowl, with the advantage, moreover, as regards the latter, of their being ready dressed; so that, if one of the faithful wants his dinner, he has only to wish for it, and straightway it is served up with all the profusion, and quite as much reality, as the celebrated banquet of the Barmekide. "The orthodox add," says Sale, quoting Jellallo'ddin, "that the boughs of this tree will spontaneously bend down to the hand of the person who would gather of its fruit; and that it will supply the blessed not only with food, but also with silken garments, and beasts to ride on, ready saddled and bridled, and adorned with rich trappings, which will burst forth from its fruits; and that this tree is so large that a person mounted on the fleetest horse, would not be able to gallop from one end of its shade to the other in a hundred years."

It is clear that, when Mohammed devised the river Al Cawthar and the tuba tree, he had the 22nd chapter of Revelations in view, though he took a wide range in interpreting the spiritual blessings there promised. The words of the inspired evangelist are as follows:—

"And he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.

"In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruits every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations."

Again, when Mohammed speaks, as we have seen, of the glories of the seventh heaven, he is setting forth materially that which St. John merely figured in a typical sense:—

"And the building of the wall was of jasper: and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass.

"And the foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones."

It has been the aim of the Soofi poets,—the chiefest of whom are Feride'ddin Attar, Jallalo'ddin Roomi, and the moral Sadi,—to attach a mystical meaning to all the promised joys of the Mussulman Paradise; but whatever the interpretation which their ingenuity has suggested, it is little doubtful that Mohammed's own desire was to rivet the attention of his followers on tangible objects, as on things the easiest of comprehension; and therefore, when he stocked his gardens of delight, he took care to offer to his warlike proselytes the pleasures most likely to allure men whose lives were passed amidst privation, toil, and danger. The grossness of these pleasures was, however, too palpable to escape the lash of the satirist, and we find in an Anglo-Saxon poem, preserved in Hickes's Thesaurus, (vol. iii.) and quoted by Warton as a specimen of the poetry of the twelfth century, a sufficiently ludicrous imitation of the Paradise of Mohammed, professing to be a description of the land of Cokaygne.

We have seen in the Korân that great splendour in furniture and dress is reserved for the faithful, and the commentators supply any details that may be wanting; they add that the godly will be clothed "in the richest silks and brocades, chiefly of green, which will burst forth

from the fruits of Paradise, (like the contents of a Sheffield walnut,) and will also be supplied by the leaves of the tree tûba; they will be adorned with bracelets of gold and silver, and crowns set with pearls of incomparable lustre; and will make use of silken carpets, litters a prodigious size, couches, pillows, and other rich furniture embroidered with gold and precious stones."

But beside the joys of the table and the delights of personal adornment, Mohammed has a greater attraction still for those whose faces are made white by their observance of the law. This consists in the presence of those lovely maidens, the حور or Virgins of Paradise, known to Europeans as the Houris, or more correctly Hooreyeh. These "delicate creatures," called from their splendid black eyes *Hûr al oyûn*, are created, not of clay, as mortal women are, but of musk, which seems to enter into the composition of everything that is esteemed beautiful in the East. They are perfectly formed, and dwell secluded from public view in pavilions of hollow pearls of enormous magnitude. This extension of size forms a prominent feature in Oriental conceptions. The blessed themselves are to be raised to the same stature as that of Adam before the fall, who is said to have been no less than sixty cubits high. Perpetual youth and undiminished strength are the concomitants of this state of being, and "lest any of the senses," says Sale, "should want their proper delight, we are told the ear will be there entertained, not only with the ravishing songs of Israsil, who has the most melodious voice of all God's creatures, and of the daughters of Paradise, but even the trees themselves will celebrate the divine praises with a harmony exceeding whatever mortals have heard; to which will be joined the sound of the bells hanging on the trees, which will be put in motion by the wind proceeding from the throne of God, so often as the blessed wish for music; nay, the very clashing of the golden-bodied trees, whose fruits are pearls and emeralds, will surpass human imagination; so that the pleasures of this sense will not be the least of the enjoyments of Paradise."

The situation of the Mohammedan Paradise is the last point left for us to consider, and here we shall follow the observations of Mr. Lane, the learned translator of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments *.

"According to the common opinion of the Arabs, there are seven heavens, one above another; and seven earths, one beneath another: the earth which we inhabit being the highest of the latter, and next below the lowest heaven. The upper surface of each heaven, and that of each earth, are believed to be nearly plane, and are generally supposed to be circular, and are said to be five hundred years' journey in width. This is also said to be the measure of the depth or thickness of each heaven and each earth, and of the distance between each heaven or earth; and that next above or below it," * * * "This notion of the seven heavens appears to have been taken from the 'seven spheres;' so also the idea of the seven earths seems to have been taken from the division of the earth into seven climates; a division which has been adopted by several Arab geographers.

"Traditions differ respecting the *fabric* of the seven heavens. In the most credible account, according to Ibn Esh-Shehneh, the first is described as formed of emerald; the second, of white silver; the third,

* See Notes to the Introduction, p. 20, Lane's Version.

of large white pearls; the fourth, of ruby; the fifth, of red gold; the sixth, of yellow jacinth; and the seventh, of shining light.

"Some assert Paradise to be in the seventh heaven, but the author above quoted proceeds to describe, next above the seventh heaven, seven seas of light; then an undefined number of veils, or separations, of different substances, seven of each kind; and then Paradise, which consists of seven stages, one above another: the first, (*Dar el-Jelál*, or the *Mansion of Glory*,) of white pearls; the second, (*Dar es-selám*, or the *Mansion of Peace*,) of ruby; the third, (*Jennet el Ma-wa*, or the *Garden of Rest*,) of green chrysolite; the fourth, *Jennet el-Khuld*, or the *Garden of Eternity*,) of green (or yellow) coral; the fifth, (*Jennet en-Na'eem*, or the *Garden of Delight*,) of white silver; the sixth, (*Jennet el Firdós*, or the *Garden of Paradise*,) of red gold; and the seventh, (*Jennet 'Adu*, or the *Garden of Perpetual Abode*—or of *Eden*,) of large pearls; this overlooking all the former, and canopied by the throne of the Compassionate (*'Arsh-Er-Rahmán*,) i. e. of God. These several regions of Paradise are described in some traditions as forming so many degrees or stages, ascended by steps."

In the construction of his Paradise, Mohammed was, as Sale observes, greatly indebted to the traditions of the Jews and the Persians; indeed he availed himself of every religion or form of belief known in the East; and therefore, if similarities are found to exist between the promises of the Korân and the anticipations of the Talmudists and the followers of Zoroaster, the originality must be referred to the latter. "The Jews," for example, "constantly described the future mansion of the just as a delicious garden, and make it also reach to the seventh heaven. They also say it has three gates, or, as others will have it, two, and four rivers, flowing with milk, wine, balsam, and honey. Their Behemoth and Leviathan, which they pretend will be slain for the entertainment of the blessed, are so apparently the Balâm and Nûn of Mohammed, that his followers themselves confess he is obliged to them for both. The Rabbins likewise mention seven different degrees of felicity, and say that the highest will be of those who perpetually contemplate the face of God. The Persian Magi had also an idea of the future happy estate of the good, very little different from that of Mohammed. Paradise they call Behisht and Minû, which signifies crystal, where they believe the righteous shall enjoy all manner of delights, and particularly the company of the Hurâm Behisht, or black-eyed nymphs of Paradise, the cause of whom, they say, is committed to the angel Zamiyâd; and hence Mohammed seems to have taken the first hint of his paradisiacal ladies."*

He borrowed many things besides. One amongst them, for instance, was the narrow bridge, (the *via semita* of Hyde,) over which the blessed are to pass on their way into Paradise. Speaking of the old Persians, Hyde says †: "Credunt defunctorum piorum animas esse apud Deum, aliorum alicubi, usque ad resurrectionem" (or rather *eternitatem*) "in quâ corporibus vestitæ, *per Pontem* (ubi sunt Angeli custodes) tentabunt transitum in terram felicitatis, et judicium subibant in ipso Ponte." This bridge is called in Persian "*Pul Tschînavar*," *Al Sirat* of the Arabs. The locality of the Persian Paradise is various; some place it exactly under the equator, "latitudine destituta seu privata," calling it the city of Giamshid; others suppose it (under the name of *Irân vigj*) on the confines of Persia, which Hyde conjectures to be the

* Preliminary Discourse. † Religio veterum Persarum.

mountain *Demawend;* and others again assign the country of Kanhsmeer as the site, on account of the mildness and beauty of the climate. But wherever situated, it was, as we have seen, an abode of delight, though perhaps not equal to the *Jennet 'Aden* of Mohammed, for the excess of the celestial over earthly bliss was only fourfold. "In Paradiso remunerabiter quadrupliciter."

If Mohammed copied the Elysian schemes of older religions, there were not wanting imitators of that which he had adopted, and accordingly we find numerous Paradises of subsequent creation. The principal of these was the terrestrial Paradise of Sheddád, the son of A'd, called *Irem Zát el-'Emád;* which is said to have been discovered by the Arab Kelábeh (or Colabah) when wandering in the desert in search of a stray camel. The story is thus told:—

"It is related that 'Abd Allah, the son of Aboo Kilábeh, went forth to seek a camel that had run away; and while he was proceeding over the deserts of El-Yemen and the district of Seba, he chanced to arrive at a vast city encompassed by enormous fortifications, around the circuit of which were pavilions rising high into the sky. So when he approached it, he imagined that there must be inhabitants within it, of whom he might inquire for his camel; and accordingly he advanced to it; but on coming to it, he found that it was desolate, without any one to cheer its solitude.

"I alighted," says he, "from my she-camel, and tied up her foot; and then, composing my mind, entered the city. On approaching the fortifications, I found that they had two enormous gates, the like of which, for size and height, have never been seen elsewhere in the world, set with a variety of jewels and jacinths, white, and red, and yellow, and green; and when I beheld this, I was struck with the utmost wonder at it, and the sight astonished me. I entered the fortifications in a state of terror, and with a wandering mind, and saw them to be of the same large extent as the city, and to comprise elevated pavilions, every one of these containing lofty chambers, and all of them constructed of gold and silver, and adorned with rubies and chrysolites, and pearls, and various coloured jewels. The folding doors of these pavilions were like those of the fortifications in beauty, and their floors were overlaid with large pearls and with balls like hazel-nuts, composed of musk and ambergris and saffron. And when I came into the midst of the city, I saw not in it a created being of the sons of Adam; and I almost died of terror. I then looked down from the summits of the lofty chambers and pavilions, and saw rivers running beneath them; and in the great thoroughfare-streets of the city were fruit-bearing trees, and tall palm-trees; and the construction of the city was of alternate bricks of gold and silver; so I said within myself, No doubt this is the Paradise promised in the world to come.

"I carried away, of the jewels which were as its gravel, and the musk that was as its dust, as much as I could bear, and returned to my district, where I acquainted the people with the occurrence. And the news reached Mo'áhwiyeh, the son of Aboo Sufyan, (who was then Khaleefeh,) in the Hejáz; so he wrote to his lieutenant in San'a of El Yemen, saying, summon that man, and inquire of him the truth of the matter. His lieutenant therefore caused me to be brought, and demanded of me an account of my adventure, and of what had befallen me; and I informed him of what I had seen. He then sent me to Mo'áhwiyeh, and I acquainted him also with that which I had seen;

but he disbelieved it: so I produced to him some of those pearls and the little balls of ambergris and musk and saffron. The latter retained somewhat of their sweet scent; but the pearls had become yellow and discoloured.

"At the sight of these, Mo'áhwiyeh wondered, and he sent and caused Kaab el-Ahbár to be brought before him, and said to him, 'O Kaab el-Ahbár, I have called thee on account of a matter of which I desire to know the truth, and I hope that thou mayest be able to certify me of it.' 'And what is it, O Prince of the Faithful?' asked Kaab el-Ahbár. Mo'áhwiyeh said, 'Hast thou any knowledge of the existence of a city constructed of gold and silver, the pillars whereof are of chrysolite and ruby, and the gravel of which is pearls, and of balls like hazel-nuts, composed of musk and ambergris and saffron?' He answered, 'Yes, O Prince of the Faithful. It is *Irem Zát el-'Emád* (Irem with the lofty buildings), the like of which hath never been constructed in the regions of the earth; and Sheddád the son of 'A'd the Greater built it.'"*

According to the account which we have followed, the Khaleefeh desired to hear the history of Sheddád, which we shall briefly give. The tribe of A'd, of which Sheddád was the chief, were settled in al Áhkâf, or the winding sands in the province of Hudramant. "He was fond of reading ancient books, and when he met with the description of the world to come, and of Paradise, with its pavilions and lofty chambers, and its trees and fruits, and of the other things in Paradise, his heart enticed him to construct its like on earth, after the manner of that already described as seen by Colabah. The site of this terrestrial paradise was chosen in the desert of Aden, 'in a vast open plain, clear from hills and mountains, and in it were springs gushing forth and rivers rushing.' The building of the city occupied *three hundred years*, and twenty more were given to the erection of impregnable fortifications around it. When all was completed, Sheddád, who dignified himself by the magnificent title of 'King of the World,' ordered his Wezeers, who were a thousand in number, and his chief officers, and such of his troops and others as he confided in, to make themselves ready for departure, and to prepare themselves for removal to *Irem Zát el-'Emád*, in attendance upon him. He ordered also such as he chose of his women and his hareem, as his female slaves and his eunuchs, to fit themselves out. And they passed twenty years in equipping themselves. Then Sheddád proceeded with his troops, rejoiced at the accomplishment of his desire, until there remained between him and *Irem Zát el-'Emád* one day's journey; when God sent down upon him and upon the obstinate infidels who accompanied him, a loud cry from the heaven of his power, and it destroyed them all by the vehemence of its sound. Neither Sheddád nor any of those who were with him arrived at the city, or came in sight of it, and God obliterated the traces of the road that led to it: but the city remaineth as it was, in its place, until the hour of the judgment."

The Khaleefeh having doubts as to the possibility of this earthly Paradise being discovered, inquired of the traditionist if any man could arrive at that city, and was answered in the affirmative. "Yes," replied Kaab el-Ahbár, whose interest lay in supporting the statement of Colabah, "a man of the companions of Mohammed (a camel driver), in appearance like the man who is sitting here, without any doubt." Henceforward the alleged discovery of Colabah passed current as a fact, though there is little doubt of the whole story being an invention of the commentators.

* Notes to chap. xi. (pp. 342, 3, vol. 2) of Lane's translation of the Arabian Nights.

EHRENSTEIN.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

CHAPTER XIII.

The morning was dull and heavy, though fully risen, when Ferdinand of Altenburg was summoned to the count's chamber; but by this time he could bear the tidings to his lord that all had been cleared away from the hall, at the sacrifice of the wine which had been left there. "There was enough, indeed, to render the knaves half-drunk," he added; "but it had the effect of making them swear, by all they hold sacred, that they would never shun the hall again, if it were haunted by whole troops of goblins."

"We shall not need to try them, Ferdinand," replied the count; "we must change our plan, good youth. We must not have our food poisoned by doubts and fears; but for the future we will take our meals in separate parties—some in the lesser hall, some in the two rooms on either side. But what makes you look so dull, as if your mind were roaming to other things? You were not disturbed, you say?"

"Oh no, my lord. This last night I saw nothing," answered Ferdinand; "but I am weary, and feel heavy-eyed, having slept but little for several nights."

"Well, hie thee to bed, then, for a while," replied the count. But he was not yet satisfied; for there were signs rather of thought than of slumber in the young man's face; and with suspicions aroused of he knew not well what, he resolved to watch him more carefully.

The day passed nearly without events. The whole party seemed relieved when they found that the haunted hall was no more to be visited. The count and his noble guest walked for a great part of the morning on the battlements in earnest conversation; the knights and soldiers amused themselves with the sports and games of the day in the courts and chambers; and the hour of noon brought with it the usual meal. During the whole morning, Adelaide and Ferdinand did not meet; and even at dinner, by the count's arrangements, the young man was sent to superintend another room, where a table was spread for some of the chief officers of both households. One glance, as he passed through the hall, was all that he obtained; and he thought that Adelaide's eyes looked anxious. Count Frederick was standing on one side of the lady, and his young follower, Martin of Dillberg, on the other, as the lover crossed the hall; and on the face of Dillberg there were smiles and sweet looks, which made Ferdinand's breast feel warm with sensations he had never before experienced. Doubt or suspicion in regard to Adelaide herself he could not entertain; but yet jealousy has many stages, and Ferdinand hated Count Frederick's follower heartily from that moment. He felt or fancied they were rivals; and perhaps, in the whole range of bitter emotions, there is none more painful than that which we endure when we know that even for a time a rival has the ear of her we love. At the meal he tried to be cheerful as well as courteous; and though it cost him a great effort to conceal his uneasiness, yet his manner was so pleasing to all, that he rose high in the opinion of Count Frederick's train; and even at the table, almost within his own hearing, com-

parisons were made between him and Martin of Dillberg, not very favourable to the later.

"I love him not," said one; "I never have; and the more I see of him, the less I like him. Were he like this young squire, one could understand our lord's favour for him."

"Ay," answered an elder man, to whom he had been speaking; "our lord will rue that favour one of these days. He is cunning and false; ever making his own tale good, and seeking to injure others. I never saw one yet, who was so artful and malicious when he was young, that did not commit some treachery before he was old."

"Ay, the count is beginning to know him, I believe," rejoined the first; "saw you not how he chid him for the falsehood he told of Sigismond? He would have done better to send him away at once; but he bears with him because his father was a good soldier and an honest man."

"Ay, and his mother a devil incarnate," answered the other; "she broke his father's heart, betrayed his honour, and ruined him; and this youth is her very image."

In such comments more than one at the table indulged very freely: but Ferdinand heard them not; for he was conversing somewhat eagerly with one of Count Frederick's younger knights, though the subject was one of no greater interest than the history of the jester. Ferdinand sought for information to confirm or remove the suspicions he entertained; but he could obtain little; and, indeed, his companion did not seem disposed to communicate much. "I was with a different band," he said, in answer to one of the young man's questions, "when this man joined the count."

"Then he did join him in the Holy Land?" asked Ferdinand.

"I believe so," was the reply; "but I know nought as certain. He might have known the count before."

"I have heard he saved your leader's life," said the young man.

"Yes, so they say," rejoined the knight. "I was not present, and know nothing of it."

All farther questions were equally fruitless; and the meal was drawing near its conclusion, when some noise was heard in the adjoining hall, of a different kind from that which had preceded; though in those days, as often as at present, the hour of dinner was a noisy one. The Count of Ehrenstein's voice could be distinguished, asking questions in a sharp tone, and every now and then another answering, while the tones of Count Frederick joined in from time to time even more angrily.

"What is the matter in there, Henry?" asked Ferdinand, as one of the servers passed through, bearing some dishes.

"A party of Venetian traders, sir, have been stopped and plundered beyond Anweiler," replied the man; "and it seems they had gold with them belonging to Count Frederick; so they have sent up to seek redress and help. One of them has been killed they say."

"Who has done it?" asked the young gentleman; "I thought such bands had been put down."

"Oh, it is the Baron of Eppenfeld," said the server. "He will never give up that trade; and his place is so strong, it will be difficult to force him."

Thus saying, he went on; and the thoughts of all present turned to the results that were likely to ensue from the event that had just occurred.

"Count Frederick will not be long out of the saddle," observed one of his attendants; "it is not well to pull the beard of an old lion."

"I doubt we shall have enough here to right the affair," rejoined an old soldier; "it is unlucky that one half of the band marched on."

"But the Count of Ehrenstein will not suffer his friend to go unaided," answered Ferdinand; "he can call out two hundred men-at-arms."

"That would indeed be serviceable," said the knight, "and doubtless he will do it; for I have heard that this gold belonged to the late count, and was found safely treasured in a castle of the Knights Hospitallers on the coast."

Ferdinand was about to answer, when old Sickendorf put in his head, exclaiming, "Here, here, Ferdinand, the count would speak with you." And instantly rising, the young man followed into the neighbouring hall. He found the two counts apparently much excited, speaking together eagerly, and a tall, grave-looking elderly man, in foreign garments, standing beside them, occasionally joining in their conversation, which went on for some time after Ferdinand of Altenburg had entered. At length the count turned towards him, saying, "Here is an occasion for you, Ferdinand. The Baron of Eppenfeld has waylaid these merchants on their way hither—from good information of their coming it would seem, but how obtained, heaven knows. He has seized all their luggage, and in it treasure belonging to me. It is judged but courteous to suppose that he is ignorant that I am interested; and therefore, instead of going in arms to demand reparation at once, I send to claim that all be instantly restored to these noble merchants, and that compensation be given for the death of one of their varlets, and the wounds of another: that compensation to be awarded by myself and Count Frederick here. You shall be my messenger; take with you ten men at your choice, and depart at once, so that you be back before morning. If Eppenfeld will restore all, and make compensation, well; if not, defy him in my name, and in that of Count Frederick. The task is one of honour, though of some danger; but I know it will not be less pleasant to you on that account."

"Thank you, my good lord," replied Ferdinand; "but let me know my errand fully. If the baron seeks to delay his reply, how am I to act? It is now one of the clock; ride as hard as I will, I shall not reach his castle-gates till five; and he may say that he will give me an answer in the morning."

"Stay not an hour," replied the count; "I would not have you or any of your troop, either break bread or taste wine within his gates till the answer is given. If he says yes, you may refresh yourselves and the horses. If he says no, return at once, and rest at Anweiler. If he seeks delay, give him but half an hour, and tell him such are our express commands. Now away, good youth, to make ready. You must all go armed."

"I will do your will to the best, my lord," answered Ferdinand; and with a glance to the pale cheek of Adelaide, he was turning to leave the hall, when Count Frederick called him back, and drawing him to the window, said in a low voice, "I would fain have you, my dear lad, discover, if possible, how this worthy knight obtained intelligence of the merchant's journey. I must leave the means to yourself, but I have my reasons for the inquiry. I fear this may be a dangerous expedition for you," he added.

"More full of danger than honour, my good lord," answered Ferdinand. "Small chance of fair fighting—much of being caught like a rat in a trap. But I will do my best, and have nought but to obey."

Thus saying, he left the hall, not daring to turn his eyes to Adelaide again.

Choosing his men from those on whom he could best depend, Ferdinand descended for a moment to the court, gave orders for the horses to be saddled and all prepared without a moment's delay, and then mounted to his own chamber to arm himself in haste. He had nearly done, and heard gay voices speaking on the battlements far below, when some one knocked gently at his door.

"Come in," cried the young man; and Bertha's face appeared, with a look half-frightened, half-playful.

"Your lady wishes to speak with you for a moment before you go, sir scapegrace," said the girl, in a low tone. "She is in the corridor below, and all the rest are away for a minute or two—so make haste;" and without more words, she hastened away, leaving the door ajar.

Ferdinand lost no time; but, as ever is the case when one attempts to abridge a necessary process, one thing went wrong, and then another, so that he was longer than he would have been had he been less in haste. At length, however, all was complete; and hurrying down, he found Adelaide waiting anxiously near the door of her own apartments, with Bertha at a little distance towards the top of the great stairs. As soon as she saw him, the lovely girl sprang towards him, and their lips met.

"Oh, Ferdinand," she said, "I have longed to speak with you all the morning; but the castle has been so full that it would have been madness to attempt it; and now you are going whence you may perchance never return. At all events, you cannot be back in time to do what is required."

"Fear not for me, dear one," answered Ferdinand; "neither imagine that I will linger for a moment by the way, if Adelaide has ought to command me."

"Nay, it is not I who command," replied his beautiful companion, with a faint blush; "'tis Father George, who requires that you and I together shall be at the chapel to-night, some time between midnight and dawn."

"Indeed!" said Ferdinand. "Does he explain for what object?"

"No; three or four words written in a billet closely sealed were all the intimation I have had," answered Adelaide.

"And would you go if it were possible, dear girl?" inquired her lover.

"I will do whatever he directs," replied the lady.

"Then, if there be a means of any kind, I will be back," said Ferdinand. "Do not retire to rest till all hope of my coming is over for the night. But as I might perchance be detained, it were better to send down Bertha to the good priest to let him know that, if not there to-night, we will come to-morrow night without fail, if I be alive and free."

As he spoke, Bertha raised her hand suddenly as a warning, and Adelaide was drawing back to her own apartments; but Ferdinand detained her, saying, "Do not seem alarmed; 'tis our own hearts makes us fear. I may well bid you adieu, as I would any other lady;" and bending his head over her hand, he kissed it, saying aloud, "Farewell, lady! God shield you ever!"

"Farewell, Ferdinand," said Adelaide, in a tone that somewhat wa-

vered; and at the same moment Bertha drew near, and Martin of Dillberg entered the corridor from the great stairs. His eyes were turned instantly towards the two lovers; and although Bertha was by this time close to them, with waiting-maid-like propriety, the youth's lip curled with a smile of not the most benevolent aspect.

"Farewell, pretty Bertha," said Ferdinand, as soon as he saw Count Frederick's follower; and then passing him with very slight salutation, he hurried away, while Adelaide retired at once to her own chamber. The men and horses were not yet prepared; and as Ferdinand was standing armed in the court, waiting for their appearance, the count, with his guest, the priest, and the jester, passed by. The count's eye rested on him, but he did not address him; and as the party walked on, the young man heard the lord of Ehrenstein reply to some question of Count Frederick's, "Yes, he is always prompt and ready—brave as a lion too, fearing nothing living or dead; but there has come over him to-day a sort of dull gloom which I do not understand."

Ferdinand heard no more; and, in five minutes after, he was in the saddle and at the head of his troop, wending onward on his expedition. Crossing the valley, he followed the course of the opposite hills, as if he were journeying to Durkheim, till he had passed the abbey about two miles, where a small village, commanding a beautiful view of the valley of the Rhine, presented itself; and turning through it to the right, he was pursuing his way, when a loud voice from a blacksmith's forge called him by name; and he checked his horse for a moment.

"Whither away, sir? whither away?" asked Franz Creussen, coming forth with his enormous arms bare to the shoulders.

"To Eppenfeld," answered Ferdinand; "the baron has waylaid some merchants bringing gold to the count, and I am sent to ask him to give it up. I cannot stay to tell you more, Franz, but doubt that I may stay longer where I am going, and perchance need arms as strong as yours to get me out."

"Likely enough," replied the giant. "When come you back, if they let you?"

"As fast as my horse can carry me," answered the young man, and galloped on along one of the narrow hill-paths that led towards Anweiler, with an unrivalled view of the whole palatinate below him on the left, and the mountains of the Haard, and their innumerable castles, abbeys, and monasteries crowning every peak and barring every gorge. When he reached the road from Landau to Zwiebrucken, near Anweiler, instead of following it far, he turned away again, before he had gone on a quarter of a mile, in the direction of Weissenburg, and entered a dark and gloomy-looking valley, where rocks and trees were far more plentiful than churches or human habitations. Closing in on either side, the high hills left but a narrow space for the dell as it wound on; till at length, at a spot where the basin extended a little, a tall rock rose up in the centre, covered with wood wherever the roots could find earth to bear them, and crowned with walls and towers above. Ferdinand gave his weary horse the spur, and in a few minutes more stood before the gates of the Castle of Eppenfeld.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CHRISTO.

THE distinguished French novelist, M. Alexandre Dumas, has been introduced to the readers of "Ainsworth's Magazine" in a tale of great interest and dramatic vigour, the Prisoner of If. The reader will remember that the narrative in question detailed the unjust imprisonment and prolonged sufferings of Edmund Dantès, a young sailor, who was falsely accused from motives of jealousy, by a certain Danglars, and basely persecuted from political apprehensions, by the King's would-be loyal solicitor, M. de Villefort, whose father, M. de Noirtier, was a true and staunch Bonapartist.

By this hideous conspiracy, the young man was torn, without even the form of a trial, from the most smiling prospects, a kind master (M. Morel), an aged father, and a betrothed Catalonian maid (Mercédès), to be immured for many years in the dungeons of the castellated island of If. During this prolonged incarceration he obtained the knowledge of languages, literature, and science from an old abbè, a fellow political prisoner, and a man of infinite wisdom, learning, and piety. By a train of circumstances, perhaps more extraordinary than any that have been hitherto presented in the annals of prison escapes, he was, upon the death of the priest, carried away and thrown, upon the supposition of his being a corpse, from a great height into the sea. Roused, however, to almost superhuman exertions by the love of life and liberty, he succeeded in reaching the desert island of Monte Christo, where, guided by the revelations of the deceased, he was enabled to discover the buried treasures of the Borgias.

The first use that he made of his newly acquired liberty and riches, were to inquire after his father and his betrothed. The first was dead, and he liberally-rewarded a certain Caderousse, who had befriended him in his last hours. Mercédès had been induced, by belief in his death, to give her hand to another. The Morel family were, by the accidents of trade, in distress, and he relieved them with as much tact and delicacy as munificence. The subsequent proceedings of Edmund Dantès, in the progress of a great task which he had imposed upon himself in the hour of agony and trial, will be found by the attentive reader to have an intimate connection with the history now presented to him, of a very mysterious personage, the Count of Monte Christo.

SINDBAD THE SAILOR.

In the spring of 1838, Franz d'Epinay, a young French gentleman, having explored the traces that the giant of Elba had left at his temporary resting-place, and sought to vary a day's amusement by shooting partridges on the islet of Pianosa, ordered the boat, at the recommendation of Gaetano, his Italian skipper, to proceed to the island of Monte Christo, which, uninhabited by man, had the reputation of being tenanted by herds of wild goats. The wind was favourable, and the light bark made excellent way, but the distance was considerable, and darkness overtook them long before they had reached the island, revealing

to them at the same time a fire burning upon its supposed desert shores.

Such a circumstance did not fail to awaken apprehensions on the part of the Italian boatman, who informed the young sportsman that the said island was not unfrequently made a place of refuge by pirates, smugglers, and other doubtful characters. Undeterred, however, by this intelligence, Franz determined to land, and as they had now approached the coast, they were not long in being challenged by an armed sentinel, who, after a few words from Gaetano, disappeared, to return in a brief space of time, with a welcome for the traveller.

Once ashore, and a fire having been lit, apprehensions soon faded away, and it was proposed to exchange certain of the Pianosa partridges for a portion of roasted Monte Christo goat, the perfume from which was ever and anon brought by the breeze from the stranger's fire. Gaetano was accordingly deputed upon this interesting mission, having, as Franz declared, a real genius for negotiation, and he almost as quickly returned with an invitation from the chief for Franz to take supper with him, but with the condition imposed, that he should allow himself to be conducted blindfold.

"What, then," said Franz, "has this chief a house here?"

"No, but he has a home not the less comfortable for all that."

"What is his name?"

"Sindbad the Sailor."

"Sindbad the Sailor! How did he come here?"

"In a yacht, a beautiful little vessel, and an excellent sailer."

"He is rich then?"

"They say that he lives in a subterranean palace, compared with which that of Pitti is nothing."

"Well, I am decidedly in for one of the Arabian night's entertainments. My curiosity is so excited, that I would descend into the cavern of Ali Baba."

Franz allowed himself accordingly to be bandaged and conducted by two men; he soon felt, by the change of temperature, that he was entering a cave, and shortly afterwards he was aware that he was walking on a soft carpet, and his guides left him.

"You are welcome," said a voice in good French; "you can remove the bandage."

Franz did not wait to have this invitation repeated, he loosened the kerchief, and found himself in the presence of a man, thirty-eight or forty years of age, dressed in the costume of a native of Tunis, with a handsome but extremly pale countenance. His eyes were however soon called from the observation of the chief by the splendour of the room, which was gorgeously furnished as a divan, with Turkish carpet, Venetian lamp, and Arabian arms glittering with precious stones.

"Sir," interrupted the host, "you will excuse the manner in which I introduced you here; but as this island is considered desert, you will feel that if the secret of this residence was known, disagreeable consequences might result to me, but I hope to make you forget so small an inconvenience by a tolerable supper and a good bed."

"Oh, my dear host," answered Franz, "do not mention it; I have always read that the eyes of persons who were about to be introduced into enchanted palaces were previously bandaged, and," he said, looking around him, "such I think has been my fortunate lot."

"Alas, such is my hermitage, and such as it is, it is at your command. Ali, is supper ready?"

A Nubian, black as ebony, and clothed in a simple white tunic, entered, and bowed the way to an adjacent room. In it was a table splendidly served. The dishes were of silver, the plates of China. A turbot, a lobster, goat, and boar ham, and a roast pheasant, surrounded by Corsican thrushes, appealed to the appetite. Statues in the corners of the room held baskets of Sicilian pine-apples, Malaga pomegranates, oranges, and peaches. With the progress of supper conversation became more confidential.

"And so, like the memorable sailor whose name you bear," remarked Franz to his host, "you pass your life in travelling?"

"Yes, it is a vow that I made at a time when I little thought of being able to accomplish it," answered the host, smiling. "I have made some other such, and I hope they may all be accomplished in their turn."

"You have suffered a good deal, sir?" said Franz to him.

Sindbad shuddered and looked at him steadily. "What makes you think that?" he asked.

"Everything," answered Franz; "your voice, your look, your paleness, and the life you lead."

"I! the life I lead is the happiest that I know, the veriest life of a pasha; I am as free as a bird, stop where I like, go where I like. My people obey my very signals; and then I sometimes amuse myself by anticipating human justice. I have objects of my own—projects, many of which remain to be accomplished."

"A vengeance, perchance," said Franz.

The unknown again fixed his eyes upon the young man, and seemed to search into the very depths of his heart and thoughts.

"And why a vengeance?" he inquired.

"Because," answered Franz, "you appear to me to be a man who, persecuted by society, has some terrible account to settle with her."

"Perhaps so," said Sindbad, smiling with a strange smile, while his eyes scintillated with fierceness.

With the dessert a small vermilion cup was placed upon the table by the Nubian slave. It contained a confection of the well-known hashish of the East. The stranger spoke in ecstasies of the pleasures and delights obtained by the use of this drug, and Franz, allowing himself to be persuaded, took half a tea-spoonful.

After supper they retired to the divan, and amber-mouthed chibuks were brought, the use of which soon assisted to throw Franz into a delicious reverie. All the physical fatigue of the day seemed to pass away, the body appeared to acquire a spiritual lightness, his senses had obtained a faculty of expansion hitherto unknown to them, and his imagination presented to him scenes and sensations to which he had never before been familiar, till from them he sank gradually into a soft and delicious slumber.

When Franz awoke he found himself in a grotto, naked as a sepulchre, and lying on a bed of heather. He advanced to the entrance, and perceived the skipper and the sailors of yesterday, and the boat rocking at its anchorage. Seeing him, the padrone advanced, and after the usual morning salute,

"The noble Sindbad," he said, "charged us to make his best com-

pliments, and to express his regret at not seeing you at his departure, but important business called him to Malaga."

"He is gone then?" said Franz.

"Yes, yonder is his yacht, every sail set. If you take the glass you may perhaps distinguish him on the deck."

Franz looked, and he saw the yacht fast distancing the island.

"It is then a reality!" he said to himself, and descending to the shore, after making some fruitless attempts to discover an opening to the subterranean palace, he made a hurried breakfast, and left for the coast of Italy.

THE ROMAN BANDIT.

Franz had repaired from Florence to Rome, where he had promised to spend the carnival,—a brief period, during which the Eternal City is momentarily awakened from that lugubrious apathy which, during the remainder of the year, renders it a kind of station between this world and the other,—with his young friend, Albert de Morcerf. Having obtained quarters at the Pastrini's London Hotel, Franz, who was intimate with Rome, wished the first thing to show Albert the Coliseum by moonlight; and further, that that mighty ruin should be seen in all its glory, and without the previous preparation of the Capitol, the Forum, or the Arch of Septimus Severus, he proposed that the carriage should convey them thither, passing by the Gate del Popolo, and re-entering by that of San Giovanni. But when this route was mentioned to the landlord, he proclaimed it to be impossible, or at least very dangerous.

"Dangerous! and why?" was the immediate inquiry.

"Because of the famous Luigi Vampa."

"My dear host, who is the famous Luigi Vampa?" asked Albert. "He may be very famous at Rome, but I assure you he is much unknown in Paris."

"What, do you not know him?"

"I have not that honour."

"Well, he is a bandit, compared with whom the Decesario and the Gasparoni are like so many choristers."

"Will you favour us with his history," asked Franz, moving an armchair, and requesting the padrone to be seated.

"If their excellencies permit it," said Pastrini, "you cannot address yourself to a better person than myself; I have known Luigi Vampa from the time he was a child."

"What, then, he is still young?"

"Scarcely twenty-two years of age! He was a mere shepherd-boy in the service of Count de San Felice, between Palestrina and the Lake of Gabri. While a child he gave indications of an extraordinary character. When seven years of age, he at his own request obtained lessons from the priest as he passed on his way from Palestrina to Borgo, for he could not leave his flock; and although his lessons were necessarily very brief, no scholar profited so much at the village school. A young girl, six or seven years of age, tended sheep in the same neighbourhood, and they studied and played and were always together. A mutual attachment grew up with their years between Vampa and Teresa. Their natural instincts drew them together. Vampa was ardent, passionate, and domineering; Teresa was gay, lively, and coquettish; but she could

command Vampa by a word or a look. Vampa was always dreaming of being captain of a ship, or general of an army; Teresa represented herself, by similar illusions, dressed in rich robes, and followed by liveried servants. Vampa had obtained a gun, and was distinguished as the best shot and as the bravest contadino in the country.

"At this period Cucumetto was at the head of the brigands who infested the neighbourhood of Rome. He was a brave but profligate captain, and even his extraordinary audacity was surpassed by his revolting brutality. One day Vampa and Teresa were seated together, when they heard two or three reports of guns, and a man issued from the woods running towards them.

"'I am pursued,' he exclaimed, 'can you hide me?' The two young people immediately recognized that he was a bandit; but there is an innate sympathy between the Roman peasant and the brigand, and the former always helps the latter. Vampa rose without saying a word, led the way to a grotto in the neighbourhood, and closed it upon the fugitive with a large stone. He had scarcely returned, when four mounted carbiniers appeared at the skirts of the forest. They approached the young people and asked them if they had seen any one. They answered in the negative.

"'That's a pity,' said a carbinier, 'for he who has escaped was the chief.'

"'Cucumetto?' exclaimed Vampa and Teresa together.

"'Yes,' answered the trooper, 'and you would have had four hundred Roman crowns for aiding in his capture.'

"The two young people looked at one another.

"'Yes, it is a pity,' said Vampa, 'but we have not seen him.'

"The carbiniers departed to search the neighbourhood. Vampa then removed the stone, and Cucumetto came out. He offered gold to the young people, which was refused with dignity; but his whole attention was captivated by Teresa, and he returned several times to repeat his thanks to his preservers.

"The ensuing carnival, the Count de San Felice gave a fancy ball, chiefly to please his daughter Carmela, and as the servants and peasants were allowed to be spectators, Teresa asked Vampa to conduct her there. The festival was very splendid, and most of the young ladies and gentlemen had adopted the picturesque costumes of the peasantry of Frascati, Albana, Sori, and other places of the neighbourhood. Carmela took it into her head to form out of these mixed costumes, one uniform quadrille, but there wanted one lady to complete it. The count pointed out Teresa leaning on the arm of Luigi, in the midst of the peasants.

"'Do you permit it, father?' asked Carmela.

"'Undoubtedly,' answered the count, 'are we not in carnival?'

"Carmela soon despatched a young gentleman to fetch the pretty peasant-girl, who dared not refuse, notwithstanding the jealous looks of Luigi. The latter watched her every movement, and those of her partner, and when their hands met, he felt an involuntary shudder. When she returned to her lover, 'Teresa,' he said, 'what was you thinking of, when you was dancing opposite to the young countess?'

"'I was thinking,' answered the young girl, 'that I would give half my life to wear a costume like that which she wore.'

"'And what did your partner say to you?'

"'He said that it depended upon me to have one like it.'

"'He was right,' answered Luigi, 'and you shall have one.'

"The young girl raised her head in astonishment, but the looks of her companion were so fierce and gloomy, that she did not venture to question him.

"That very night a fire broke out in the Villa San Felice, in the quarter inhabited by the young Carmela, who was with difficulty saved from the flames by a young peasant, who transported her by almost superhuman exertions from her burning apartment, and having deposited her in the garden among her servants and friends, disappeared before any one had time to recognise him.

"The next morning Luigi met Teresa with a gay countenance. To her surprise he conducted her to the grotto, where was the costume she so much desired, even to the collar of pearls and the diamond pins. Scarcely waiting to thank the donor, she threw herself into the grotto, while Luigi hastened to close the entrance, for a traveller was approaching on horseback. He came to ask the way, and Luigi conducted him to the forest and pointed out the route to Tivoli.

"'There is your road, your excellency,' said Luigi.

"'And there your reward,' said the traveller, giving him a few coins.

"'Thank you,' said Luigi, 'I render a service, I do not sell it.'

"'Well then, as you refuse a salary, you will accept a gift; take these two Venetian sequins and give them to your betrothed for earrings.'

"'I accept, but you must take this dagger,' said the shepherd, 'the handle was carved by myself. It may be an introduction at some future time.'

"'What is your name?' asked the traveller.

"'Luigi Vampa," answered the shepherd, as if he had said Alexander of Macedon. 'And yours?'

"'I am called Sindbad the Sailor,' answered the traveller."

Franz d'Epinay uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Vampa put the sequins in his pocket, and was returning at a slow pace, when he heard a scream coming from the direction of the grotto. He vaulted over the intervening space with the activity of a goat, cocking his gun as he ran. On approaching the cave, he saw a man bearing away Teresa, as the Centaur Nessus once bore Dejanira. Luigi did not hesitate, his gun was levelled, and Teresa and her ravisher fell with the discharge. But Teresa got up again, while the man remained on the ground in the agony of death. Vampa approached him; it was Cucumetto. He then turned towards his betrothed.

"'Ah! ha!" he said, 'it is well you are dressed, it is my turn now to make my toilette.' Teresa had invested herself from head to foot in the costume of the daughter of Count San Felicie. Vampa took the body of Cucumetto in his arms and carried it into the grotto. In a quarter of an hour he returned dressed in the rich garb of the bandit chief. Teresa made an exclamation of admiration.

"'Now,' he said to Teresa, 'are you ready to share my fortune, whatever it may be?'

"'Oh yes!' answered the girl enthusiastically.

"'To follow me wherever I go?'

"'To the end of the world!'

"'Then take my arm and let us be gone, for we have no time to lose.'



The Cavern.

LONDON: JOHN MORTIMER, ADELAIDE STREET, 1845.

"And both advanced into the forest. Vampa knew every pathway, and he proceeded without hesitation, now through a dark wood, next by the banks of a rocky stream, till suddenly a man started from behind a tree.

"'Not a step further,' he called out, 'or you are a dead man.'

"'Nonsense,' said Vampa, with an expression of contempt, 'do the wolves destroy one another?'

"'Who are you,' asked the sentinel.

"'I am Luigi Vampa, and I wish to speak to your comrades.'

"'Advance then!' said the sentinel.

"Luigi was known to most of their number. They had lost their chief, whom the young shepherd boasted of having slain, adding that he had fired the villa of San Felice to obtain a marriage dress for his betrothed; and he was unanimously elected to fill the place of the deceased captain, whose garments he had already forestalled."

"And you say that this bandit now follows his profession in the neighbourhood of Rome?" asked Franz.

"With a boldness that has never before been equalled," answered Pastrini.

At this moment the carriage was announced.

"Am I to order it to go by the Gate del Popolo, your excellency?" inquired the landlord.

"By the streets, by the streets!" answered Franz.

"Ah, my dear fellow," said Albert, lighting his third cigar, "I really thought you was more courageous."

THE EXECUTION.

Arrived at the Amphitheatre of the Cæsars, Franz left Albert a victim to the tyrannical intrusion of ciceroni, while he seated himself at the foot of a column. He had been there about a quarter of an hour, alternately musing and looking for the torches of Albert and his guides, when his attention was awakened by the appearance of a person whose dress, as seen in the moonlight, marked him as belonging to the aristocracy. In a few minutes he was joined by another, but in the costume of a peasant.

"Excuse me, your excellency," said the new comer, "I have made you wait; I come from the Castle of San Angelo, and I have had much trouble in speaking to Beppo."

"And what did you learn?"

"There are to be two executions on Tuesday, as is customary on the opening of carnival; our camarade Peppino is to be one of them."

"And what shall you do?" asked the man in the mantle.

"I shall place twenty men round the scaffold, and at a given signal they shall rush upon the escort, and carry him off."

"There appear to me to be many chances against that project; I think I know a better one."

"And what is your project, excellency?"

"I will give two thousand piastres to have the execution put off till next year, and then I will give ten thousand more to facilitate his escape."

"Are you certain of success?"

"*Pardieu!*" said the man in the mantle, in French.

"Well," said the peasant, "you know my devotion to your excellency, but if you save Peppino, it shall no longer be devotion, it shall for the future be obedience."

"Well, perchance some day I may have to remind you of it; but there are strangers exploring the Coliseum; we must not be seen together. Farewell!"

"Franz, Franz?" Albert was now calling out on his return from the lion's den, but Franz waited till the strangers had got some distance before he answered. In ten minutes they were on their way to the hotel, Albert indulging in learned dissertations upon the Coliseum, to which Franz did not listen, for he was wrapped up in his own thoughts. He had recognized in the stranger in the mantle, Sindbad the Sailor."

The ensuing evening the two friends were at the Opera, when their attention was particularly called to a beautiful Albanian girl, clad in the costume of her country, behind whom was a person whom Franz immediately recognized as the mysterious dweller in the subterranean palace.

In the hotel of London, in which, during the crowded state of the city generally attendant upon the carnival season, they had only been able to obtain an apartment in the rear, they had learnt from Maestro Pastrini that the front rooms were occupied by a Sicilian or Maltese lord, he could not say exactly which, but whom he declared was noble as a Borgia, and as rich as a mine of gold. His name, he said, was the Count of Monte Christo.

The friends were sitting over their chocolate, the morning after the performance of the Parisina, when a knock at the door interrupted a discussion then going on, as to how they should obtain an equipage to view the approaching carnival, and a window from whence to view the execution which was to precede it.

"Come in!" said Franz.

A servant in livery appeared at the threshold.

"From M. the Count of Monte Christo," said the servant, presenting two cards, "for M. Franz d'Epinay and for M. the Viscount Albert de Morcerf."

"Tell the count," said Franz, "that we shall have the honour of waiting upon him immediately."

Breakfast terminated, the friends proceeded under the guidance of the landlord, to the apartments of the Count of Monte Christo, and the padrone had just taken his departure, when the count himself entered by a door opposite. Albert advanced to meet him, but Franz remained as if nailed to the spot where he stood. The Count of Monte Christo was the stranger at the Opera, the man in the mantle at the Coliseum, the host of the enchanted grotto, Sindbad the Sailor.

Without appearing to know or wish to know his guest of a night, the count proceeded with the most perfect affability to state that he had heard through the landlord of the wishes entertained by the young gentlemen to be present at the execution which was to take place that day, that he had engaged windows in the Piazzo del Popolo, where they could have seats, and he added to his politeness by saying, that his carriage was at their command during the carnival.

A dense crowd filled the whole of the Piazza, above which rose two things; one, the obelisk surmounted by a cross which indicated the

centre of the square, the other the scaffold, resembling precisely the French guillotine, only that the Roman mandaïa has the form of a crescent, cutting by its convex edge, and it falls from a lesser height. The Monte Pincio appeared like a vast amphitheatre, every step of which was covered with spectators, while a double row of carbiniers extended from the scaffold to the little church called Santa Maria del Popolo, where the condemned had passed the previous night in a *Chapelle Ardente* shut up with an iron railing, before which two sentinels paced to and fro.

Suddenly a total silence succeeded to the mingled noise, issuing from a crowd, that seemed to be impelled with a movement similar to that of the waves of the sea. The gate of the church had been opened. The brotherhood of penitents clad in grey sacks, with only apertures for the eyes, and tapers in their hands, led the way. Behind them came a tall man, naked with the exception of linen drawers, to the left side of which was attached a large knife, while upon his shoulders he carried a heavy club of iron. Upon his feet were sandals, tied to the leg by strings. This man was the executioner. Behind him, in the order in which they were to be executed, came Peppino, and then Andrea, condemned for the murder of a priest, and each supported by two father confessors. The crowd looked on in intense and silent expectation. The most curious thing in life is the spectacle of death. As the procession approached the foot of the scaffold, a penitent arrived in great haste and presented a paper to the chief of the holy brotherhood. The latter opened it quickly, and said in a loud voice,

"Blessed be the Lord, and praise be to his Holiness; the life of one of the condemned is spared."

"Who is pardoned?" asked Andrea, raising up his sullen countenance. Peppino remained motionless, dumb, and panting.

"There is remission of the pain of death for Peppino, called Rocca Priori," said the head of the brotherhood.

"Pardon for Peppino!" exclaimed Andrea; "why pardon for him and not for me? We were to die together; I had been promised that he should die before me; they have no right to make me die alone. I will not die alone."

And he began to struggle with the priests, and to attempt to loosen the cords that bound him; but the assistants of the executioner sprang down from the scaffold and seized hold of him.

"See!" said the count, with a terrible smile on his countenance, "that human creature is furious because his equal does not die with him. He was resigned to his fate so long as another was going to suffer before him. Lead two sheep to the slaughter-house, or two oxen to the butcher, and let one understand that his companion is not to die, and the lamb will bleat, and the ox will low with joy; but man, to whom God has enjoined as a first, an only, a supreme law, that he shall love his neighbour, what will he do when he learns that his comrade is saved!"

And the count smiled, as if he must have suffered terribly to smile so. By this time, Andrea had been borne up the scaffold. Franz felt himself fascinated by the horrible sight. Notwithstanding his cries, his efforts, and his attempts to bite, the assistants had placed him on his knees. The executioner stood before him; Andrea was to suffer the mazzolata. The two assistants, at a sign, stepped aside. The

culprit made an attempt to rise, but before he had time to do so, the iron club struck him on the left temple; the patient fell like an ox, his face to the scaffold, and then by the reaction, turned on his back; the executioner then drew his knife from his girdle, and with one stroke divided his throat, after which, jumping upon his belly, he began trampling with his feet, at each movement of which a jet of blood spouted from the culprit's throat.

Franz was fainting, Albert pale and sick at heart, when suddenly the bells of Monte Citorio broke upon the awful silence with a merry peal: the people were in a moment gay, joyous, and noisy. The Mascherata had commenced.

THE CATACOMBS.

Taking advantage of the carriage placed at their disposal by the Count of Monte Christo, Franz and Albert enjoyed the pleasures of the carnival amazingly. This is, however, only to be said with an exceptional proviso in the case of Albert de Morcerf. He had not as yet met with an adventure, and he was somewhat mortified by his want of success. His last hopes were placed in the carnival, a time of liberty, when the most austere allowed themselves to be seduced into some act of folly. It was not long, neither, after several exchanges of confetti between themselves and other equipages, that a slight intimation, on the part of one among a number of persons disguised as Roman peasants, served to arouse his latent hopes.

"Ah, my dear fellow," he said to Franz, "you did not observe that chaise full of Roman peasants?"

"No."

"Well, I am sure that they are charming women."

"What a pity you are masked," said Franz; "it would have been an opportunity for making up for your disappointment in affairs of gallantry."

Albert took the hint, and, as the same equipage passed by them shortly afterwards, he, as if by accident, allowed his mask to fall. One of the ladies in return threw a bouquet of violets. Albert precipitated himself upon it, and Franz having no reason to believe that it was sent to his address, allowed him to obtain possession thereof, which done, he triumphantly placed it in his bosom.

The next day Franz had to repair to the embassy. Albert went to the Corso, and returned at five in the afternoon, in high spirits. He had met his mask, and many exchanges of coquetry had taken place between them. She had raised her mask, and allowed Albert to perceive that she was extremely beautiful.

Franz complimented Albert upon his success, and the latter received his compliments as a man to whom they were due. He had recognized, he said, from certain signs of elegance not to be imitated, that his fair unknown must belong to the highest aristocracy. He was determined to write to her the next day.

When Albert returned on the evening of the following day, his gladness was raised almost to the pitch of delirium by a square of paper, which he held out triumphantly by one of its angles.

"She has answered you?" asked Franz.

"Read."

This word was given with an intonation impossible to describe. Franz took the note and read :—

"Tuesday evening, at seven o'clock, dismount at the entrance of the Via dei Pontefici, and follow the Roman peasant, who shall take away your *moccoletto*. When you have reached the first step of the Church of San Giacomo, be careful to tie a pink ribbon upon your shoulder, in order that she may know you. From this time till then you will see me no more. Constancy and discretion."

"Well!" he said to Franz, when the latter had terminated the perusal of the note, "what do you think of that, my friend?"

"Why, I think," replied Franz, "that this thing assumes all the character of a very agreeable adventure."

"That is my opinion also," said Albert; "and I fear very much that you will have to go alone to the ball of the Duke de Bracciano."

Franz and Albert had received the same morning an invitation from the celebrated Roman banker of that name.

"You frighten me," said Franz; "not only shall I have to go alone to the ball of the Duke de Bracciano, but I apprehend that I may have to go to Florence alone."

"The fact is, that if the unknown is as amiable as she is beautiful, I should not wonder if I should remain at Rome for six weeks at least. I dote upon Rome, and besides I have always had a decided taste for archæology."

"No doubt; another adventure or two like this and I shall have hopes of seeing you a member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres."

The same evening, Franz was at the ball given by the duke, upon the termination of the carnival, when a servant approached him to say that M. Pastrini had sent word that a man was at the hotel waiting for him, with a letter from M. de Morcerf.

"With a letter from Albert!" exclaimed Franz.

"Yes, sir."

That something wrong had occurred suggested itself at once, and he hastened to make apologies to his host, and started for the hotel on foot, as it was not ten minutes distant. As he approached the hotel, he perceived a man wrapped in a mantle standing in the street; he did not doubt but that it was the messenger from Albert, and he accordingly put the question to him. The stranger said yes, and upon ascertaining that it was M. Franz d'Epinay, he delivered the note to him; but when Franz asked him to come in while he perused it, he declined with a peculiar smile. When Franz had obtained a light, he read as follows :—

"My dear Friend.—When you have received the present, have the kindness to take from my portfolio my letter of credit. Add to it your own if it is not sufficient. Run to Torlonia, obtain immediately four thousand piastres, and give them to the bearer. I do not insist further, counting upon you, as you could rely upon me.

"P.S.—I believe now in Italian banditti.

"Your friend,

"Albert de Morcerf."

The postcript was written in English; subjoined were a few words in Italian.

"If by six o'clock in the morning the four thousand piastres are not in my hands, at seven o'clock the Count Albert de Morcerf will no longer be alive. "LUIGI VAMPA."

In this extremity, Franz decided upon a bold step, the remembrance of what he had overheard in the Coliseum came to his mind. He rang the bell, Pastrini came himself to the door.

"My dear Pastrini," he said, "do you think that the Count of Monte Christo is at home?"

"Yes, your excellency, he is just come in."

Franz traversed the hotel with a rapid step, and a servant introduced him into the apartment of the count, who received him with his usual politeness, and he at once showed him the letter. The count asked him if he had the money—if not, what he had about him was at his service. But Franz was resolved to come to the point, so he said,

"I think if you would give yourself the trouble, you might find a means of simplifying this affair greatly."

"How?" said the count, looking astonished.

"Why, by going with me to Luigi Vampa. I am sure he would not refuse you the liberty of Albert."

"Would not refuse me? What possible influence do you think that I can have upon the bandit?"

"Have you not just rendered him one of those services which are not to be forgotten?"

"What service?"

"Did you not save the life of Peppino?

The count remained for a moment thoughtful, and then he said, "Well, and if I went to Vampa, would you accompany me?"

"If my company was not disagreeable to you."

"Let it be so then, the weather is fine, a turn in the Campagna di Roma can only do us good. But first let me see the messenger."

The count went to the window and whistled. The man with the mantle advanced into the street. *Salite!* cried out the count, and the man obeyed without a word. In a few moments he was in the room.

"Ah! is it you, Peppino?" said the count.

But Peppino, instead of answering, threw himself on his knees and kissed the hands of the count. Monte Christo raised him and inquired how Albert had fallen into the hands of Luigi.

"Your excellency, the Frenchman's carriage crossed several times the one in which Teresa was. The Frenchman began coquetting and Teresa amused herself by answering. The Frenchman threw bouquets at her, and she returned others, with the consent naturally of Luigi, who was in the same carriage. A rendezvous was given at the Church of San Giacomo, but this time it was Beppo, a boy of fifteen years of age, and not Teresa who took the candle (moccoletto) from his hand. A carriage was waiting for him at the end if the Via Macello. Beppo said he was about to conduct him to a villa outside of the town. Arrived on the borders of the Almo, the coach stopped, four armed men, assisted by Beppo, made a prisoner of the disappointed lover, and conducted him to the catacombs of St. Sebastian, where Luigi and Teresa were waiting for him."

"Well," said the count, "this is an amusing history enough. It is lucky that it is in such a picturesque place that we have to fetch him." The count ordered his carriage; it was at the door in a few minutes.

Ali, the dumb Nubian of the grotto, acted as driver; Peppino placed himself by his side. The carriage drove along the ancient Appian Way, bordered by tombs, till it arrived at the Circus of Caracalla, where it stopped, and the count and Franz got out. They followed a little path which led downwards into one of those innumerable hollows which dot the Campagna di Roma, hidden by red-looking herbage that stood out like the angry mane of some gigantic lion. At the bottom they perceived two men, to whom Peppino gave the password. Beyond, in the midst of rocks, and half closed by bushes, was an aperture, through which a man could only creep with difficulty. Peppino lit a torch and led the way. The passage widened as they proceeded, and they passed several sentinels, when they gained a multitude of passages, in which, the walls hewn out in the sides in tiers of coffin-shaped cavities indicated that they had arrived at the catacombs. A distant light now served to guide them, and in a few minutes they came to an open space, a colombarium or subterranean chapel, against a column in which a solitary man was leaning, in the act of reading, while more than twenty others were sleeping in their mantles, and in the shade of the arches beyond a sentinel was pacing to and fro.

The challenge given by the latter roused the attention of the bandit student.

"Your excellency," said Vampa, for it was him, "I did not anticipate the honour of a visit."

"Has it not been agreed between us," said the count, "that not only my person but that of my friends should be sacred to you?"

"And in what have I failed in that agreement, your excellency?"

"You have this afternoon carried away and transported here the Viscount Albert de Morcerf, who is my friend," said the count, with a tone that made Franz shudder.

"Indeed! I knew it not," replied Vampa. "I would not for the world have been found failing in my promises to a person like the count."

"But," interrupted Franz, looking anxiously around, "where is the prisoner?"

"The prisoner is there," said Vampa, pointing with his finger to a somewhat obscure-looking recess. "I will go and announce to him that he is free."

The chief advanced towards the recess, followed by Franz and the count. Albert was fast asleep, and when the bandit touched his shoulder he opened his eyes.

"Ah! ah!" he said, "is it you, captain? I would you had let me sleep on; I had a charming dream, and was dancing the polka with the Countess G———."

"Well," said Franz, looking at his watch, "if you make haste, it is only half past one, you may be in time to realize your dream."

"What, is that you, my dear Franz," exclaimed Albert; "have you acted in so devoted a manner?"

"No, not I," said Franz; "but our neighbour, the Count of Monte Christo."

"Ah, count," said Albert, "while he was arranging his discomfited apparel, "you are really a precious man, and I hope you will consider me as your eternally obliged—in the first place, for the use of your carriage, and in the next, for getting me out of this scrape. Signor Luigi,"

continued the young man, "is there any other formality to fulfil in order to bid your excellency farewell?"

"None, sir, follow me!"

Albert, Franz, and the count accordingly followed the chief. The bandits were all awake, and stood with their hats in their hands. The chief insisted upon conducting them himself to the outlet of the catacombs. Arrived there, salutations were exchanged, but Franz seemed to hesitate.

"Your excellency has something to ask me?" said Vampa, smiling.

"Yes," answered Franz. "I acknowledge that I feel curious to know what book you was reading so attentively when we arrived?"

"*Cæsar's Commentaries*," replied the bandit.

"I beg your pardon, captain," said Albert, returning a step, "will you permit me?"

And he lit his cigar at Vampa's torch.

Half an hour after this last little occurrence, Albert was giving a form and body to his dream, by dancing the polka with the Countess G——, at the Duke de Bracciano's ball.

THE APPOINTMENT.

The morning after the ball at the Duke de Bracciano's, and the conclusion of the carnival, the two young gentlemen waited upon the Count of Monte Christo, to express to him, in a more serious and suitable manner, the gratitude which they felt for his intervention with the bandit chief. There was also a further reason, inasmuch as the time for their return to their own country was now approaching. The conversation was thus naturally led to turn upon Paris; and both Albert and Franz expressed in strong terms the pleasure which they should experience in introducing the count to their friends, the more especially as he had stated that he had never been in Paris.

"Well," said the count, "I acknowledge, M. de Morcerf, that I expected your offer, and I accept it with pleasure."

"Now, count," said Albert, enchanted at the idea of having such a man as Monte Christo to introduce, "do not let this be a mere fable of travel?"

"No, on my honour, I shall go to Paris."

"When, then?"

"Why, when shall you be there yourself?"

"I?" said Albert; "oh, in a fortnight, or three weeks at the most."

"I will give you three months," said the count.

"Day for day, hour for hour, if you like," said Albert.

"Well, be it so! Let me see, it is to-day the 21st of February, half-past ten in the morning,—will you expect me at half-past ten on the 21st of May ensuing?"

"I will; breakfast shall be ready."

"You reside—"

"Rue du Helder, No. 27."

The count and Albert wrote in their memorandum books, "21st of May, half-past ten." The count added, "Rue du Helder, No. 27."

THE MUNTIFIK ARABS.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH, ESQ.

The Encampment.—The Shaikh's Market Town.—Misunderstandings with the Muntifiks.—Arabian Hospitality.—Blood Feuds.—The Orphan's Tribe.—The Orchenian Chaldeans.—Old Bed of Tigris.—The Chaldean Lake.—Junction of the Euphrates and Tigris.

At the lower part of the plain of Chaldea, where the land sinks into perpetual marshes, and the floods of the Euphrates and Tigris approximate, is the territory of the Muntifik Arabs. This powerful tribe held dominion, a century ago, over but a small portion of this extensive country. After frequent struggles, however, with the Turks, and Arab tribes, during the progress of which they met with many reverses, more especially from one Sulaiman, a Mamluk officer, who was surnamed Abu-laila, or the "Father of night," from his terrible onslaughts made under favour of darkness, they were ultimately enabled to appropriate to themselves almost the whole of Babylonian Chaldea.

The tribe is now strong in numbers and repute, and its hereditary Shaikh or Amir is rich and powerful. The possession of so much land has attached many to agricultural pursuits, others are commercial and dwell in towns or villages, but the greater part are still nomadic and pastoral, and breeders of camels, horses, buffaloes, and sheep. The tribe is thus in a state of transitory civilization, and has left off all roving and predatory habits.

Faithful, however, to the customs of his ancestors, the shaikh still dwells in a tent or reed hut, but with which a mud habitation is connected, for the use of the harim. Around, and extending for miles along the river banks, huts of similar character cling to the residence of their chieftain. The mode of building these huts is simple enough: clusters of reeds from fifteen to twenty feet high are neatly bound with withes or bands made of the same, and planted in the ground in two rows. They are then made to bend over and meet in an arch, in which position they are fastened by longitudinal reeds. This frame-work is covered, both on the sides and roof, with mats made of the split reeds, and ornamented with neat lattice-work, according to the skill and fancy of the architect. Sometimes these huts (which make so curious a transition from the ordinary black hair tents of the Arabs to more stable houses) stand in groups surrounded by enclosures of the same materials, and many of them are constructed with great taste.

The apparently interminable succession of these reed huts produced on our first approach to the Muntifik encampment a startling effect; while the hosts of inhabitants plying their daily vocations, hustling laden camels across the river, tending the stupid buffaloes *,

* Mr. Fraser says (Mesopotamia and Assyria, p. 292) that the buffaloes are kept by a peculiar race of Arabs, known by the name of Madan. But this is a mistake; the term is applied to Arabs of any race who are of pastoral or sedentary habits, and hence it has become a term of reproach with the Badawins, as indicative of an inferior caste. The name of the caste is also wrongly given. It is most essential in a proper valuation of the comprehensiveness of the Arabian language, to distinguish معان Muadan or "Pastoral Arabs," from معن madan, "mind," and the various plurals

or prancing about on caparisoned steeds, gave much animation to the scene. To the surprise, however, of all, the steamer continued its course past the long files of huts, nor did it stop till it arrived at the neighbouring town of Suk al Shuyukh, or "the Market of the Shaikh's," which is on the opposite side of the river, is surrounded by a mud wall, and being embosomed in a date grove had a very attractive and inviting appearance.

The shaikh's market town contains about five hundred families, and bazaars of some extent. We visited here by especial invitation some learned Arabs, the first we had met with on our journey. The interview afforded us sincere pleasure and much gratification, although their conversation failed to revive ideas of the learning and literature of the Augustan age of the Arabs. We also saw here for the first time the astrolarb, which had undergone no change since the days of the distinguished Arabian astronomers, Alfraganius (Al Fargani), and Albategnius (Al Batani). On our return to the steamer, a curious circumstance manifested, notwithstanding their politeness, the superstitious feeling entertained by the populace towards us. Many followed us to the banks of the river, where Mr. Rassam hailed, "Boat, if *you please!*" Listen! they whispered, he is calling for *Iblis!* (Satan,) and the crowd dispersed instantaneously. It was in this town, so rarely visited by Europeans, that two travel-worn, weather-beaten, irrecognizable English travellers accidentally met a few years before. These adventurous persons were Colonel Chesney and Mr. Stocqueler.

The shaikh never enters into this emporium. This is more from a politic regard to the prejudices of his more warlike followers, than from any real feeling. Shaikh Isa is a shrewd, wary, and self-interested Arab. He must have been laughing in his beard when he pretended to our good friends, Messrs. Fraser and Ross, not to know Ispahan. The Muntifiks have close relations with the Persians, through whom the trade in horses with the Indian market is carried on; nor is the shaikh's divan often held without one or more intelligent merchants from that country being present. It was only a rather more practical joke, when his highness rising the ensuing morning a little earlier than the above-mentioned travellers, took himself and his nobility surreptitiously away from their learned society. Both, however, were equally poor specimens of Arabian wit or Arabian politeness.

Our relations with the shaikh of all the Muntifiks did not partake of that sunshine which had hitherto generally attended upon our intercourse with the Arab chieftains. The misunderstanding which had taken place between ourselves and the Bani Hayakim, from cutting wood in a sacred grove, was easily explained away. The shaikh only condescended to remark approvingly of that sub-tribe, that he did not know that they were fighting men. It was also necessary to enter into explanations regarding some interruptions made by certain subaltern shaikhs on the Tigris, to boats conveying coal on that river, for the use of the expedition. The intrigues of M. Fontanier, the French consul at Basrah, had also extended to this spot. That gentleman, in

of Madinah, "a city," as in مدينان Madayn, abbreviation of Madinah Tan, "dual or two cities," مدن Muadan, "a few cities," and مدائن Muadayn, "many cities." Gibbon writes correctly Madayn for Seleucia and Ctesiphon.

a work lately published *, relates at page 299, that when passing Souq el Shiouq (this is the French orthography for Suk al Shuyukh, although there is neither an *o* nor an *e* in the Arabian alphabet,) a number of Arabs advanced into the river and attempted to stop the Euphrates steamer! "These poor people," he observes, "imagined that this operation was the easiest thing in the world. They were foiled, however, and began firing their muskets, so that the steamer was compelled to discharge a couple of shots, which put them to flight." It is needless to say that no such an occurrence took place, but it did happen that we were told here that M. Fontanier had recommended the Arabs to embarrass the steamer by throwing date trees into the stream; and he probably confounded the collision with the Bani Hayakim, with the interruption which he had plotted, and which his *aimable* imagination had thus fondly presented to him in practical operation.

But at a subsequent period, the Hon. East India Company's steamer the Hugh Lyndsay having arrived at Kurnah with a mail, brought with it as a passenger a missionary of the name of Samuel, a gentleman whose zeal, however useful to the cause, was, by exciting the religious hostility of the people, most prejudicial to friendly intercourse; and as the same gentleman had once before nearly caused the destruction of the British residency at Bagdad, so he was on this occasion the cause of an inimical feeling being manifested towards the Hugh Lyndsay and her crew. It was after receiving this mail, that the Euphrates steamer bent its way up the river, and lay to immediately opposite to the shaikh's residence, to explain away these little misunderstandings, and a black formidable enough looking craft she was when put into trim for accidents.

A formal embassy, consisting of Colonel Chesney, Colonel Estcourt, Captain Cleaveland, Mr. Rassam, and the author, went ashore to wait upon his highness. A divan had been extemporized for our reception, outside of the regal hut, and this was encircled by upwards of five hundred stalwarth, swarthy and armed Arabs, who preserved decorum and distance as admirably as if they had been a disciplined soldiery. It was expected, and I believe had been previously negotiated, that to save the scruples which, as a Mohammedan, the amir might have at rising to a Christian, that he should meet our commander as if by accident on his approaching the divan. Thus etiquette is frequently preserved in the east. But this arrangement somehow or other failed, nor even after we had been some time seated were there any symptoms of his highness's approach. To the frequent questions put to an elderly gentleman, who with a long stick appeared to act as lord chamberlain, the only answer was, that the shaikh was at prayers. At length the colonel lost his patience, and waxing wroth, rose to take his departure. I accompanied him, and had some difficulty in forcing a way through the ring that encircled the seat of audience, but this accomplished, we repaired to a white tent occupied by an officer then on a mission from the Pasha of Bagdad, and where we were shortly afterwards joined by the rest of the embassy.

Colonel Estcourt had, however, a friendly interview with the chieftain the same day, and his son, a handsome youth of about fourteen

* Narrative of a Mission to India, Vol. I. This work does not appear destined to reach a second volume.

years of age, paid a visit to the steamer, accompanied by the old chamberlain, who was a business-like, sensible old man. The young prince wore the usual Arab costume, and had in his girdle a dagger, the handle of which was profusely studded with precious stones. He was, however, very timid and distrustful, and although sweetmeats were laid before him, and a variety of presents were made according to oriental fashion, nothing could allay his fears and apprehensions.

The style in which the shaikh's table is kept is truly patriarchal. A platform of wood about six feet in diameter is laid out daily in the divan, smoking with a heap of many hundred weight of rice. Encompassing this grand centrepiece are ranged small platters filled with sundry preparations of mutton and pastry. Thirty or forty savage-looking beings sit round this banquet, their disordered locks hanging over the dishes, till with a loud Bismillah! every hand is plunged arm-deep into the rice, each man vying with his neighbour in the despatch with which he can make huge balls of the rice with the sauce of the stew, and in the dexterity with which he stuffs them into his mouth. Behind stands a still more extensive circle of expectants, for their practice is, that as soon as any one has satisfied his appetite he gives place to another. Thus seldom less than ten to twenty sheep and rice in proportion are consumed at a meal, and on festivities the carcases of as many as thirty and forty sheep may be seen lying boiled or roasted upon hillocks of rice, and this is repeated three or four times a day. After meals the guests arise and wash their hands, retiring to the carpets and cushions, and taking their pipes, while coffee is handed round, sometimes by bare-legged Ganymedes with turquoises suspended from their noses, and clad in coarse canvass shirts of pretty much the same colour as the beverage.

Although reclaimed from predatory habits, the Muntifiks have by no means lost the characteristic warlike ardour of the race; their fights for pasture grounds, especially with the powerful Shammar or Mesopotamian Badawins, are frequent and often sanguinary. The actual Shaikh Isa is renowned for an exploit of a more ferocious than chivalrous character. The Shaikh Binnaya, much beloved and respected by the Shammar Arabs, was fighting against the Muntifiks, when his mare fell with him, broke her leg, and rolling over him left him on the ground hurt and disabled. While in this state and alone, a party of Muntifiks headed by Isa galloped past. Binnaya called to them and made himself known, saying that he was hurt and dying, and all enmity must cease. But the cruel Isa thrust his spear through the disabled man, and several others followed his brutal example. They then cut off his head and sent it to Bagdad to the pasha, who ordered it to be thrown to a lion; but the animal not only refused to touch it, but, say the Arabs, sprang about his cage in the utmost terror until it was taken away. The Shammar since obtained sanguinary revenge, and killed among others Shaikh Ajal, the brother of Isa.

The ferocity of their blood feuds is more fearfully shown in the origin of the so-called "Orphan's tribe," a sub-tribe of the Muntifiks. A quarrel had arisen out of a question as to right of pasturage, between the two principal sub-tribes, the Malik and the Ajwad. Excited to desperation by the songs and remonstrances of the women the war was carried on to extermination. All the Ajwad tribe, men, women and children, fell one after another, on the land where their fathers

had fed their flocks. Only one pregnant young woman was spared, and her son was the founder of the so-called "Orphan's tribe." The spot where this savage event took place is still known as the Wadi al Nissa, or "the Valley of the Woman."

A lofty mound of ruin is to be observed from the Muntifik encampment to the westward, on the Arabian plain. It is called Mugaiya, or the "Place of Bitumen," by the natives. According to Mr. Fraser a huge quadrangular tower rises out of this mass of ruin to a height of eighty or a hundred feet. This, which is, perhaps, one of the most perfect specimens of the Assyrian and Chaldean temple, "built on high places," still extant, is constructed with bricks, many of which are marked with the arrow-headed character, and is divided into stories, the upper of which diminish in extent as we see in some Indian pagodas, and looking from the top, vestiges of a wall are to be traced, which once apparently enclosed the building. This ruin appears to have been first observed by Pietro della Valle in 1625, and it has been identified, both by Rennell and D'Anville, with the Urchoe of the Greeks, the Ur of Babylonian Chaldea, in contradistinction to, and at the same time probably in memory of, the Ur of Abraham. This city was according to the ancient geographers situate on the Pallacopas, but Mr. Fraser remarks that no traces of that canal were visible from the top of the ruined temple. As, however, both Colonel Chesney and Lieut. Ormsby met with the bed of that channel between Zubair and Jibal Sinam, it must have followed the line of valley in which Mugaiya is situated. It is not positively necessary that it should have flowed close to the capital; it is more positive that it flowed through the territory of the Orchenian Chaldeans, for Pliny remarks, "*Euphrates præclusere Orchæni nec nisi Pasitigri defertur in mare.*" And Mr. Fraser remarks, that other similar monuments of a remote antiquity were to be observed still further to the westward.

A great central depression furrows the lands eastward and northeastward of the Muntifik encampment. A channel bearing the waters of the Tigris to the Euphrates, the reverse of what occurs in the plains of Babylonia, quits the former river in the neighbourhood of Kut Amarah, passing the modern village of Kut Hai*, to reach Nushayit Wasut. This was once a place of importance, situated in the heart of a populous, rich, well-cultivated, and flourishing country, and was under the name of Vaseta, a metropolitan town of the Chaldeans. This site has also been identified with the Cybate of the Theodosian tables, with every degree of probability, as far as position, distance, and corruption of name is concerned; and also by Mr. Fraser with Cascara, but as that place is contained in the same list, as given by Assemani, of Chaldean episcopacies with Vaseta, they must be supposed to be different places.

It appears that at one time the river flowing past Wasut, and into which the Nahr Wan also emptied itself, was a principal bed of the Tigris, for the Ayyubite prince and geographer, Abu-l-fada, describes Wasut as being intersected by the Diglah, or Tigris, which was spanned by a bridge of boats.

Beyond this, the Shat al Hai divides into two branches, the northerly

* Apparently the same as the Hei-beni-lyt, opposite Amara, and quoted by D'Anville from *La Carte du Sabéïsme*, or a map of the Sabæans, or Sabæan churches.

one, called Buji Hairat, being navigable and flowing past several villages; while the southerly is called Shat ul Amah, or "the blind," from not being navigable, and flows past the modern Wasut al Hai. The two channels then unite again to form the Sub Bil, which sends off canals to Shatra and other villages, to divide once more at the tomb of Hamzah, the most northerly branch being alone navigable and flowing into the Euphrates, fourteen miles north of Kut, as the shaikh's residence is called.

Quitting Suk al Shuyukh, the steamer wended its way through continuous groves of date trees, till it reached a village with the ominous name of Umu al Bak, or "the mother of musquittoes," beyond which the river was only separated by a narrow band of soil, and tall reed-like grasses, from an almost perpetual inundation, that stretched away like a great lake to the eastward, and extended to the extreme verge of the horizon, only here and there interrupted by groves of date trees, or occasional reed huts islanded in the desert of waters. On the ascent of the steamer Euphrates in the latter end of October, and the descent of the same vessel in the beginning of November, the extent of this great inundation had undergone very little diminution from what it was in the month of June, the season of the floods. The native distinguishes amidst these marshes a variety of more or less distinct channels, through which he navigates in his frail bark, and to which he even attaches a name *.

This tract of marsh and inundation would appear to correspond with the Chaldean lake of old, into which, according to Pliny, the Tigris poured its waters, after passing between Seleucia and Ctesiphon, and which must be distinguished from the lake which, according to the same author, was formed by the union of the Tigris and Eulæus rivers near to Charax. The river Euphrates, as it flowed tranquilly through these great marshes, was wide and deep, and, having deposited its mud, was clear and pellucid, presenting a most inviting and splendid sheet of water.

On the 18th of June the steamer arrived at Kurnah, where the confluence of the two great rivers, Euphrates and Tigris, takes place, in the midst of verdant palm-groves. The few mud-houses which constitute the modern town of Kurnah, occupy the extreme point between the two, and are almost hid among the date trees. The changes in the course of the rivers have been so frequent and so numerous, that but slight data remain in the present day for identifying the village at the actual junction with the Apamea in Mesene, on the Digba or Didigua, of classical geography, and described as being situated at the junction of the rivers. Apamea, a name so beloved by the successors of Alexander, was enjoyed by Seleucia, as well as by some city in Mesene. And as Pliny describes the Tigris as losing itself in the Chaldean lake, previous to arriving at that territory so renowned in Trajan's wars, his Digla, and Ptolemy's Digua, or Didugua, must have been more in the interior of Mesopotamia, than the actual junction of

* The Arabs are as rich in names for their picturesque marshes, as the Norwegians are for their variously formed mountains. The whole district is termed Jisayir, plural of Jisirah, "an island," or "the district of islands;" a narrow but navigable channel through reeds is termed Jahiyah, plural Jiyayit; while a channel which spreads out, and has islands or clumps of trees in the bed, is called Burj or Burjah, plural Burjayit.

the rivers. The aspect of this portion of country, and the physical distribution of its land and waters, when there was a royal river on one side, and a Pallacopas on the other, a great Chaldean lake to receive the surplus of the waters of the Euphrates and Tigris, and a Susian lake to receive the waters of the Digla branch of the Tigris and of the Choaspes and Eulæus rivers, must have been altogether different to what it is in the present day.

Arrived at this remarkable point in the progress of the expedition, we found earnest of our approach to the sea, in the presence of a rickety, and disabled Turkish sloop of war, which lay off Kurnah, at a kind of custom-house, and which returned, after some delay, the salute with which we honoured the Sultan's flag.

DREAM OF AN EVIL SPIRIT BEFORE HIS FALL *.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER.

BY JOHN OXENFORD, ESQ.

ANGELS can still fall, and devils increase. No will is immutable but the holiest. More than that, no finite being can prophecy his will, and say that he will *will* this or that in the following week. For even if he fulfils his prophecy, he does it, not with the former will, but with the will of the moment, every will reigning as a new prince, independent of his predecessor. Hence all spirits can fall as well as rise, eternally.

* * * * * *

I was in a dream. The Paradise of the first man unfolded itself around me, but it seemed removed into another world,—it went along from sun to sun in woods of the Trees of Life, that extended further than the eye could reach,—the rivers of Paradise had rounded themselves into four pacific seas, from the depths of which glimmered the four quarters of the world, mirrored like great gardens; birds of paradise played with eagles, and in the breezes the flowers flew about the bees. I was in the land of profound peace; all was tranquil, even the sensation of longing in man; and if a shining light wafted itself over the flowery meads, and these undulated like ears of corn, the heart became full and tranquil, but desired nothing; and if a ceaseless music, now softer, now louder, flowed about the soul,—strayed echoes, as it were, from eternal bliss, that called to one another and sought one another, and finally died one upon another—the breast indeed swelled, but it did not sigh.

All at once the flowery fields in the East became brighter, and the Trees of Life cast red shades, when, in the extended light, I saw a tall-built youth, like a cherub who once guarded Paradise, hastening eastwards. His face was turned from me, but the fourth sea suddenly raised itself, and stood upright in the sky with its water-mirror; and in this I saw the youth's face. How, before those pure eyes of love, be-

* This is an isolated piece, originally published in the "Taschenbuch für Damen," (Ladies' Pocket Book,) for 1819.

fore those warm lips of love, and before that sacred brow, arched into a temple, which nought but prayer had ever entered, did my whole heart dissolve into love! The new super-terrestrial spirit ennobled Eden, because he lived his sacred eternity therein.

Thus did the evil spirit appear to me, ere he had fallen from God.

The purple radiance increased, and I saw in the erect sea-mirror, that, behind me, in the West, a sun with a wreath of white moons was sinking, and that one moon after another was sinking before it. The upright sea in the sky whirled round—it formed and formed, and out of the waters a rainbow arched itself, which glared with more and more colour the deeper the sun fell. And when the sun *had* fallen, and the last moons were yet glimmering, it rested broad in the blue of heaven, with the brilliancy of jewels.

Veiled forms now came down over the rainbow, and as they looked down upon the angel, they cast their veils back, and displaying their bridal wreaths and myrtle wreaths, sang, "Thanks, thou fair angel of our life, thou hast led and protected us, thou hast strengthened our virgin heart, and hast shown to eyes dark with pleasure the bright stars of eternity, and by thy means we have lived piously upon the erring earth. Thus do we go home over the rainbow of the grave into the city of God, to meet all the eternal beloved ones, and we thank thee, faithful angel of our heart!" Thus sang the female forms, who celebrated the rose-festival of their re-blooming. They all wept with gratitude, and their tears dropped upon the rainbow, and remained hanging there more brilliant than all other colours.

Then did the angel kneel down, his face became an evening-red of joy, and he prayed with trembling arms, "Look upon me longer, ye pious eyes, and only continue to weep, for your friend hath warmly loved you." Ah, the angel of innocence did not know what tears—other than he wished—would flow for him.

Behind the moving forms the rainbow had broken in, and only a little girl tarried when they had passed over upon the last pillar of colour. She looked down with infinite melancholy, and taking her veil let it float down upon the angel. He turned round and sank into slumber, when the veil rose far above him towards the South, and suspended itself on what seemed to be a distant tall lily, but was in reality a white snake, which stood upright. This swallowed the veil, and went erect upon the rattles in its tail, as upon feet. The nearer it became the more did it resemble a human shape, and at last resembled the sleeping angel himself. Now the form stood before him, and the face bore all the features of the angel, but evilly disturbed. Broad wrinkles had erased Paradise, it was like a face decaying in poison, a lily-leaf swollen with black worm-curvings; the eyeballs had changing hues, thick spider-bodies, and looked hungrily at the closed eyes of the angel. The form had a face that can never sleep or rest.

It pushed the angel's feet, and he was obliged to raise himself before it, though with closed eyes. It looked sharply upon the great white eyelids, and then said, "Thou becomest I! Dream me and thyself."

Then did the good angel dream he was seducing mankind. He saw all the virgins who had passed over the rainbow, return, shamelessly laughing, without wreath or veil on their bare heads, and himself marching at their head. He saw how he dragged the little girl, who had flung to him her nun's veil, into a bacchanal dance, and poured out

for her glowing beverages, and how in the violent movement his wet locks hung down, wild and long. He saw how he rocked and lulled parents, with words and gold, and then made signs to the daughters to fly swiftly to the satyr-robbers; how he charmed after him child-like virgins by holding before them mirrors and gold-stuffs, and ran before them till he had drawn them into cruel men's arms, that opened like the claws of a scorpion. Everywhere he beheld himself seducing female hearts, and driving wild impure herds upon defenceless souls.

Then did the sleeping angel weep.

Then did the waking form laugh, and it said:

"Dream further, my good spirit of the time." And the angel saw all those whom he had made unhappy—the faded forms, once so fascinating, as they passed him with empty eye-sockets, having nothing in those sockets but tears in the place of eyes: a thousand little crouching orphans, who looked about and cried, "Parents! Parents! where do ye live on the wide earth?" And female suicides and infanticides went hand in hand, and looked towards a row of gibbets. And he perceived that in the distance the bell for execution was incessantly ringing, and at this he laughed. But when heads of children, torn off, and severed heads of mothers began to roll towards him, he awoke in horror and wept over the misery.

Scarcely had he opened his eyes, than the evil form entered him, to conceal itself within him. He now discerned me, and he looked on me severely as a stranger in Paradise. His look was hot and hard, and the painful dream had already disturbed his mild Eden. "Son of Adam," said he, "thou art not one of us, thou canst not remain in pure Paradise; punish thyself and fly from me; thou canst not stand near me."

During these words, the likeness of the evil form appeared plainer and plainer through the angel's face, and at last completely worked itself out. Envy and Pride were now added to the former countenance. The angel had fallen, and he was about to mislead the souls he had formerly guarded, and had preserved in holiness and purity.

Then did I awaken from my dream. But instead of the angel, youths stood before me, who had not yet fallen, who still made war on sin and protected innocence, and who could worship maiden beauty with modesty, order and goodness. To them I said, "Never, never dream and wake like the angel. For this have I told you the dream, which will once either reward or punish you."

SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HENREICH HEINE.

BY PERCY BOYD, ESQ.

When to my heart thou art folded,
And thy white arms around me are,
Am I not the heaven above thee?
And thou—my beloved star!

Deep—deep—is beneath us toiling,
The world with its busy strife;
Men seeking with vain endeavour
For the gauds of this passing life.

What a blest lot to us is given,
Above them to be so far,
Whilst thou hid'st in thine own heaven
My head—my beloved star!

OSBORNE NORTHBROOKE.

BY CHARLES OLLIER, AUTHOR OF "FERRERS."

A dumb, dead corpse we saw,
Heavy and cold, the shape of death aright.
MIRROR FOR MAGISTRATES.

Queen's Square, 15th November, 1747.

It was my intention an hour ago to visit Drury Lane Theatre, and see Garrick in *Hamlet*; but the evening has turned out so rainy and gloomy that I will remain at my fireside, and devote the coming hours, till the return of my wife and children from an evening party, to forming a narrative of a strange incident in my life. I shall not do this with any purpose of printing it at present, but shall leave it among my papers; and if, after I am gathered to "the great majority," any one connected with me should think fit to give it to the public, I trust its details may not be altogether useless.

To the afflictions that beset me many years ago, I can now look back with perfect calmness. Not that I am by any means free from a recurrence of them, but that I feel when next they attack me their visitation will be final. The time is past when strength was given me to combat with such evils. I shall never be in a condition to recite a second event similar to that I am now to describe; and, to my belief, I am the only living man capable of telling such a story.

About two-and-twenty years ago, namely, in 1725, I formed a passionate attachment to a young lady of good family, my present wife, with whom I have passed as happy a matrimonial life as ever blessed any man. The misfortune I had already suffered returned in its utmost ghastliness upon me two years after our union, and all but ended in an unutterable tragedy. This danger might have been avoided had I placed entire confidence in her who had inseparably linked her fate with mine. I dared not, however, communicate my secret to Olivia before marriage, because I dreaded to lose her hand; and I was weak enough afterwards to persevere in concealment—a fault which punished me, the offender, and my unsuspecting wife, with inexpressible anguish and terror.

One friend, and one only, was aware of the calamity to which I was liable. Knowing the sincerity of his feelings towards me, I scrupled not to solicit his care and frequent vigilance to avert an all-dreaded extremity which, but for such superintendence, might come to pass. It is true that in a distant part of the kingdom, where I had formerly lived, my miserable liability was not altogether unknown; but I repeat that in London no one but Richard Newnham was, at the time in question, acquainted with it.

One morning, shortly before my marriage, I had an interview with my friend.

"Newnham," said I, "I more than ever need your kindness. Can you perpetuate your watchfulness over me? Will you consent to dwell near me?"

"Willingly," returned he; "willingly, as far as I myself am concerned; but—"

He paused, as people pause when they are about to press advice which they know will meet a reluctant, if not a painful reception.

Guessing what he wished to say, I anticipated it, and exclaimed, "You think, Richard, I should conceal nothing from Miss Sutherland. Were you not on the point of saying so?"

"Yes," replied he.

"Perhaps you are right," I rejoined; "but I have not nerve enough to encounter the risk which such a disclosure would involve. Fear might induce her to reject one subject to so awful a visitation—a visitation which, nevertheless, may never again scare me and my friends. But even should it come, you, Richard, by being at hand, can save me."

"Though I do not like concealments between man and wife," pursued Newnham, "I promise not to leave you; so make yourself easy as far as my agency is concerned. Give me some wine, Northbrooke, and let me drink happiness to you and your bride."

This toast, pledged in all sincerity by my friend, I reciprocated, after expressing my gratitude for his invaluable services, in a bumper to his own health and welfare. And then we began to speak of things which to us were of smaller import, such as the impeachment of the Earl of Macclesfield, the Hanover treaty, the re-establishment of the Knights of the Bath, and other topics of the day. Newnham was voluble on these matters, and I congratulated myself on the belief that my wine and the public themes, touching which we had discoursed, had, for a time, obliterated all impression of the painful subject that had at first engaged us.

In this I was mistaken. On a sudden my friend's face assumed a grave aspect.

"One toast more, Northbrooke," said he, "and only one. Let us drink it in silence. Haply, our aspiration may find grace as a prayer, though it is breathed with glass in hand. Fill your cup! *May the dismal affliction never again haunt you.*"

Had not Newnham been drinking more than was his wont, I do not think he would have coupled a Bacchanalian libation with a solemn and pious wish. But with him wine had a paradoxical effect: it elevated and depressed him almost at the same moment. We all are the victims of peculiar temperaments. It cannot be, as some rashly say, that our animal portion may be reduced to subjection by our mental faculties; on the contrary, I believe that the latter are triumphed over by physical organization.

Newnham had now taken his parting glass: he would drink no more; and, after affectionately renewing his promises, he bade me "Good night."

By the above conversation, I was freed from my great source of inquietude, and therefore addressed myself cheerfully to the preliminaries of my marriage. I had need of this cheerfulness; for, while thoroughly recognising their necessity, there was something inexpressibly repugnant to my feelings in the cold and business-like consultations with lawyers respecting settlements and such affairs.

"Alas!" thought I, "why cannot the impulse of two hearts be obeyed, without clogging them with formal skins of parchment?"

To this, however, Prudence is ready to answer with a bitter voice—Prudence, our firmest, though seemingly our most ungracious, friend.

After a short interval from the above time, Olivia and I were united in presence of a large circle of her friends and mine. Never shall I forget that day, of which the happiness was rebuked by the tears of her

relatives on parting from my wife; but which, in their turn, were rendered less depressing by a prospect to us of coming felicity for years. After all, in spite of its exultation, a wedding day is not the most blessed part of a married life. Tranquillity and content—the sweets of tender companionship and fond sympathy—these are worth a hundredfold more than the flurry, the show, the ostentatious congratulations and ceremonials of bridal parade.

After passing a week in the country—(I did not dare to remain longer)—my wife and I returned to London, and took possession of a house in Bloomsbury, which I had previously furnished, as our home. On the morning after our arrival, Newnham paid us a visit. He had already been introduced to Olivia, so that his presence was, in a manner, familiar to us both. I could see, however, that my wife was rather surprised at so early a call on his part, more especially as he was the first visiter we had received since our marriage. Newnham, I think, perceived this; for, after a brief chat, he left us. Whatever might have been Olivia's feelings, I understood and appreciated my friend's solicitude.

In a few days, we had visiters enough and to spare. My wife's relations, male and female, crowded about us, and we returned their calls; so that we seemed to live more for others than for ourselves. I was tired of this incessant bustle—this fatiguing gaiety; and longed for the time when, without any danger of being thought to neglect our friends, we might enjoy each other's company. Olivia seemed fully to participate this wish.

A week passed without our seeing any thing more of Newnham. I was not uneasy at this, having perfect reliance on my friend's care, and knowing that in a day or two, at farthest, he would gladden me with his presence. On the eighth day after his first visit he came again, and I persuaded him to stay and dine with me, my wife, and one of her female relations.

I know not how it came about, but during dinner, and until the ladies left the table, our conversation was of a gloomy character. In vain did I try to turn it into a cheerful channel. My wife's relative held tenaciously to the themes which had been started, and these were supernatural influences, and moral and physical phenomena. The young lady seemed to revel in such subjects, and possessed an affluent store of "instances," both modern and ancient, which she detailed with a certain grim earnestness. She spoke of those whom, she affirmed, possessed *unquestionably* the gift of second sight—of biloquists—of those whose dreams were prophetic, and of men and women who could walk and talk, and scale dangerous places in perfect safety, when fast asleep. Neither Newnham nor I were able to interpose a word. The young lady monopolised the talk; and having cast a shadow over what was meant to be a merry meeting, declared her belief that persons possessing the attributes she had enumerated, or any others peculiar to themselves, were not perfect human beings, but had a mixture of something fiendish in their composition. She protested that nothing should induce her to form an alliance in any family of which one individual could command powers not common to people in general. Influenced, I suppose, by her friend's volubility, my wife professed entire acquiescence in her opinion. Newnham and I were at length left to ourselves.

"Now, my friend," said I, "You see the wisdom of my not having disclosed to Olivia that which I have endeavoured to keep secret from all but yourself."

Newnham shook his head in dissent.

"Surely," pursued I, "you heard all which that young lady so emphatically pronounced; and you could not but perceive its effect on my wife."

"It was impossible not to hear what Miss Winburn said," returned Newnham, with a smile; "neither could one fail to detect the absurdity of her conclusions. But no part of her observations applied to you. You are neither a seer, nor a ventriloquist, nor a prophetic dreamer, nor a sleep-walker. You have no power in yourself; on the contrary, you are the victim of—"

"Hush!" I exclaimed, suddenly interrupting him. "Hush! we may be overheard."

* * * * *

For the remainder of the night, after Newnham left me, I could not rally my spirits, but was plunged in unhappy thought. Oh, how I lamented my wife's relationship to Miss Winburn! and what disquiet did I suffer at every visit of that young lady to our house! In the perverse art of self-tormenting, I fancied she disliked—nay, more, that she *suspected* me. But to what could her suspicions tend? I was free from reproach. Even this consciousness, however, failed to comfort me; and, at times, I felt that the expression of my face denoted my wretchedness. Whenever Miss Winburn glanced at my countenance, I imagined she was actuated by a shuddering curiosity. I was incapable of desiring that any evil might befall her, though I certainly wished her out of my way. She could not have been offended had she known how heartily I hoped she might soon get a husband, provided he lived in some place not nearer than Scotland.

Newnham did not fail in his periodical visits, which occurred in precise intervals of a week. The regularity of these calls at length attracted Olivia's observation; but though her allusion to them was in terms of artless gaiety, I felt somewhat embarrassed at the prospect of their systematic continuation, and therefore proposed to him that he should see me at his own house from time to time—that his visits to us should be irregular as to periods, and at longer intervals than usual; but that should I be absent from him more than five days, he was forthwith to repair to my residence.

Under this arrangement two years passed—two blissful years—during which the gaunt apprehension I had laboured under grew fainter and fainter, and at last almost ceased to exist. I revelled in this fancied immunity. "I am free now and always. Why should I longer tremble at what has for ever passed away?" Such were my exulting exclamations. And to crown my transport, my prayers for Miss Winburn's delivery from the pains of "single blessedness" seemed to have been heard. She was married, and lived several miles from London. Her ominous words, and, as I thought, more ominous looks, no longer haunted me.

In the confidence of enfranchisement, I called on my friend. "Newnham," said I, "be no longer under any alarm for me. I am disenchanted—delivered from a dreadful spell. Who have been the exorcists? who but my Olivia, and the prattling babe she has borne to me?"

"I have for some time partaken of this belief," returned Newnham. "Your exemption from the horror is now of very long date. Put confidence in your hope, and you may be safe. Faith, having something, however small, to stand on, is a powerful auxiliary in keeping off those visitations which

'Shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls.'"

"Thank you for this encouragement, Richard," I responded. "My spirits are buoyant: the soft, tiny, and feeble hands of my infant have been strong enough to lift a perilous load from my bosom. My ecstasy cannot find vent in words. I am transported with delight, and long to stand on the topmost peak of some cloud-piercing mountain, and shout my defying triumph."

To this madness of my joy Newnham did not respond. Even the enthusiasm of his friendship was qualified by prudence. He rebuked my irrational fervour, and reminded me that security from my peculiar danger was to be insured rather by calm thankfulness, than by indulgence in passionate impulses.

"Be master of yourself," said he. "Be calm—be prepared—and that which torments you will find no path by which its attack can be made. If I can succeed in impressing this on your mind, there need be no fear. *You* will be free, and *I* shall be released. Do not misunderstand me. I seek not release from trouble, but from apprehension for your welfare."

"I reverence your friendly motives, my dear Newnham," returned I, grasping him by the hand. "Be assured that I will strictly follow your dictates. The joy of anticipated emancipation has thrown me into a wild rapture. Counselled by you, I will offer my gratitude to Heaven in tranquillity."

In spite of a lurking incredulity, Newnham professed his satisfaction at what I had said; and then told me that he wished to make a journey for a fortnight to Northumberland.

"Go, Richard," said I; "fear not for me. Three blessed years have past, and the dire mischief has not shown itself. Why should I any longer be a clog on your almost god-like devotion? A temporary absence will only elevate the pleasure of our renewed meeting."

* * * * *

My friend was now absent from me several hundred miles. It was the first time for many years that I had lived without a consciousness of his being near me. Though, on his leaving London, I felt perfectly valiant, and assured that the peculiar calamity which required his presence would not overwhelm me, I, nevertheless, in a day or two, became nervous, apprehensive, terrified. Olivia perceived a change in my manner. Her evident anxiety increased my own; and though thoroughly sensible of the unreasonableness of placing a restraint on the actions of my friend, I regretted that I had not implored him not to leave me. In vain did I attempt to persuade myself that life was not worth having if its freedom from misery could only be secured by sacrificing another's pleasure. Should I disclose my fears to my wife? No! I had, by former omission, deceived her. I must now take my chance.

The depression under which I laboured increased on me with such rapid strides as utterly to destroy all power of resistance. As one who,

struggling through a narrow ravine, with beetling precipices on each side, should see a tiger bounding towards him, so did I feel that my enemy was rushing at me, and that I could have no escape. I was alone in my library: my limbs had lost all power of movement: to rise and ring the bell was impossible; and even had I been able to do so, I could only have stared wildly at whoever might answer the summons, for of utterance I was incapable. The hands of the tormentor were upon me, and I was forced to yield. My whole frame became rigid; my jaw dropped; my eyes were fixed; my pulsation ceased. But I could see all that was around me, though, in my present state of vision, each object was invested with colours not its own. I was perfectly conscious of my situation; could hear with painful distinctness the slightest whisper; and felt the horrible conviction that in this apparently exanimate state, I might remain several days, and then be buried—buried alive! Newnham could have saved me, but Newnham was away.

Such was my dreadful *idiosyncrasy*. It has been experienced only by a few others, and these have lived at such distant intervals, that the majority of medical physiologists are not aware of the phenomenon. To have almost all the signs of death, and yet be alive and conscious; to feel every touch, and yet not betray sensation; to be in a state of mental sensibility, while utterly powerless as to muscular movement or vocal utterance—this is indeed the most ghastly state in which a human being can be placed. It is not apoplexy, nor palsy, nor syncope, nor what is vulgarly called "trance," because in those afflictions sensation is denied. But in the visitation to which I was unhappily subject, sensation was preternaturally acute. *

Alone, alone in this miserable state, I remained an hour—a long, long hour. I could count the time by the dial on the mantel-shelf.

* It has been stated by a medical philosopher, that "we ought by no means to conclude that the sense of hearing is totally lost because the person under examination does not discover himself to be possessed of it by the slightest motion of the eye-lids, the lips, the fingers, or any other parts of the body; for, as it is generally thought that the heart is the first part of the body which moves, so those who, after they are deprived of the other senses, give distinct relations of every thing they had heard during that time, can attest that the sense of hearing remains longer than any of the rest. The truth of this is, in a remarkable manner, confirmed by the testimony of a celebrated priest, who having affirmed that it was unlawful to give absolution to a dying person who by no signs discovered that he had the sense of hearing, altered his opinion after he himself had fallen into a deliquium so violent, as to deprive him of all motion, though at the same time he distinctly heard the whole conversation of those who were present when his misfortune happened."—*Uncertainty of the Signs of Death*, 1751.

"There have been many examples of men in show dead, either laid out upon the cold floor, or carried forth to burial: nay, of some buried in the earth; which, notwithstanding have lived again, which hath been found in those that were buried (the earth being afterwards opened) by the bruising and wounding of their head, through the struggling of the body within the coffin; whereof the most recent and memorable example was that of Joannes Scotus, called '*the Subtil*,' and a schoolman, who being digged up again by his servant, (unfortunately absent at his burial, and who knew his master's manner in such fits,) was found in that state. And the like happened in our days in the person of a player buried at Cambridge."—*Lord Bacon. History of Life and Death.*

See also "A Supplementary Report on the Results of a Special Inquiry into the Practice of Interment in Towns, made at the request of Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Home Department. By Edwin Chadwick, Esq., Barrister-at-law." 1843.

Bitterly did I meditate, but with profound reverence, on the inscrutable dispensations of Providence—on those dispensations which had made me the prey of so gaunt a malady. Among my other ruminations, it even occurred to me that if by some miracle (Newnham being absent) I should be saved, Miss Winburn would count me among her semi-fiends. But for this I cared not. I yearned for life on any terms.

To what could my peculiar organization be liable? Was it hereditary? On a sudden, a recollection of my youth flashed upon me, and I seemed to have obtained a clue to the mystery.

Let me here relate the incident which (though many years had passed) was vividly acted over again in retrospection.

My mother (a widow) having suffered a grievous illness, was taken for dead, and laid out as a corpse. As night came on, a wax candle was lighted and placed on a table close to her feet. I slept in a chamber adjoining hers. Before daybreak, I was horribly startled on hearing a shriek, and some incoherent words uttered in my mother's voice! Rushing into the room, I saw the corpse (as I supposed) in a sitting posture, half-wrapped in flames. Two women were there, trembling and aghast. The hideous extremity gave me presence of mind; and, throwing blankets on the body, I stifled the flames. What was my joy on finding that my mother lived! The fiery pain had resuscitated her; and, fortunately, I had stopped the burning before it had done its fatal work. She suffered some time from the injury, but eventually recovered. On inquiry, it appeared that the women (as is too often their habit) had drunk to excess; and moving about incautiously, had overturned the candle, and ignited the garments in which she whom they watched was clothed.

I now attributed to the shock I then received, and to the tendency to deliquium on the part of my mother, the wretched liability that has haunted my life. That in my present danger I should have made such investigations, may appear incredible; but so it was.

While thus thinking and despairing, the door was opened, and Olivia entered. Joy, like a burst of sudden sunshine, came over me. It soon faded, for alas! I could not speak, could not move!

My wife approached me—looked at me—passed her hand over my face, which, no doubt, was cold. She grew pale: her countenance assumed a dismal expression: she staggered to the bell, and rang it violently. A servant speedily appeared.

"Run instantly," gasped she: "Run to Bloomsbury Square— to Doctor Mead, and beg him to come here without loss of time. Your master is ill—dying. Run, run."

The man departed on his errand, and I was left alone with her whom I valued more than life itself, precious as the latter seemed to me at that awful juncture. She sat down by my side, and took one of my hands in hers. I question which of us looked the most forlorn: I, the living corpse, or she, the self-imagined widow. Her agony seemed to petrify her. We might both have been taken for pale statues.

Doctor Mead (living so near me) soon arrived. He felt my wrists, but could detect no pulse: he peered into my eyes; they were fixed: he closed my jaw; it fell again: he held a mirror over my face; it was unstained.

"Madam," said he, mournfully, to my wife, "come with me from this place. All is over!"

Olivia would now have fainted, but that Mead upheld her, and bore her out of the room.

Of the sufferings which my wife underwent during the next four-and-twenty hours, I was not a witness, as she did not again enter the room till I was placed in my coffin. Oh! that horrible process, and those which preceded it! The clothes I wore when the dreadful visitation came on me were taken off, and I was wrapped in a shroud. How I loathed the touch of those busy fingers that were laying me out, as the phrase is, decently! But more detestable even than this, were the men who lifted me, by the head and feet, into that narrow box—our final chamber. The hard lid was now placed over me slantwise, so that light was not altogether shut out. Great God, what were my maddening emotions! in a little time I should be inclosed for ever in darkness—should hear the driving of the screws which would imprison me till doomsday! What demon could have possessed me when I suffered Newnham to go so far away?

Two days more elapsed, and still every muscle in my body refused to obey my will. My good and afflicted wife frequently came into the darkened chamber, to gaze at and pray by me. I felt her hot tears fall on my face. I heard her sobs and broken ejaculations, and loved her more than ever. Cruel, cruel fate! Why could I not die and end such intolerable anguish?

At length arrived the last evening on which I should be permitted to see the light of Heaven. The funeral was to take place on the morrow. I was lost. The feeble ray of hope that till now had flickered before my eyes expired. The grave was already dug to receive me—me, a living man! Horror, unutterable horror! No help! Nothing but passive submission to a tremendous fate!

How it happened that the senses I had up to this time retained were not stricken away by frenzy, I know not; but I still listened to every sound and movement. These were very few, as, for the most part, the house was hushed in gloomy reverence to the dead.

Ha! what is that—that violent pealing of the muffled knocker—that peremptory ringing of the house-bell? More noise! a hurried talking in the passage, and a rush of feet upstairs! Can Newnham have arrived? Yes, yes! My preserver is here!

Pale, and out of breath, my friend, accompanied by Olivia, darted into the room. In a moment the hard and stifling board was removed from over me. "I do not despair of restoring him," said Newnham to my wife. "Send one of the men to me, and order a bed to be warmed."

My wife flew to fulfil what was desired, and my valet was soon in the room. Assisted by Newnham, he quickly delivered me from the coffin, drew off the hateful wrappings in which I was inclosed, and carried me to bed. Though in a little while I had some slight feeling of the warmth, my immobility was as stubborn as ever. Hot bricks were now applied to my feet. Other means were perseveringly adopted; and at length Newnham and his companion agitated my limbs by violent extensions and inflections. Watching the proper moment, my friend, placing his mouth close to my ear, cried out with a loud voice, "Northbrooke! Osborne Northbrooke, awake! You are in danger. Awake! Your friend Newnham calls you. Awake!"

This sudden vociferation following the other endeavours, dissipated,

in a slight muscular degree, the lethargy which had so long held me in thrall. Though weak even to exhaustion, I was able to give my friend a faint token that he had succeeded. Some corroborating and cordial liquors were now dropped into my mouth, and after an effort or two I swallowed them. The glad intelligence was conveyed to my wife, though she was forbidden for some hours to see me. Newnham remained at my side during the night, from time to time administering restoratives, and watching anxiously lest the torpor might return. On the next midday I once more folded my dear wife in my arms.

I will not profane the sacredness of so hallowed an interview by any attempt to describe it. We learned that Newnham, while in Northumberland, had read an account in a newspaper of my "sudden death," and that, without the least delay, he had posted to London as fast as horses could convey him. A little longer, and his anxious energy would have been in vain. Since the period above recorded, I have been blessed by two other children—girls—who by the sound of the carriage at the door, are just returned with their mother and brother from a ball at a neighbour's house. It is two o'clock in the morning. I have finished my narrative just in time, and will only add that I can now consign myself to my pillow without any fear, should any singular malady return, of being BURIED ALIVE *.

THE HEAD AND THE HEART.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

Oh! the head and the heart are the jewels that fling
Their lustre alike round the peasant and king;
The head the most brilliant—the heart the most rare,
And Earth has no gem that can with them compare:
The head though it dazzles—'tis worldly display,
The heart sheds a balm 'neath the light of its ray;
In the deep mines of feeling they both take a part,—
We 've a cheer for the head—and a tear for the heart!

Oh! the head and the heart, though they sometimes entwine
As the ivy the oak, or the tendrils the vine;
The head, like the oak, would in winter seem bare,
If the heart did not twine, like the fond ivy, there;
For the head, ever reckless, the heart never heeds,
Till the rough storms of life all its progress impedes,—
And when from its boughs they have stripped ev'ry part,
The head seeks for refuge—and flies to the heart.

Yes! the head is the man, with his thoughts like the wind,
And the heart is like woman, still tender and kind;
But the head with his boasting would pitiful be,
Unless with the heart he contrived to agree;
The head, oft in error, will blame and abuse,
The heart bids us all to forgive and excuse;
No man without woman in life could take part,—
Then the world's brightest gems are the head and the heart.

Leamington Spa.

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* The above recital is founded on a well-authenticated incident. In his "English Malady," page 307, Doctor Cheyne gives an instance even more remarkable than the present, of Death-in-Life.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF NIMROD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HANDLEY CROSS."

No. II.

Our opening paper left Nimrod singing the praises of Melton Mowbray.

With Letters on the Game Laws, Racing, Cocking, &c., he carried the close of the previous hunting season (1824-5) into the October number of the Sporting Magazine of the latter year, thus early making a commencement of that system of procrastination that characterised his writings. One would have thought that these Tours—these personal observations, would have been best written at the time they were made, just as the "Times" Commissioner now publishes his progress in Ireland; but Nimrod could not manage it, he required to be back at home before he could do anything in the writing way, and no doubt much amusing matter would be lost in the keeping and transit. In our mind he overrated the importance of the Tours; and we really believe, if he had set to in a good, familiar, letter-writing style, and published them at the time they were made, the papers would have been far more acceptable than they were in their more polished form, at a later, and sometimes altogether out of date, period.

In October, 1825, he published his doings of the previous April, when he winds up the season most appropriately in the New Forest with Mr. Nichol's hounds. Here he found much good company, and good quarters at Sir Hussey Vivian's, but "a lamentable scarcity of foxes." This he attributes to the "unhappy mania for pheasants," which had increased so much in the precincts of the forest, that no sooner did a fox stray out of it than he was trapped. Indeed, he tells us further on, that that late ancient veteran, the amiable and renowned Mr. Butler, who exceeded his half century of Spring seasons in the New Forest, predicted that hunting in the Forest would be mere matter of history forty years thence. Twenty of the forty have now passed away without, we are happy to think, the prophecy being nearer its fulfilment. The number of the magazine concludes with a brace of good trencher stories, one told by, the other told of, the celebrated Mr. Butler. "Billy," as the reverend gentleman was generally called, was asked to dine with a Dorsetshire yeoman, a character that recent times has converted into the gentleman farmer, or perhaps squireen, as they call them in Ireland. "My host," said Mr. Butler, "weighed upwards of twenty stone, and sat behind a rump of beef weighing fifty-two pounds. Being a bachelor, a friend of his weighing nearly as much sat at the bottom of the table behind a loin of veal weighing thirty pounds, and there was a ham in the middle weighing twenty-seven pounds. When these were removed, the maid in waiting placed *six plum puddings in six different dishes* on the table, when her master called to her '*That will do, Sally; don't put any more puddings down till I tell you.*'" The other is told by Nimrod of "Billy" himself: "On the last day of my visit to Sir Hussey," writes Nimrod, "he had a large party to dinner, amongst whom was Mr. Butler; and, by accident he was placed opposite an excellent painting of a fox by Barenger. It so happened that Mr. Butler never saw this fox till he had taken his glass of port wine after his cheese, when he suddenly exclaimed,

'What a beautiful picture of a fox!'—'Ah, Billy!' said an old friend of his, 'how well your nose* must have been down this last hour, that you never saw that fox before!'"

Even Mr. Meager, with all his antipathy to a hunting parson, must have liked Mr. Butler; he was such a kind, sociable, entertaining, agreeable old man. He was a thorough sportsman. With two horses Mr. Butler would hunt five days a week, but then he rode to hunt, not like many men, hunting to ride. All he cared about was seeing the hounds work. We remember his observing one day, in the midst of one of those interminable woods on the east side of Dorsetshire, that he wished he had a balloon in which he could hover over the pack and see all they were about. A gentleman consulted Mr. Butler one day, in our hearing, as to whether he should accept a handsome offer he had had for one of his horses.

"Does he suit you?" asked Mr. Butler.

"Perfectly," replied the gentleman.

"Then don't sell him," said Mr. Butler. "*Never part with your comforts*," added he; a piece of advice well worthy the adoption of all sportsmen.

But to Nimrod and the New Forest.

"As may be expected," writes Nimrod, "the native foresters are a very hardy race, and capable of great fatigue. A singular character existed among them some years back, who might almost be said to possess a faculty not very often displayed by man. The late Marquis of Ely lost a valuable gold watch whilst hunting one day in the forest, and offered twenty guineas for the recovery of it. This man undertook the search. He went to the Marquis's stable, took the exact dimensions of the shoes worn at the time, and having tracked him through almost a whole day's travelling of this pathless country, he succeeded in finding the watch. This persevering adventurer, I was informed, scarcely ever slept in a bed. We were also shown the house of a man, by the name of Toomer, whose father (who was in the service of the Mildmay family) taught a pig to find and stand at game."

Nimrod did not commence publishing what is indexed and title-paged as his "Second Tour," till the month of February, 1826. It appears he worked his way from Hampshire through some of the hunts he had visited the previous year,—the Duke of Beaufort's, the Warwickshire, and Lord Anson's, and the first portion of the Tour leaves him at Leamington. The intermediate numbers, between October 1825, and February 1826, were occupied with Papers on the Game Laws, Condition of Hunters, Ornithology, a Few Days with Harriers, Hampshire Fox-hounds, and other make-weights. The papers on the Condition of Hunters were good, and have since enjoyed considerable popularity in the shape of a volume, though they are perhaps more adapted for the ultra pace of the grass countries than the slower requirements of what the Meltonians call the provincials. Condition no doubt is a capital thing, but it is possible for horses to be in better condition than their riders; and if in former days it was no uncommon thing to see a horse tire under his rider, so now-a-days it is no uncommon thing to see a rider tire upon his horse. It is no use for a man to overmatch himself with a horse.

* Technical—for hounds stooping well to their work.

The March number of the Sporting Magazine makes a goodly show on the title-page. Thus it stands—

"Nimrod's Second Hunting Tour.—Mr. Boycott's hounds—The Shropshire hunt—Mr. Whitmore, M.P. for Bridgenorth—Sir Bellingham Graham and the Shropshire hounds; his sporting career as the head of the Badsworth, Atherstone, Pytchley, Quorn, and Shropshire countries; his hounds and kennels; his magnificent stud of hunters; his style of riding to hounds; and his racing stables—liberality of Sir F. Burdett—Sir Richard Puleston and his hounds—Account of Shropshire as a sporting country—Stephen Matthews, a Shropshire yeoman—Mr. Mytton's stud and his eccentricities." A specification so liberal as to leave little call for detail.

Nimrod certainly had six horses in this tour; for the late Mr. Mytton, in a letter, writes him word, "Your six horses are arrived in my stables, looking well." On one day we find Nimrod mounting two friends with Sir Bellingham Graham's hounds; on another he was indiscreet enough to mount Mr. Mytton himself, and, adds Nimrod, "did not see my mare for five days afterwards."

Of Shropshire as a sporting country, our author says:—

"The pen of Nimrod cannot fail in being somewhat lavish of its praise, and therefore his readers must make all due allowance. In the first place, there may be seen in it—all on the same day—*four* packs of fox-hounds*. In the next there are two hunt weeks in the year at Shrewsbury, attended by almost all the gentlemen of rank and property, in that or the neighbouring counties—each week also affording a splendid ball and supper for the ladies. The uniform of the members is also a set off to a ball-room, being a scarlet coat, buff waistcoat and breeches, with gilt knee-buckles, and handsome uniform buttons to all. The Champagne also travels at a merry pace in the supper room, which is not the case among the old ones."

I have ridden over the majority of our English counties, but never did I meet such hospitable and jovial fellows as the Shropshire and Staffordshire farmers. With them "What will you drink?" is the next question to "How do you do?" and now and then "What will you drink?" comes first.

The Cheshire farmers do not seem to have been so hospitable:—

"After a fine day's sport with the Cheshire hounds," says Nimrod, "I was riding home with the huntsman and whippers-in, when a very respectably dressed farmer came out of his house to ask the particulars of the run. He came, however, empty-handed, and never asked us to break our fast. "It is a sign we are not in Shropshire," said I to Will, (the huntsman). "Lord, Sir," replied he, "a jug of ale is a rarity in Cheshire, unless you pay for it." In illustration of the superiority of Shropshire over Cheshire in the trencher line the next number of the magazine contains an account of a day with Mr. Mytton's hounds, when the field indulged in *two* luncheons. This is nasty work. We never see fellows coming out all flushed with meat and drink without trembling for the hounds. What is called Dutch courage is most contemptible.

Staffordshire appears to have been as good a cupboard-country as Shropshire, for Nimrod says, in a note, "I remember on one occasion

* Viz. Sir B. Graham's, Sir Richard Puleston's, Mr. Boycott's and Mr. Wickstead's.

when Mr. Mytton hunted that country (Staffordshire), that a regular dinner was provided for the field. There was white soup, patties, side dishes, &c. &c. I well remember also," adds he, "how small the fences appeared when we were running our afternoon fox." No doubt they would, and the hounds too. If we were a master of hounds, on such an occasion, as soon as we got the field fairly earthed we would just send the hounds home, and let the gentlemen convert the luncheon into a dinner. Independently of the waste of the best part of the day, it is bad for both servants and horses. The men get half drunk, and more horses catch cold by hanging about or being put into damp stables and out-houses than their masters will choose to allow.

Mr. Mytton's wild and daring career having subsequently furnished food for Nimrod's pen, in the shape of a separate volume, we pass over all the Halston exploits until we come to notice that work in its regular course. Leaving Shropshire, Nimrod proceeded into the inhospitable county of Chester, where he and his late host, Mr. Mytton, took up their quarters at Marbury, the seat of Mr. Domville Poole. The great curiosity of the country—at least in Nimrod's eyes, was the fact of the gentlemen all wearing leather breeches. It is curious to see how changeful fashion has since brought these despised articles into vogue.

"There is one peculiarity attends the members of the Cheshire hunt," writes Nimrod, (May, 1826,) "almost all of them ride in leather breeches. That they are well adapted to the saddle, and for riding long distances on the road, no one will doubt; but in all other countries they are accounted *dead slow in the field.*"

Nimrod breaks off in the middle of his Cheshire tour, to chronicle the first of those abominable exhibitions called steeple chases, which took place between Captain Ross and Captain Douglas, in Leicestershire. The match was for one thousand pounds a side, but the whole thing is now immaterial, further than as laying the foundation of the greatest nuisance hunting has ever known. Nimrod was very inconsistent in his views on steeple chasing, now advocating, now reprobating them.

In what was called the "grand" (for every thing doubtful has that word prefixed) "Leicestershire Steeple Chase," that took place in 1828, immortalized by the pencil of Alken, the first person we find is Nimrod, reading the articles of the race to Captain Ross, Field Nicholson, Dick Christian, and a select party, while one of his last literary efforts was an attempt to write steeple chasing down, in the Quarterly Review, an article, however, that was not published, the subject not being considered worth the importance of a separate paper.

Nimrod, during this his second tour, visited that popular gentleman, the late Mr. Leche of Carden, "a gentleman of ten thousand a year, who in his latter years set up a carriage to convey him from his parties, which he jocosely called his *drinking cart*—the author of innumerable good stories and jokes, but, according to Nimrod, only an indifferent huntsman. Indeed, his whipper-in seems to have been of that opinion too, for on Mr. Leche telling Sam, 'who was a wet soul,' and often came home drunk, that he should look out for a new whipper-in, Sam very coolly replied, 'If he were to look out for a *new huntsman, too, it would be as well for the hounds.*'"

Indeed the Principality seems to have abounded in "characters," and Nimrod relates some peculiarities of a worthy Mr. Jones, of Maesmawr, near Welshpool; among others, that his huntsman and whipper-in rode with small canteens of gin to their saddles. When, however, we come to read some of the doings with his hounds, (the Montgomeryshire fox-hounds,) as set forth by the perhaps somewhat partial pen of Mr. Jones, when he came to sell his stud; the chases of seven hours, with sixteen stone on their backs, and runs of thirty miles with two-and-twenty miles home; mounting at four o'clock in the morning, riding fourteen miles to cover, riding a chase of sixty miles, and returning twenty-seven miles by the turnpike-road by eleven the same night (full one hundred miles in all) without receiving the least refreshment, our only wonder is that the servants of this persevering hunt did not carry a larder as well as a canteen. A perusal of the feats of Mr. Jones's horses, as set forth in the catalogue of sale, would put many modern "horse coddles" to the blush; take Lot 8 for instance:—

"Black gelding, 16 hands, 7 years old, bred by Mr. Asterley, of Pentreheylin, near Llanymynech, and got by a travelling Yorkshire horse out of the Vermin mare, dam of the late Hon. Mr. Trevor's Lady Jane. This horse is straightforward and tough, and when four years old lived through that severe chase with the Montgomeryshire hounds, from Corndon Hill almost to Knighton, and back to Clon, where they killed their fox, (about thirty miles, and eventually one horse died and others were much injured,) and brought his rider safe home (twenty-two miles) to Welshpool that evening, after going to the ground in the morning twelve miles."

This feat of the four year olds reminds us of that amusing writer, Sam Slick's advice, "never to buy a crack horse, for they have done too much." We should think "the straightforward and tough" would come under that denomination.

Here is a sketch of a gentleman coachman, the Hon. T. Kenyon of Pardoe.

"So systematic is he," says Nimrod, "in this his favourite pursuit, (driving,) that—with the exception of his being on a visit to his friends—his horses are put to, four days in the week, exactly as the clock strikes eleven in the forenoon, and drives his coach to Shrewsbury, into the Lion yard, the distance fourteen miles, which he does in an hour and thirty-five minutes. Here his horses are taken off, his coat and whip hung up in the coach office, and he remains in the town till the clock strikes three. At this hour to a moment his team is put to, and he leaves the yard about a minute before the Chester and Holyhead mails. The latter goes his road, but he keeps the lead till he turns into his own lodge gate, which is by the turnpike-road side. This is not all. So well are his working days known in the country, that several of his neighbours await him on the road, and avail themselves of a ride to Shrewsbury. His coach carries nearly as many outsides as the regular stages, but is very neat in its appearance, and built in the same form as gentlemen's four-horse coaches generally are."

This, like the fable of the boys and frogs, may be all very well for gentlemen, but it would be death to coachmen and coach proprietors, who had to live by their loads.

Gentlemen coachmen, however, are about extinct. There were not above four at work during last season—at least not in the streets. So long as "gentlemen coachmen" were content to be "gentlemen," the amusement was all very well, but it showed sad want of taste when gentlemen descended to be "coachmen." It was quite a superfluous addition to driving four-in-hand. Sir Henry Peyton never thought it necessary, neither did Mr. Ball Hughes, the Stanhopes, Mr. Payne, Lord Waterford, or many others we could name. A swaggering gait, a back-stitched coat, and tight trousers, do not contribute to the proper guidance of four horses.

March, 1826, found Nimrod in the grass countries again. On the tenth of that month he left his house in Hampshire for Pitsford, in Northamptonshire, the then residence of Mr. Musters, who hunted the country—one of Nimrod's "Magnus Apollos" in the hunting, and many other ways.

"As I travelled along," writes Nimrod, "my reflections led me to the remembrance of a passage I once met with in a French author. It described a Frenchman sitting under the shade of a banana in an ill-starred island, where there was neither a flower in the meadows nor a sweet-smelling plant in the fields; and he was heard to heave some deep sighs. 'You are wretched,' said St. Pierre. 'I am,' replied the Frenchman, '*but if I could see one violet I should be happy.*' There is no disputing about tastes. The man in question, no doubt, associated these delicate flowers with the pleasing recollections of his native country; but in my eyes they have a very different effect. There was no lack of them by the road-side this day; the sun was so hot that I could scarcely endure my great-coat as I sat on the coach-box; and I said to myself, 'It will soon be all over with hunting.'"

Northamptonshire seems to have been a more hospitable country in the lunching line than Cheshire, and Nimrod speaks feelingly of two or three agreeable feeds he had. His horses stood at the George Inn, Northampton, and were well found in every thing at twenty-five shillings per week per head.

"N.B.—A little too much," adds he.

We think so too. The Duke of Grafton's hounds in the adjoining country were next visited, but there was no scent, consequently no sport; though old Tom Rose did contrive, as Nimrod says, to "walk a fox to death," no easy operation, by the way, unless it was a vixen.

Here is the difference between having a good horse in Leicestershire and in the provincials—

"I saw a man," writes Nimrod, while describing a gallant run with Mr. Osbaldeston's hounds, in the Harborough country, "whom I took to be a farmer, going smoothly along upon a black horse, and when our fox was killed, I told him I liked his nag. He proved to be a horse dealer, and the next time I met him he told me Lord Plymouth had purchased the black. Thus it is in these metropolitan counties. If a horse goes but two strides faster than another over one large field, a price is instantly put upon him and he is sold; whereas, in the provincials, if he were to be as fast as Eclipse, and to jump over the moon, he would not (in nine cases out of ten) be sold until his exploits had been talked of for a twelvemonth."

All sportsmen can vouch for the truth of that remark. We know

of no such up-hill work as selling a horse in the country. Absurdly dear as railway carriage for horses is, we would sooner pay it and consign a horse to the easy transfer of Messrs. Tattersall, than encounter the haggle and most likely subsequent vexation of a country deal.

Nimrod appears to have made up for the deficiency of March sport by the gaiety of the evenings, having been at five balls in three weeks, all of which were patronized by Mr. Musters, and the hunt in general. Nimrod thus discourses on dancing, for though little better than a one eyed one, as he used to say, he saw a good deal with that one. "Twenty-six years ago," writes he, "every woman could dance, because, if I may be allowed to say so, no dancing was required. She might have shuffled 'down the middle' like a foundered post-horse, in the old country dance—perhaps without being observed—but not so in these times. When a ring is formed, as in our modern cotillons," (modern again after a lapse of twenty-six years,) "the shape as well as the action of a woman is openly displayed, and she must use her feet. It is here you see what nature has done for her, for though the potter may have power over the clay to make it a vessel of honour or dishonour, the dancing-master cannot make a woman dance well unless she is in the right form."

Waltzing, too, he has a turn at—

"There was a hard struggle in this country, between the young ones and the old ones, when first was introduced the German waltz. 'My daughter shall never waltz' said one prudent mother.—'My daughter shall never be pulled about the room in that way, by a man,' said another; but at length (though we must admit they come to rather close quarters, *i.e.* in the dance) the old ones were beaten, as they always are; and all the young ones now waltz."

Here is a sketch of a country race ball—Abingdon is the town :—

"As it generally happens at a country race, I looked into the ball-room about twelve o'clock. As it also generally happens, there was one pretty woman to a dozen plain ones, and the show was nothing remarkable. Milton says—all that is left of Paradise is domestic love, and here I saw a specimen—*a man dancing with his wife!* 'They are newly married?' said I to a friend.—'Not a bit of it; they have two children, and have been spliced these three years,' was his reply.—'All very well in a ploughed country,' resumed I, 'but it would be thought dead slow over the grass.'"—As slow as leather breeches perhaps.

From Mr. Musters' Nimrod proceeded to Mr. Osbaldeston's and Lord Lynedoch's, and finished the season in Northamptonshire, declining a visit to the New Forest for the spring hunting. He travelled with six horses, which he says had between four and five hundred miles road-work. In conclusion, he says he received nothing but hospitality and kindness, and every man he met appeared to be his friend. "This," writes he, "is the way to pass one's days, for it makes life's business like a summer's dream.

"A glut of retirement sends us out into the world, and a glut of the world sends us back into retirement, and I have now retired to the rural simplicity of a country life. Think not, however, that I shall ever become a pupil of Zeno, who commands us to look with indifference on the pleasure of the world; or that I think the better of the Roman general, because he boasted he could sup on turnips.—No! I'll snatch

a pleasure whenever I can catch it, and to my last hour I'll join in chorus—

"'These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.'"

Nimrod brought this, his second Tour, to a close at a more seasonable period than usual, having finished it in the June number of the Magazine, forty-two pages having been devoted in the double number to its completion. The old stock subject, "The Road," a little racing, with occasional few "Lines from Nimrod," chiefly commenting on the communications of others, formed the summer contributions of that year. There is an amusing instance of difference of opinion on matters of art in one of these critical letters. There had been a picture of a dog and rabbit, in a recent number of the work.

"As I was sitting at breakfast the other morning at Fenton's Hotel, in St. James's Street," writes Nimrod, "a bit of paper was wanting to light a candle.—'Take the Dog and Rabbit out of the *Sporting Magazine*,' said a friend, 'it is fit for nothing else.' In an hour afterwards, I went to a sporting barber to be *clipped*. 'What a beautiful print there is in the last number,' said he.—'Which do you mean?' observed I.—'The Dog and Rabbit,' replied the barber."

ROMANCE*.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH.

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

From his native gardens sever'd,
Doom'd to toil on Afric's strand,
Sadly looks the captive gard'ner
Tow'rds the lofty Spanish land.

There the greedy goats are feeding,
O'er the barren slopes they stray;
Scarcely can his eye distinguish
Whether goats or rocks are they.

Now the plain so rich and fertile
With a wishful glance he eyes,
And he sees from many a cottage,
Clouds of smoke, uniting, rise.

And he sees, too, by Gibraltar,
Where the rugged breakers stand,
Sees the billows dash against them,
Which would wrench them from the sand.

For the straits are wildly raging,
And the sands upon the shore
Seem with fury to be sounding,
Till a thousand echoes roar.

He exclaims, "Ye sacred waters,
To my grief some comfort bring;
Grant me pardon if your troubles
From my heavy sighing spring.

"To that blessed country yonder,
Prithee bear me, mighty sea,
And a milkwhite bull I'll offer—
Pride of all my flock—to thee.

"Never, never, shall my wishes
Rest content with foreign lands,
Then assist a new Leander,
Who commends him to your hands."

Thus the captive says, and leaping
'Mid the waves, their force he breaks;
Striking, cleaving, rending, struggling,
As his way he boldly makes.

But when midnight is approaching,
And his limbs begin to fail,
He entreats the raging billows,
For his heart at last must quail:

"Nay, ye dear, beloved billows,
Though my death you may require,
Yet,—oh, kindly waves,—release me,
For to pay you I desire."

Now the winds no more oppose him,
Fortune smiles upon his woes,
And his foot he plants in safety
As the morn its lustre throws.

And he thanks the kindly waters,
Winds, and stars, releas'd from toil;
Then, with humble rev'rence bending,
Kisses and adores the soil.

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* From the collection entitled *Romancero General*. Published at Madrid, in 1604. After the example of Bishop Percy, the *rima asonante* has been exchanged for rhyming lines of the same length as in the original.—J. O.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT ZUMALACARREGUI.

BY A PERSONAL ACQUAINTANCE.

NINE months after the birth of Don Carlos, that is to say, on the 29th Dec. 1788, was born the celebrated defender of this prince, Don Tomas Zumalacarregui. His native place was Ormitegui, in Guipuzcoa. His parents, without being very wealthy, enjoyed a comfortable livelihood, and belonged to the first nobility of the country. His elder brother was President of the Cortes in 1812, and was one of the most remarkable personages of the liberal party, while the two other brothers devoted themselves to the ecclesiastical profession. Tomas, following the impulse of his military genius, was present at the celebrated defence of Saragossa, under the orders of the immortal Palafox. He then retired to his birthplace; and when Guipuzcoa raised her standard against Napoleon's invasion, he joined Jauregui, better known as *El Pastor*, or, the "Shepherd,"—a name given to him because he had been a shepherd in reality, and like Viriatus—(with the *slight* dissimilarity that he was not a bandit)—had exchanged the crook for the sword. Zumalacarregui did not much relish the notion of having for his general a man whose accomplishments did not include the art of writing, and therefore he undertook the task of instructing him in the mysteries of calligraphy, in which task, it is gratifying to say, he was successful. He took a great part in the glories of the "Pastor," and on the general peace, Baron de Aveizaga (the captain-general) made him his aid-de-camp. While officer of the "Regiment of Victory," he paid great attention to the subject of military tactics, his books having chiefly reference to that science. So great was the opinion which the government entertained of his military acquirements, that various regiments were entrusted to him, that he might give them the benefit of his discipline. With his last regiment he went, under the orders of General Count de Casa Eguia, to the department of Ferrol, where from time immemorial there had been a band of robbers, who spread their ramifications throughout the whole of Gallicia. This band was organized in the most secret manner, and had been so well managed, that destruction was impossible. Indeed, when the associates had reason to suspect any one of their comrades, they put him to a painful death. Men of all classes, some of them even holding offices under government, belonged to the band, and from 1826 to 1832 it was commanded by a rich merchant, whom we shall call C——, the origin of whose immense wealth was a mystery to his neighbours. Several magistrates received regular pay from the association, and Count Casa Eguia, in spite of all his endeavours, was totally unable to discover the robbers; D. V——, a magistrate of Ferrol, who afterwards became a councillor of Castile, and R——, a scrivener, devoting themselves solely to the prosecution of those thieves who were unconnected with the band. In this state of things, the count appointed Zumalacarregui, (then a colonel in the 14th of the line,) Governor of Ferrol. He immediately nominated as his *fiscal*, Don Manuel Casanova, who was out of employ on account of his liberal opinions, and the result of his exertions was the discovery of the understanding which C—— and the other wealthy persons had with the band of robbers. They were all

imprisoned, and the law would have taken its course, had not the political changes of 1832 given them the means of frustrating Zumalacarregui. They had already offered him large sums of money, but he remained incorruptible, and hence they caused him to be accused of encouraging rebellion against the government. This charge was sufficient to occupy his attention, and divert him from all other subjects, and although he fully succeeded in proving the falsity of all that had been alleged against him, he was deprived of his command. Casanova was employed in the army, C—— was set at liberty, and the band continue their depredations even to the present day, if we may trust the Spanish *Diarios*.

Zumalacarregui went to Madrid, and by means of his friend, Don L. Armero, who held a situation in the war department, was sent to Pampluna. Here he remained till one day, when he was buying a horse, he was observed by the Marquis del Moncayo, and was thus accosted: "This is not the time for you to buy a horse." Zumalacarregui perceived that a new persecution was on foot, and hence he immediately left Pampluna, and went to join the royalists, who had declared for Don Carlos.

With about £40 sterling in his pocket, and with ten men, each of whom had four cartridges, Zumalacarregui organized the Carlists, and provided them with arms, snatched in the field of battle from the hands of the enemy. Generals Mina, Baron de la Rondelet, Sarsfield, Marquis de Moncayo, Cordova, Ora, Lorenzo, and the celebrated Don Diego de Leon, (worthy of a better fate,) with the best Spanish troops, and aided by three foreign legions, opposed Zumalacarregui with a force 100,000 strong, and with all the advantages of cavalry and artillery; but such was the military skill of the Carlist general, that he vanquished all his enemies, whether in open field or in the capture of a fortress.

He had attained the eminence of his glory, when he was struck in the thigh by a cannon-ball, as he was reconnoitering a point of the wall of Bilboa. It was necessary to remove him at once from the spot. The paymaster, Don F. Mendigaña, came to him, and asked him if he had any money, "Not a *farthing*," was the reply, upon which he received £100 sterling. In a few days the ball was extracted, an operation which caused him great pain, and he plainly perceived that his end was drawing near. A priest having confessed him, a notary approached, and said, "What is your Excellency's fortune, and to whom do you leave it?"—"All that I have in the world," said Zumalacarregui, "consists of my wife, and my three daughters, to whom I can leave nothing." Indeed, when after his death an inventory of his effects was taken by his brother-in-law, it appeared that his entire property was —three brace of pistols, a sabre, a hunting-piece, a sword, three horses, a mule, a telescope, with which he had been presented by Colonel Garwood, and finally, £12 out of the 100 just mentioned, which he had distributed among the men who carried his litter.

Thus died Don Tomas Zumalacarregui, at the age of 46. His titles were, Captain-General of the Troops of Don Carlos, Duke of Victory, Grandee of Spain of the First Class, and Grand Cross of the Royal and Military Order of San Fernando. In height he was five feet two inches, his shoulders were broad, one being somewhat higher than the other. He did not, when walking, hold his head erect, but looked

upon the ground, as if absorbed in deep meditation. His eyes were as penetrating as those of an eagle, his complexion was clear, and his hair, which he wore short, was very thick and of a dark brown, though in his latter days he began to turn gray. His whiskers joining his mustachios gave him a truly military appearance.

Zumalacarregui was so devoted to his military occupations, that he scarcely allowed himself time for the common necessaries of life. Often did he allow his dinner to wait till it served for a supper, because he could not bestow a minute upon it. His apartment was constantly full of persons, to all of whom he showed great attention, especially the unfortunate. However, when not occupied by his military labours he displayed much of that gallantry which is common with Spanish officers; so that if in war he might be compared to Alcides, he could be a kind of Alcibiades in peace. Gaming he abhorred, and of all pastimes his favourite was the chase. His temper was somewhat irascible, and he was impatient under contradiction; but it should be observed, that if his anger was soon aroused, it was equally soon allayed. To the haughty he was haughty in his turn, to the unpretending he was affable; hypocrisy he detested, while he was a zealous advocate for religion. He revered talent in any station, while he himself was capable of performing the duties of general, colonel, captain, serjeant, corporal, horse or foot soldier and engineer, all at once. So cautious was he in his proceedings that he never signed a paper without reading it twice, and never gave orders without making the person who received them repeat them accurately, to show that they were understood. With a person of such keen discernment as Zumalacarregui, imposture was impossible, and true merit was always sure of being discovered. His generosity was unbounded, and an unwearied energy was among the most prominent features of his character. True it is, that most heads of parties fall with the parties themselves, but of Zumalacarregui we think it may safely be predicted, that posterity will look back upon him as upon a Cid or a Carpio.

A few anecdotes of this extraordinary man cannot fail to be interesting.

In 1827, when Zumalacarregui was colonel of the first regiment of the line, and this regiment was passing through Madrid to join the army of observation in Estremadura, he called upon the Captain-General of Castille, with his officers, to pay him his respects. Don Francesco Ocaña, who had been appointed to this regiment a few days before by the king, chanced to be of the party; and the general, who had been displeased with his conduct on a former occasion, rebuked him in somewhat sharp terms, while he commended Zumalacarregui and the other officers. Zumalacarregui, far from thanking him, said, "Señor General, this is not the time to treat in such a manner any officer whom the king may have placed under my orders, and whom, consequently, it is my duty to defend. Your excellency may complain to his majesty, but as long as he remains in a regiment of which I am colonel, I will not allow even a Captain-General of Castille to insult my subaltern Ocaña." So saying, he walked out of the room. It should be observed that Ocaña was a liberal, and therefore differed in politics from Zumalacarregui.

He never had more clothes than those upon his back; nevertheless, on

one occasion, when the war was active and the cold was very intense, he ordered an extra coat to be made. Seeing from his window a French captain very scantily attired, he called him, and instead of putting on the coat which the tailor had just brought him, made him a present of it, continuing to go about in his one coat as usual.

For agriculture and the agricultural classes he displayed great consideration. When among the cattle bought for the support of the army he discovered any that were useful for work, he sent for those of the peasantry who had old useless cattle in their possession, and took them in exchange for the serviceable ones, without exacting any remuneration.

The first prisoners who fell into the hands of Zumalacarregui was Don N. Guerrero, an officer of cavalry. The wife of this officer had no sooner heard of the occurrence, than she flew to Zumalacarregui, to implore his release. The Christino generals, at this time, were shooting the Carlist prisoners without mercy. Zumalacarregui wrote upon the lady's petition, "Recent events being overlooked, the husband of the petitioner, together with the two serjeants who were taken with him, shall be set at liberty, if the authorities of Pampluna will show the same consideration for the officer, Don Manuel Duharte, who is now in their power." Notwithstanding this offer, Duharte was shot by the orders of the Christino general. The Carlist, Zumalacarregui, nevertheless released Guerrero.

A volunteer having been severely flogged, on the charge that he had stolen a fowl that was discovered in his knapsack, turned round to Zumalacarregui, and said to him, with a very complacent air, "General, if your excellency will pardon them, I will tell you who were the real thieves, and who put the fowl into my knapsack."—"My good friend," said Zumalacarregui, "you had better conceal them now you have had your flogging. However, you deserve a reward for the regard you have shown to friendship, and as I cannot render undone the pain you have endured, at least accept this small proof of the esteem I feel for you as a trusty friend." So saying, he gave him an ounce of gold.

Like all huntsmen, Zumalacarregui was very fond of his dogs, and he had received one of great value from a gentleman who wished to cultivate his favour. One day, as he had just set out on a hunting expedition, the dog, who was running in front of his horse, flew at a sheep that belonged to a flock they were passing, and killed it. Zumalacarregui instantly fired his pistols at the dog, but missing it, gave orders that it should be killed. Several officers solicited a pardon for the animal, but the general replied, "The death of a sheep can be easily repaired, as we only have to pay its value to the owner, but suppose an ill-conditioned dog did some mischief to a man—what say you, señores officers,—who would repair the mischief then?" The dog was killed at once, and the owner of the sheep was paid the money which he required.

Zumalacarregui once observed a woman, who had been driven out of Peralta by the Christinos, following a battalion with two children on her back. Asking her why she followed this particular battalion, she told him it was because her husband served in it as a volunteer. The general gave her two pounds, and told her to come every month to receive a similar sum. In this way did Zumalacarregui employ his small pay of £30 per month.

One day, when Zumalacarregui was at Ascueta, he saw from his window an old woman very meanly attired, holding a youth by the hand. Looking at the general she came down to the window, as if she would express with her eyes what her tongue did not venture to say. He ordered one of his adjutants to go to her, and ask what she wanted. "I want to speak a few words with the general," said the old woman. "Let her come up," said Zumalacarregui from the window. When she found herself in his presence, she showed him the youth and said, "Señor General, I am a poor widow, and I want to know if your excellency will take this son of mine, who plagues me day and night to let him join his two brothers, who are already soldiers in the 1st Regiment of Navarre."—"Bring me your two other sons," said Zumalacarregui, an order which was speedily obeyed. Feeling compassion for the destitute state in which the woman would be left, if deprived of all her sons, he advised one of the two, who were in the regiment, to return to her, and work for her support. To this the mother would not consent. Zumalacarregui, making her a handsome present of money, desired the officer who was on guard at the door of his house to pay her the same honours that were paid to himself, and this on every occasion when she appeared with her three sons.

When Zumalacarregui came to the town of Vergala Mayor, his soldiers brought before him the corregidor, and a paper, which they said they had torn down from a public place, where it had been posted before the arrival of the troops. This paper was an edict, offering a general pardon to all the Carlists who would lay down their arms; and according to a proclamation which Zumalacarregui had published, the corregidor was liable to be shot. Instead, however, of proceeding with this severity, Zumalacarregui contented himself with making the corregidor *swallow* the paper in the presence of the soldiers who accused him, a punishment that occasioned general diversion.

When the glory of Zumalacarregui was at its height, two days after the battle of Amezcoas, Lord Elliott, who was on his mission from Great Britain, paid him a visit. Zumalacarregui, who perceived that he was an object of interest, could not help displaying a kind of noble pride on this occasion. He had but recently caused his enemies to suspend the decree called "The Martial Law," which, with his own eyes, he had seen published at Pampluna, with the greatest military honour, two days after the Carlist general, Don Santos Ladron, was shot. At that time he had said to a friend, "If I live I'll make them repent that abominable decree." To gratify Lord Elliott he not only granted his prisoners their lives, but also gave them something to eat, and set them at liberty. Many of them were so pleased with him that they chose to remain under his orders, rather than return to the Christino army.

Zumalacarregui being informed that Lord Elliott wished to have his autograph, wrote as follows:—"En Asarta, villa del valle Berneza, celebre por tantos combates que en el se han dado en este siglo ha tenido el honor de recibir a Lord Eliot, el 15 de Abril, año 1835*.

"TOMAS ZUMALACARREGUI."

* "At Asarta, a town of the Berneza Valley, celebrated for so many battles in the present age, and on the 15th April, 1835, T. Z. had the honour to receive Lord Elliott." The English language will not admit of the inversion which places the nominative in the signature.

THE SEPARATE PURSE.

BY MRS. WHITE.

"Now, whatever you do, Fanny," said Mrs. Prin, reluctantly concluding her last didactic on the eve of her daughter's marriage, "make a point of having your own share of Alfred's pay, otherwise you will never have a shilling to call your own, for either you will have to ask him for every thing you want, or he will be constantly coming to you for money. You know it was always so in your poor father's lifetime; he might as well have kept his pay altogether, as pretend to have trusted me with the management of it, for he was continually wanting some of it for tailor's bills, or subscriptions, or other expenses, that I knew nothing about, and afterwards would have the conscience to ask what had become of it, if I ventured on a make-shift dinner more than once a week; so pray take my advice, and let him have his share of the money, and do you keep yours, then you will know what you have to trust to; besides, there is nothing like beginning as you intend to go on, and so the sooner you get him to come to the arrangement the better. Good night, God bless you!"

And Mrs. Prin pressed her lips on her daughter's forehead, with the air of one whose last act of maternal government had been to drop the manna of golden maxims in her path.

There was, however, something in this advice that sounded harsh and dissonant to the object of it. To begin matrimony with the discussion of money matters, was as disagreeable as it appeared ungraceful in the eyes of the young bride; and when a few days afterwards, Fanny Leithbridge (as the ceremony of the next morning made her) sat in her *own home*, with her hand clasped in that of her husband—returning with a new-found confidence, not only its pressure, but the glances of affectionate tenderness with which he gazed upon her—she wondered how her mother could have thought it necessary to hint at pecuniary arrangements between *them*.

By and by, however, as the inaugural month of wifehood waned away, and household aspirations succeeded to those of settlement and possession, Mrs. Leithbridge began to see the necessity of having a less dependent command of the exchequer—her husband was so apt to dissent from her notions of domestic requirements, and meet her estimates of drawing-room furniture, &c., with a good-humoured smile, and the worn-out truism, that "Rome was not built in a day," they must have patience, and "stand before they could run," and a great deal more to the same purpose; but though for the present, more from a habit of complaisance than from personal conviction, Mrs. Leithbridge seemed to acquiesce in her husband's way of thinking, all the while her mother's precepts lay fermenting and spreading their noxious influence, morsels of evil leaven that in time should leaven the whole.

On the other hand, the conduct of Leithbridge was so considerate, and he was so generally attentive and self-sacrificing, that no opportunity occurred in which to even hint at the change of arrangement it soon became her study to achieve; he bought nothing without consulting her taste; and though he might sometimes combat her desire for household acquisitions, it was done so inoffensively, and with such imperturbable good humour, that the veriest shrew could have found

no opportunity of playing off that fearful engine of domestic warfare, ill-temper.

Not that Leithbridge was a naturally refined or a very considerate man; but he was just now in that state of uxorious intoxication which is blind as well as passive, and the sudden sobering from which (where the stronger spells of congeniality and affection are wanting) is so often fatal to matrimonial happiness. It is true their marriage had been what the world calls one of affection (*i. e.* one in which the absence of any great disparity of age or position gives less occasion for questioning its disinterestedness); but if the world could have looked into the heart of either, it would have found, that beyond a predilection for each other's personal appearance, their union had scarcely the lukewarm sentiment of *liking* for its basis.

No matter, "Marry first and love afterwards," was an article of the faith in which Mrs. Prin had brought up her daughter, and besides, there was a principle of mutual accommodation in the match, which, though it might not appear, was not without weight with the contractors. Leithbridge had long since discovered that housekeeping gets on but badly in the irregularity of a bachelor's establishment, and he meditated a corrective in the person of his wife, who, on her part, saw the advantage of exchanging a meagre dependence, and the domination of an irritable mother, for a comfortable home, and a husband genteelly situated. These motives of expediency, then, were the most solid occasion of their union, but they were both young, and this circumstance, added to a mutual admiration of each other's good looks, had produced the passion which they were willing to mistake for attachment, and which, as I before observed, still retained its strength in the breast of the young husband. What prospect there was of wedded happiness based on such foundations, the reader will judge, but its overthrow was at least accelerated by the disunion which Mrs. Leithbridge was bent on effecting—not of hearts but of purses.

One of the greatest misfortunes that can befall persons in middling circumstances on their first starting in life was unhappily theirs—but little, if any, provision had been made on the part of Leithbridge to meet the exigencies of the step he had taken; his salary of little more than a hundred and fifty pounds a year, as a clerk under government, had hitherto been barely sufficient for his own expenses; his house to be sure was rent-free, but then it was only scantily furnished, and whatever additions had been made in this particular on the occasion of his marriage remained unpaid. As a bachelor, Leithbridge passed for what is called an easy, good-natured, warm-hearted young man—one of those persons, in fact, who have the absurdly disinterested character of being "nobody's enemy but their own,"—a position, by the way, that one generally finds in after life extended to their wife and children. Sherry, society, and manillas were his temptations, but he had considerably abated his indulgence in them since his marriage; and in all probability, with proper attractions at home, would have made up his mind to a farther limitation; his prejudices, therefore, were in favour of peopling the apartments which his wife was bent on fashionably furnishing, and to spread his old mahogany with an occasional entertainment, the expense of which she was striving to anticipate for the purchase of new. Unfortunately, too, he had the organ of gastronomical perceptiveness (if there be such an one) most

strongly developed, and was decidedly opposed to the Prin "Family receipts for good and cheap cookery." Mrs. Leithbridge on the contrary, brought up in the self-denying principles of a narrow economy, which limited the expenses of her mother and herself to the precounted pounds, shillings, and pence of a government pension, looked upon all extraneous adjuncts to the simple state of roast and boiled as so many wasteful provocatives to appetite—and but for respect to the decencies of the dinner-table, would fain have exploded the contents of the cruets as an unnecessary tax on her house-keeping account.—"What, mutton again, Fanny?" observed Leithbridge one day, as the familiar joint made its appearance before him, "egad! you will soon make me, like the man in Joe Miller, ashamed to look a sheep in the face." This attack, however jestingly conveyed, was but too good an opportunity for Mrs. Leithbridge to open her battery, and she therefore, with a heightened colour and an offended air, scarcely called for by her husband's hinted dissatisfaction, declared "she wished he would market for himself—she did not know how to please him—if she bought beef, he was sure to call it tough; and now mutton did not suit—in fact she did not know what to buy;—if indeed, like other people, she had a certain allowance for housekeeping expenses, she should be able to tell what she could afford,—but as it was, she had no money that she did not either have to ask for like a *beggar*, or to receive as if she was a *servant* entrusted with a certain sum to spend;—for her part, she was heartily tired of it, and wished for nothing more than that he would take the housekeeping altogether into his own hands—she found she could not give him satisfaction."

Though almost dumbfounded by this sudden ebullition, Alfred Leithbridge answered by a loud laugh, and drawing forth his purse, with the first ungracious action he had ever been guilty of towards her, threw it across the table, asking her, "When he had ever withheld its contents? and bidding her help herself."—"Not she! she did not want his money—all she required was a certain sum for household expenses, that she might know what she could afford to lay out. It was just like him to be so quick and petulant, when a little quiet talking over the affair would set all to rights; and in her situation she could not bear to see him so excited."

From this time forth Mrs. Leithbridge lost no opportunity of effecting that complete independence of her husband's will, as regarded money matters, that her mother's hints had aimed at, day by day, night after night, with all the subtle insidiousness which the diplomacy of cunning opposes to headstrong determination of purpose. The passionate, the pathetic, the silent system, were each in turn played off to induce the arrangement she desired; and at length, wearied into acquiescence, the husband gave in, and in the blindness of her intolerable selfishness Fanny Leithbridge waived the sweet privilege of a wife's dependence, to accept the uncontrolled salary of a hireling; and absolutely congratulated herself on having wrung from him a separate maintenance. Every quarter day now brought her a certain amount of income, but instead of the felicity she expected, it produced anxieties and difficulty. Neither did the arrangement in any way improve the *cuisine*, as Mr. Leithbridge literally found to his cost; while grumbling from him only produced counter irritation on the part of the lady, and hurried into bitter expression their en-

lightened views of each other's characters. If in her desire to compete with her richer neighbours in the articles of fine clothes and fashionable furniture, Mrs. Leithbridge found towards the end of a quarter that she had exceeded her income—and in spite of the most wire-drawn economy in other matters, should be obliged to retrieve the arrears of *this* quarter by taking from the proceeds of the *next* —there was no breathing her dilemma to him who should have been her director in every difficulty. Conscious that the evil was of her own making, a disingenuous shame prevented such a course, and besides, the separation of purses had led to such a complete division of hearts and interest, that the knowledge of her perplexity would have proved rather a source of taunt (if not of triumph), and at all events have gained neither sympathy nor assistance. She therefore resolved on another move. A careful calculation had convinced her, that her husband's share of the finance, amounting to some ten pounds a quarter, was a disproportionate one, considering the few expenses he had a *right to have;* and to trench upon this still closer, was the issue at which she aimed. Her first attempts at this, however, only made him hug more firmly the small remainder of his pay, and stand more exactingly than ever to the very letter of their agreement. " House and children " did not prove a sufficiently strong cry to move him on the subject, for in the midst of this disunion and anger (I had almost said hate), children came,—pale, low-speaking, meek children, with faces that seemed to deprecate the rancour of their parentis, and to speak sadly of their own need of gentle affection.

Years passed away, and with increasing expenses the evil of separate purses became more and more apparent. Instead of taking sweet counsel together how best to fulfil their relative duties towards their family, and uniting in mutual sacrifices for their happiness, support and education, it was a sharply-contested game of opposed sagacity to shirk some necessary outlay connected with them, and throw it from the one to the other. Thus it would happen, that these miserable children frequently found themselves embroiled in their parents' quarrels, often, in fact, the ostensible cause of them. The expense of their schooling, clothes, and other necessaries, were so many sources of endless dispute, and occasionally of personal recrimination. Sometimes the boy would be kept in doors, and made to wear a shabby suit, that his father might be shamed into purchasing him a new jacket. At others, the girls would have no bonnets to go out in; and if anything was said about the sufficiency of their mother's means to keep them decent, a torrent of sharp, cold, acrimonious rejoinders, fatal as a hailstone shower in spring, would tear down and destroy every germ of complacency between the ill-assorted couple, and leave their hearth desolate of even the decencies of domestic sociability, for weeks to come. At connubial declamation Leithbridge found himself no match for the lady, but shrouded in imperturbable sullenness, her arrow-headed words fell about his ears with as little effect as the hunter's shafts upon the leathery folds of the hippopotamus. This state of things, as a matter of course, exercised a fearful influence, not only on their own happiness and respectability, but upon the dispositions, conduct and comfort of their children, who learned to recognize the elements of their parents' characters, and to recoil from them. Selfishness, indeed, appeared to be the prevailing quality

of both—in the one a natural blot, in the other an artificial stain contracted by constant association with it.

It would be disgusting to trace the trifles in which this feeling appeared, or the varied forms under which it showed itself. At table, in a hard seat at the worst side of the fire, in the first cup of tea, and the last of coffee, it peeped out in Mrs. Leithbridge's treatment of her husband; while on his side it was limited to the defensive only, or an exhibition of stolid indifference to every requirement, either of his house or offspring, that needed the slightest outlay. Meanwhile, if in the early days of housekeeping Mrs. Leithbridge had limited the expenses of her table to requisites—the portion of income that (let who would suffer) she was resolved to pocket for her private share, now not unfrequently mulcted it to a bare sufficiency. And even in the dispensing of this the engrossing self-preference of her nature exhibited itself. It was nothing for her to skim the milk at the breakfast table, and in the presence of her children, appropriate every spoonful of cream to her own cup; or at dinner, to find her reserving the under-cut of the oft-recurring shoulder of mutton for her own eating, without reference to his epicurism, or an avowed detestation of the dish wanting this redeeming morsel. Thus the principle of division, once admitted, extended itself from the most important to the meanest incidents of their household, and in time (fortunately for the miserable pair) worked out, as all abuses invariably do, its own overthrow.

I said that at their first starting in life the Leithbridges were in debt, but as the liability had been incurred before Mrs. Leithbridge had ceased to be Miss Prin, she could not be made to recognize any right she had to assist in its disbursement. The payment, therefore, of the whole amount (an upholsterer's bill for half the furniture in the house, at the time she had assumed its management), fell on the small means of her then complying husband. In the first instance, the creditor had consented to receive it by instalments; and, in this way, by mutual cooperation, and an undivided purse, the affair might soon have been adjusted, but Mrs. Leithbridge contended quarterly for the full amount of her income, threatening to take a *situation*, or *return to her mother*, if her *rights* were to be invaded, and the means of her children's support *torn* from them, to cancel debts of which she knew nothing! So that, after a few languid attempts towards striking a balance, the instalment system was abandoned, and the tradesman finding that only by peremptory measures could he hope to obtain his money, insisted either on having the account at once closed, or threatened legal proceedings as the alternative. To prevent a result so prejudicial to his interest, and in the absence of any other means of settling the affair, Leithbridge had taken up a sum of money at interest, and thus became entangled in the annual payment of a debt, which never lessened, for as to liquidating the capital, it was out of the question. In this way the tide of time rolled on, as it will roll, with mocking voices rising from its ebbing waves, to taunt us with the untasted happiness lost beneath them while we were catching at its passing shadow.

The principal of the establishment to which Leithbridge belonged, was one of those striking individuals upon whom the effect of age is rather to bestow a loving grace, than perceptible decay. Majestic, yet venerable, his fine frame appeared so little affected by the weight of between sixty and seventy years of life, that his scarcely perceptible

stoop looked rather like strength acknowledging the presence of time, than oppressed by it. His countenance calm, smiling, and imperturbable, spoke only of the serenity and cheerfulness of most unruffled reflections; and his hair white, and silken as the thistledown, added to his imposing aspect, appealing alike to the veneration of women, and the respect of men. Who could doubt the sanctified benignity that bowed itself at the communion table every sacrament Sunday, and whose name stood prominently forward at the head of subscription lists—the patron of soup-societies, and Sunday schools, or rung out in golden chimes on the offertory plate, on the occasion of charity sermons, or a royal letter in aid of subsidies for the building of churches? Dear Mr. Smily! his very name seemed instinct with the blandness of his individuality, and with every one his reputation was *praise*. Who would have presumed to attribute the tender rosiness of his complexion to a daily bottle of claret! or impute the benign languor of those large blue heavy-lidded eyes to the subduing effect of bygone passion? Calm in the self-complacency of well-sustained virtue—the great man of a small circle turned on the pivot of elevated position, placidly as a revolving figure, showing at every point of view a well-sitting suit of morals. None penetrated the mask, or lifted the veil of hypocrisy that shrouded this hoary sinner. None did I say? —Yes, one, the pale victim of worldly ambition and womanish vanity. Too late Mrs. Smily had discovered her error, and worse than all, saw through the specious enamelling of her husband's character the withered hideousness it served to hide. Deprived of even the cold sentiment of respect, her connexion with him grew daily more intolerable, and all the glitter with which wealth surrounded her—all the flatteries of sycophantic friends, failed to exorcise from her breast the discontent, and restlessness, that like a fiend and its familiar haunted her. You might trace these feelings in the variety of objects with which she surrounded herself in the daily alteration of their arrangements—in the multiplied means of amusement never enjoyed, and in the ceaseless occupation with which she furnished her head and hands, in the vain hope of excluding these demons from her heart. And yet in the eyes of her fair acquaintance Mrs. Smily seemed an enviable woman;—the splendour of her house—her magnificent establishment —and sumptuous entertainments—her jewels, dress, and equipage, were so many splendid spells to realize human happiness, in which all had faith but their miserable victim. Having no children, this lady had greatly attached herself to the young Leithbridges, especially to the eldest girl, a fine intelligent child between thirteen and fourteen years of age, whose affectionate disposition, quickness, and docility, exceedingly engaged her interest. Besides, a portion of the Leithbridges' circumstances were no secret to the Smilys, (it was from this universal philanthropist that the poor clerk had borrowed the money at five per cent. with which to discharge the upholsterer's bill,) and in the lady's desire to befriend them, it occurred that the best means of doing so would be by assisting in the education of her favourite, and her task was at once commenced. Mrs. Smily was earnest in her self-imposed employment, and her pupil's aptitude and affection fully repaid her toil. Nor was Lucy Leithbridge less apparently fortunate in propitiating the old gentleman's regard, who exhibited quite a paternal interest in her, and shared all his wife's anxiety for her improvement. So that in short

Mrs. Smily's house soon became more familiar to her than her home, and every thing promised prosperity and sunshine. Some two years glided by in this way—every day assisting the development of Lucy's mind and person, and adding to her sense of gratitude and obligation to her kind friends, a feeling that made her relation to them little less endearing than that of a daughter. But in the midst of her happiness Lucy became aware of a sudden disquietude in Mrs. Smily's manner—an anxiety that scarcely suffered her to be out of her sight when her husband was not abroad—and a vigilance of eye and ear on every gesture and word when he was present, that distressed her, without a consciousness of why it should have done so.

When one day Mr. Smily called on Mrs. Leithbridge, and while enlarging on her daughter's cleverness, amiability, and good looks, he insinuated a fear that the state of Mrs. Smily's health would prevent her from continuing much longer the lessons she had felt so much pleasure in imparting to her; but he added that he hoped the talents Lucy undoubtedly possessed—her *fine* ear—splendid *touch—genius for drawing*, &c., any of which, if persevered in, might hereafter make her fortune, would not be suffered to fall into desuetude. The issue of this circumlocution was a proposal to send Lucy to finish her education at Ivy House Establishment for Young Ladies—an arrangement to which Mrs. Leithbridge gratefully consented.

Once removed from his own house and the keen perceptions of his lady, Mr. Smily deemed it an easier task to practice on the credulity and innocence of his neighbour's child; his age and reputation left his attentions unsuspected, and every few days some trifle for her toilet, or ornament for her person, added to the debt of gratitude the girl treasured in her heart towards him. Fortunately, however, her guilelessness proved the countercharm of craft, for all that passed between her and her patron was repeated to her mother, who at length heard these recitals with lowered eyelids and a heightened colour. Could it be, that beneath that bosom, full of lawn and cambric, that, with his white hair and benign countenance, made up so immaculate an exterior, there lurked thoughts less pure? Fie! fie! it was impossible; and yet there were parts of Lucy's rehearsals that stirred all the mother in her heart, and made her dubious of her faith in him,—nor was it long before his conduct fully proved the baseness of his designs, and showed to the fullest sense of conviction the self-made misery of Mrs. Leithbridge's position.

Overwhelmed with shame at her own conduct, and indignation at that of her pretended friend, neither sympathy nor redress were left her. How could she, who had allowed her husband to suppose that the expense of Lucy's schooling had been defrayed from her own share of the divided purse, own to him that she had compromised his independence and honour by the acceptance of so questionable a good as one offered at the cost of domestic confidence. Yet something must be done; it was impossible to permit any further accumulation of obligations from one who had so heartlessly cancelled them: and a fresh quarter of Lucy's tuition had just commenced;—the question at the moment was, how was it to be met? Now she determined (for the first time these many years) to make her husband the depositary of all her grief and difficulty,—and then a poignant sense of her own duplicity and implication in the affair sealed up her lips, and stifled for the time the healthful impulse.

Meanwhile—forgetful that her conduct to her friend had been as culpable as to her husband—with a truly womanly desire of revenge, she resolved that Mrs. Smily should be acquainted with her husband's perfidious intentions, and full of this determination, was angrily about to put it into execution, when, instead of finding herself *tête-à-tête* with the lady, she was confronted by the white-headed hypocrite she came to denounce. Consciousness of guilt perhaps had helped him to divine her intention, and self-defence prompted a method of frustrating it. Finding that Mrs. Leithbridge was not to be trifled with, he grew bold, and insolently upbraided her with the deceit she had practised on her husband, and his own power of enthralling her, by refusing to pay the amount of the school-bill already contracted, a threat which Mrs. Leithbridge indignantly spurned, by expressing her determination not to accept it from him. Foiled in this means of buying her silence, he produced her husband's note of hand for monies lent to him, and menaced her with demanding its immediate repayment, if a word was breathed to his disadvantage,—aware that such a step must prove the ruin of her husband and family, for a gaol would be the only alternative.

Mrs. Leithbridge had no option but to swallow to the very dregs the bitter draught her own imprudence and the besetting selfishness of her nature had filled for her. Yet ultimately this self-imposed mortification worked out a good effect:—the want of sympathy which she so sadly felt opened her eyes to the wrong she had committed, in throwing off the soft tie of mutual confidence, which is the strongest and purest safeguard of wedded faith and affection. The consciousness of her misconduct, too, helped to humiliate her; and though for awhile she laboured with self-conviction, without sufficient moral strength to give birth to the expression of it, in process of time, when the subduing influence of these hidden feelings had spread themselves to her tone and manner—when with a newly-formed interest in her husband's likings and dislikes, she silently studied them to the frequent subjection of her own prejudices,—and with a gentle courteousness, as graceful as it was unexpected, took counsel of his judgment in all her more important affairs,—when by these silent indications of compunction, and a renewal of regard for him, poor Leithbridge suddenly found the bonds of Hymen becoming more and more of the texture the poets feign them, the natural ductility of his own disposition returned; and, to be brief, Mrs. Leithbridge only paused till she was sure of his forgiveness,—and then, confessing all her weakness, credulity, and selfishness, and the bitter consequences to which it had nearly betrayed their child, voluntarily proposed that the separate purse, which had led to the chief evils of their mutual conduct, should henceforth be a general fund, in the laying out of which their mutual interest should be studied.

Need I say that, with this determination, it was not long before the debt to their pretended benefactor was paid, and Leithbridge having in the mean time made interest to be removed, quitted a place which was rendered hateful to him by the perfidiousness of a false friend, and the past discordant jingling of a Separate Purse.

THE LONELY MAN OF LAMBETH;

OR, QUITE THE GENTLEMAN.

BY CORNELIUS WEBBE.

In one of the most ancient neighbourhoods of the goodly city of Westminster, running parallel, as it does with it, along the opposite shore of the Thames, there is half-a-mile, the most picturesque portion of the human habitations which, massed together, make up this mightiest of all metropolitan cities. In old times, through the place we have to depicture, ran a narrow bridle-road among marshes and meadows often overflowed, which, commencing its course at the Southwark side of old London Bridge, went winding along Bankside by the Bear Garden and the Globe Theatre, where the greatest poet of the world "played his part," turned as the river turned, and still went on, until at length it passed through Pedlar's Acre; and then, leaving for awhile the shore it had so long followed, it rounded Stangate Creek, then a considerable confluent of the Thames, and, forming what is called Carlisle Lane, left Old Lambeth Church and its priestly palace behind, and struck downwards to the shore and through the ancient neighbourhood we have already indicated; and threading through it, it reached at last the open fields of Battersea, which make the shore of Surrey marshy and rushy, and formerly unculturable, and there it ended.

Leaving this old road to wander as it would, we will retrace our steps, and come back to the site of our story. Side by side with this old roadway ran a long, narrow lane of low-roofed, ill-built huts and houses with overhanging stories, toppling gables, and doors to which you descended, inhabited mostly by poor fishermen, and men whose business was upon the waters. To the left lay the country-houses of the retired citizens of those days, still clinging to the skirts of the town where they had won their wealth. These dignified the once-pleasant neighbourhood of Vauxhall and still beautiful South Lambeth, leaving their low and poor neighbour behind them. As their neighbour was in old times so is it now, save that its once-habitable tenements are "nodding to their fall," while others have fallen; and the place is now partly deserted by the hardy, industrious race of men who once made it populous, and manufacturers of all sorts of noxious and nauseous things have taken possession of the shore, and house after house, if not used by them as shut-up stores for their goods, is empty, open to the wind and the rain and the houseless vagabond, doorless some, windowless others; while, here and there, one more weather-tight is still inhabited by one of the race of Simon Peter, and men of like callings, who find the spot convenient for their business. The entire extent of this rude street, as it is called, presents one of the most picturesque scenes of decay and desolation, of industry and idleness, of compact habitations and crazy ruins, that can be seen in the suburbs of London, where ground is commonly too valuable to lie useless, and even the old materials of buildings are of more worth than to be left to crumble away, and walls and timbers to pull themselves down. It is amusing to look at the grotesque attitudes of these superannuated structures. One with top-heavy upper stories juts so far over the street, that a child can barely walk under its projecting second story. Another inclines so far

forward as to shut out half your sight of what is beyond it. Another leans as far backward, as if careful, when it comes down with the run, as come it will at no distant day, not to harm the few walkers that way. One lounges to the right, another to the left. Not a doorpost in one of them stands upright. If you could open one of these doors, undarkened now by the entrance of anything human, it is doubtful whether you could shut it without shaking the house down on your adventurous head. The windows, as distorted, hang out and in all directions. As the winter wind sweeps up this dreary avenue their shattered casements shake out their last panes upon the stones, and seem easier for the effort. As you look upward through the open windows you perceive that the roofs have fallen in, and that the chimneys look ready to fall in the first tempest that visits them too roughly. Never was seen, in the precincts of a great city unvisited by war, or made a desert by plague, pestilence, and famine, a spot so forlorn, forsaken, and unregarded. The march of improvement has not taken this direction, and it is neglected perhaps only because it is unknown. One wonders, while walking through this waste, who owns it, or whether he is ashamed to own it. It is a proof that, however humble its few residents are, they are honest, or the wood of these no-man's houses would have been pulled away for firing, the windows taken out for their old lead and iron, and their ancient walls undermined for their bond-timbers. No one, however, touches them but passing time and the tempest; and they are left to stand till they fall of utter decay, and are unable to hold up any longer.

Here and there, as we have said, one of these houses is habitable. At its door the poor fisherman may be seen seated on a pile of fish-baskets mending his nets, or stretching them along the walls to dry. Here and there, too, the boatwright is seen patching and piecing the old cobles and peter-boats of his poor employers as cheaply as he can, or "paying" their gaping seams and sides on terms which barely pay him, as he says. When you fall in with none of these, the spot seems wholly deserted: for the manufacturers who occupy the farther end of the street are all busy within doors, and solitude keeps the place, if not silence. You hear a faint stir of movement somewhere, but see nothing of it. The shivering sound of axe or adze striking into wood comes from you know not where. The heavy plunge of some huge engine, shaking the very ground you tread over, is among those shut-up places, but no signs of life are visible to tell you where. A few paces farther, and these ruinous dwellings have their inhabitants. A young fisher-wife is at her door in the sun, employed in needle-work. Another is dandling a healthy child, who catches its breath, and crows, and laughs as she cants it into the air. Another is looking out, with her eyes shadowed by her hand, for the coming home of her good man. There are few children seen: for the older boys are out in the boats with their fathers; the younger are on the shore at play, the tide being down, or are gathering the drift wood which every tide leaves kindly on the sands. The girls, if old enough, are out at service, or else employed at home out of sight. As a straggling stranger up this out-of-the-way avenue is a novelty, all the ears that hear his unusual footsteps, and all the eyes that catch sight of his unaccustomed figure passing their ever-open doors or poor windows, patched with paper and stuffed with old stockings, are directed towards him and watch his motions; and much

wonder is awakened as to what he can want in wandering there. The industrious housewife suspends her work to stare at him. The old woman, who is past toil, leans over her half-hatched door, and with noddling head, palsy-stricken, looks on him as on some foreign wonder, and adjusting her spectacles on her nose, throws her head back, and looks at him as though she looked at something over his head. The place is so unfrequented by strangers, that it is no marvel that one curiously surveying it should create a sensation. It lies so out of the way of chance visitors, that he who is now describing it has lived many years at one end of it, and knew not of its existence till lately, when accident discovering it, he traced out this *terra incognita*, and has here attempted to describe it.

It was with similar circumstances of curiosity on all sides of him that, on a summer afternoon, some seven years since, a tall and venerable man was seen wandering up and down this isolated spot, examining house after house, as though seeking to find one in particular. As he came to one more desolate than the rest, he seemed to contemplate, with more than the curious eye of the antiquary, the once happy home of how many generations of human beings, and then walked musingly on. It was noticed that the largest and most ancient houses took up most of his attention. When before one of these, he placed himself as close as he could against the wall opposite, and gazed at it from gable-top to the step of the low-sunken door, examining it and considering its condition more than curiously. As he passed the more modern and more tottering houses he shook his head, and passed on to the next, older and firmer in its foundations, and sounder in its constitution in all respects. At length he came to a quaint old house, with four gables facing the cardinal points, windows like slits, long, narrow lattices, outer walls rudely plastered and crossed with timbers, an old doorway with ornamented posts, and altogether of an aspect superior to its neighbours, which seemed to please him mightily, for he stood looking on it for some time, and measuring with his eye its height and depth and breadth. He stopped so long before it, indeed, as to give the nearest resident time to come up with him, and examine him as curiously. Having hemmed twice to attract the stranger's attention, he turned as he wished towards the old fisherman, as his jacket and long boots showed him to be, and inquired of the man whether this house was to let, and what for, who was its landlord? which questions the fisherman answered, after first humbly touching his hat in compliment to the gentleman, and the key of the old house being kept at his cottage, he stepped back for it, and opening the outer door for the first time these ten years, entered the deserted place, and went all over it; and "the old gentleman—quite the old gentleman!" as the fisherman ever afterwards described him, being well-pleased with it, took down the name of its landlord, went his way, and was seen there no more for many weeks. When conjecture who he was, and what he wanted with such a house in such a neighbourhood, a gentleman like him, had gone to sleep again, he suddenly re-appeared, said he had taken the house, took the key of it to begin with, and the next morning, as early as six o'clock, the whole lone neighbourhood was alarmed by hearing noises all about the old house as though it were haunted by the ghosts of sundry carpenters knocking anything but spiritual with no ghostly hammers into the old floor, which sounded like substantial

planking certainly. The whole community of that place had ears, but that which they heard was not believed, it sounded so improbable; the ears had eyes, and these again bodies, and these had legs and feet; for ere many nails were driven into the places pointed out for them by a gimlet of insinuating manners, there were as many wide-open eyes and mouths gaping and staring into the wide open passage as were otherwise unoccupied. Nothing now was seen, though much was heard going on within. One of these listeners thought she heard a saw, if ever she heard one in her life, go, in the most saw-like way in the world, through a board, in a way indeed quite beyond the powers of imitation of any ghost of a saw out of the world; and listening again, heard a sneeze, and saws do not sneeze; and listening again, heard something snap, and something swear, and though saws snap a tooth at times, they are too moral to swear at it. It was this acute woman who at last ventured to walk boldly and bodily in, and there, sure enough, she saw with her own eyes, she would not have believed any other, what looked like three visible broad backs in white flannel jackets, with something surmounting their collars, wrapped up in whity-brown paper, which went jerking and bobbing up and down as heads do in sawing. She next looked at the nether parts of these phantoms, and there was not a hoof among the three, that she could see. Suddenly, this sawing ceased, and the rapping of nails on the head was resumed. All these sounds and sights seemed anything but spiritual, and yet still she had her fears, till one of these mysterious beings, in tones not unearthly, wondered whether the Red Lion was open, for he wanted a pint of beer to cool his copper; and as she had never heard of ghosts taking to drinking at that hour in the morning, she ventured to cough, by way of letting these apparitions know that there were some people cognizant of their proceedings. This cough did draw off the attention of these carpenters—for she believed at last that they were carpenters—from their work, so slight a thing disturbs them when they are paid by the hour, and not by the piece: lifting up their heads, and wiping their warm foreheads with the back of their hands, they explained their conduct to the satisfaction of this jury of matrons. The result of the inquest was,—that the old house was let to somebody, and was to be repaired so as somebody could live in it —the old gentleman who was poking about the place, as sure as eggs are eggs; and there was much lifting up of eyes and hands in wonder how such a gentleman as he was to look at could come to live in such an outlandish place among poor people! It was conjectured that he had taken the house for some poor relation, perhaps, somebody whom he wished to bury alive, that he or she might be forgotten; or, perhaps, for an old housekeeper with the rheumatiz—what a place to bring her to!—or, perhaps, for his old butler, troubled with the gout, that he might have water-carriage; or for some such poor cretur—it couldn't be for himself—no, he was too much the gentleman. The inquiry being so far settled, the carpenters—no ghosts by common consent—went on with their work; and at eight, when they wanted their breakfasts, they found that, even in that out-of-the-world place, among ruins and dilapidations, the Red Lion was open, and that they could breakfast on the usual terms, at whatever speed you please, whether you break fast or slow, according to the damage done. During their meal, old Johnny Dards, the fisherman who kept the key, made up his mind that it was

for some poor relation of the old gentleman they were repairing the floors of the old house. If he wanted to get rid of the poor cretur, the carpenters urged, he would have let the rotten boards alone, that he or she might break her or his neck, in hopes of a joyful resurrection, as soon as possible. John felt, notwithstanding this assurance, that he was justified in shaking his grey head in a reprobatory manner, and saying, "Ah, these great people! They don't mind what becomes of us little people no more than I do for the small flounders I throws in ag'in!" So conjectures went on till the carpenters went off the premises; the painters came on and went away alternately, like fits of the tertian ague, one day of painting to two of drying; and when the glazier was gone, the old house looked as smart as a young one. And by this time John had fixed on the gouty butler as the occupant. Yes, it was Snacks the butler, a mighty great and grand man in his day and way, who was thus quietly to be got out of his master's way as an eyesore. While out fishing alone he had several times seen him, with

"———— that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,"

a punchy man, with powdered hair, and a pigtail, and a terrible suspicion of poor people, that a silver spoon is never safe where they can come.

Some days—not many—thereafter, a new sensation ran from end to end of the straggling street. Two long, lazy, leisurely, lumbering waggons, anything but ghostly, were seen awkwardly trying to poke in at the narrow entrance to that *terra incognita*, and at last succeeded, and slowly worked their way, which they fitted to a shaving, up to the old house, with two large loads of goods, such as never till that hour had graced that humble place. Every eye looked out for the gouty butler; and a countryman with corns was said to be the man, till somebody there, who had seen a butler, indignantly denied that those great officials ever dressed in smock-frocks, wore rough hats, redolent of old turnpike-tickets, and leather-leggings in communication with hobnailed highlows. No, *he* was not the butler—quite the reverse. Dards, too, had his doubts. He had made up his marine mind at last to see that despised slug among rich relations—a poor one; but he sought for him in vain. The goods—which were goods—were examined by that observant man who had seen a butler, and were by him said to be splendid, and fit for any gentleman's house in the land. And while Dards was looking at his own broad, brown, weather-beaten face in a large looking-glass, and was remarking that he wanted shaving, he saw a face not his looking over his shoulder, and felt the hand of "quite the gentleman" laid gently on it. He turned, and it was him sure enough. The stranger quietly asked him to assist in unloading the waggons, as his country agents were not perhaps so expert in handling fragile articles of furniture; a hint was given that he would be paid for his labour, and the goods were soon set down safe and sound as antiquity had left them in the last home of the mysterious man, their venerable owner. All the while these things were doing, uplifted hands and admiring eyes expressed the wonder of the poor residents how such furniture should come to settle in so humble a place; and a hundred speculations passed through their minds as to the life, character, and

what had been the behaviour of the old gentleman. He was a bankrupt—a ruined gambler—a disgraced officer—a French refugee who could speak English as well as a Londoner (!)—a Poor Law Commissioner—a Thames Police magistrate in disguise, come to spy into their doings, and let him, they had nothing to hide—a common informer, with uncommonly good furniture—a forger—a smuggler—another Colonel Despard—Guy Faux the second—Swing—and, to sum up all in a sentence of large latitude, no better than he should be, they dare say. Notwithstanding these ill opinions, when they saw the stranger himself carefully carry in the portrait of a lady, whom they pronounced beautiful, and an angel on earth if ever there was one, as though he would not trust it to the clumsy hands of his assistants, and when they saw the indescribable expression of his eyes as he looked upon it for a moment, their hearts were touched, and they thought better of him. His large books were furtively peeped into to see if they looked like a conjuror's or cunning man's; and every article as it passed from hand to hand was scrutinized. When all was housed, the waggoners discharged, Johnny Dards handsomely satisfied with a crown, and a light brought from his cottage, for it was now nearly dark, the stranger shut his door with a placid "Good evening, neighbours;" and the drama of that day was done, but not the criticism on it. At ten, when the solitary man retired to a temporary bed on the floor, which Johnny had made for him, he was aware that his appearance among them was still the theme of conversation among the gossips of the neighbourhood. As he put out his light he was conscious that all his movements were watched, and he heard whispers still under his windows. He knelt, as was his holy habit, before he slept, and glancing for a moment at an old sword that shone in the moonlight, he begged the forgiveness of his humble neighbours for thinking but a moment suspiciously of them; and stretching out his weary limbs, he looked affectionately round the walls of his lonely, lowly chamber, as though he loved them, old and time-worn as they were, and hugged himself that he was at last living within them, and murmuring a name most dear to him, was in a moment asleep.

When honest Mr. Dards came wending his way up the street that night, at a little after twelve, with much more sinuosity of progression than the tortuous turnings of the place would warrant, (for he had melted half the crown away in strong solutions of Red Lion rum and water,) it being broad moonlight, the sky blue, and the few clouds as silvery fair as if they floated over Italy, gossips were still quietly talking over the great event of that day, and still unsettled what to make of it. Johnny, as soon as he came up, had half-a-dozen eager heads, all eyes and ears, thrust into his face; and, "Well, John, what do you think?" was demanded by as many voices as there were women.

"I think he's quite the gentleman," was one part of his opinion; "and if I must speak the sediments of my mind, I should say that he's ——"

"He's what?"

"—— fast asleep by this time, and not consarning himself with what don't consarn him. So, good night, you gossips," said the rough old fellow, who when sober was sarcastic, and when wet through, as he called having had enough to moisten his clay, always remembered the

insinuations of these women, that he "loved not wisely, but too well" Red Lion rum and water. And having squashed, as he termed it, their curiosity for that night, he threw his hat at the window to let his dame know that her good-for-nothing John was at hand in a Red Lion state of rampancy, and staggered into the passage and up the stairs, singing—

"Draw me Bacchus,—Cupid by,—
Draw them both in toping shapes,
Their temples crown'd with cluster'd grapes:
Make them lean against the cup,
As 'twere to keep their figures up;
And when their reeling forms I view,
I'll think them drunk, and be so too."

The curiosity of the little community, which had kept them out of their beds so late at night, prompted them to rise as early the next morning; and, as though anxious to oblige them, and not keep them waiting, the stranger was up and out before his neighbours. He had been seen by the man who had seen a butler in his time slowly sauntering, his hands finger-locked behind his back, down one of the alleys, made for one passenger at a time, which lead to the river-side, haply to look about him, and enjoy the beauty and freshness of a fine morning, while it was fresh and fair. One after another the inquisitives stole down similar alleys, and there are many of them there, to have a second stare at the stranger. They found him sitting on the dry top of a stone, on the shore, looking harmlessly enough up and down the river, and at the sky, and at the fishermen at their watery work, and at the glittering roofs of the dreary prison on Milbank, as though he pitied the poor wretches in its dungeons, to whom light was only a little less horrible than night, day had no sunshine, and morning brought no gladness on its wings. And now it was conjectured, he was only melancholy mad after all, and merely meant to give the coroner a turn. Unconscious that so many eyes were on him, he rose from his rude seat, and sauntered down to the water's edge. "Now he's going to throw himself in!" they cried; but he only stooped to pick up either a shell or a stone, and having examined it, flung that in instead. And now the curious had an opportunity of noting what manner of man he was. The stranger was tall, well-built, and, save when thoughtful, upright and vigorous-looking, but pallid as though some silent sorrow had sapped the healthy colour of the blood. Yet, though the fixed expression of his fine face was sadness, there was such serenity shining in it as made you feel that he bore sorrow like a man, and was resigned to the affliction, whatever it was. One of the severer storms of life had visibly visited his devoted head, and made it white and silvery before its time. There was something so venerable in his aspect, that vulgar curiosity was awed, and could not be irrespectful if it would; and this homage was as involuntary as the wish to know wherefore. When he turned he saw that he was the spectacle of these curious people, who would have shrunk away if they could; but his bland looks bade them not to fear him, and set the women curtseying and the men touching their hats to him. To be sure he had first bowed to them so gracefully, that they began to think with Johnny Dards, that he was "quite the gentleman." Having saluted his new friends,

he turned away, and again looked up and down the splendid river scene,

"All bright and glittering in the smokeless air,"

and when he turned again, the curious were gone, and he was alone, as he was happiest to be. Resuming his old seat, he calmly contemplated the fresh and freshening scene, till, having earned an appetite for breakfast, he was about to seek his new home, when he beheld a little fisher-boat making directly for that small bay, and, not incurious himself, loitered to see what success had attended the early fisherman. A few lusty strokes more, and the boat grounded, and his new friend of yesterday's making, Johnny Dards, jumped on shore. The rough old fisherman no sooner recognised him than he touched his red cap, and hoped "his honour" had slept well. He had—never sounder, nor sweeter; but he gently begged that when John addressed him in future, he would neither disturb his cap, nor dignify him: he claimed no such distinctions, and should decline them. Very good, he meant no offence: of course he did not. While he landed his takings that morning—no great catch, as John said—the old gentleman looked at the little watery wretches—dabs, and flounders, and "such small deer"—as they lay flapping their fins and tails in vain, for they made nothing by the motion—and pitied the poor creatures, and felt half-ashamed of that cormorant, man, who doomed so many little lives to death, to feed his fickle, ever-craving appetite. Honest John seemed ashamed, too; but it was that the living of a Thames fisherman should depend, in these degenerate days, on such beggarly small fry: but as he said, in apology for them, "The poor creatures had such a hard time on it, and led such a disturbed life, now that them steamers went flopping and slopping up and down the river, all day long, carrying Cockneys to Chelsea, to cross over and be cut for the simples at Battersea, that they hadn't a quiet hour they could call their own to feed and grow in, except yarly in the morning, when they could go about and get taken. The rest of the day they had to hold on hard to the bottom by their fins and eyelids, or they'd be washed ashore by the steamers; and then where would they be? Poor things, they were to be pitied," he added, and he said it so naïvely, that the old gentleman smiled irresistibly, all unused as he seemed to that agreeable rippling of the countenance. Having plainly put his neighbour into good humour, John thought he might presume so far as to ask him to give an eye to his boat till he came back, for he was working his boat alone that week, having discharged his boy, as he humorously said, for giving him a little too much Burgess to his fish. As the stranger seemed puzzled by the allusion, John kindly explained that it was a certain condiment commonly called *sarce*, to be procured in the Strand, at the corner of the steps leading down to the Savoy. The old gentleman then smiled again as if it did him good, and agreed to give an eye to his boat, or two, while he was about it: but begged him not to be long gone, as his kettle must by that time be boiling. And John smiled, in his turn, in admiration of a man, quite the gentleman, and yet capable of lighting his own fire, and boiling his own kettle; for he knew he had brought no servant with him. However, not to let the kettle boil over, John bustled away up the narrow alley leading to his door, with two shallow baskets of mingled dabs and flounders under one arm, and a large lump of drift wood he had picked up under the other. As he came up to the stranger's house he caught two of the curious women prying into it: one of them on

tiptoe, with her heels out of her slippers, looking in at the lower window; the other peeping through the keyhole. Placing the wood quietly down against the wall, he picked out the largest flounder he could find, and giving the slatternly woman a slap with it on her bare heel, asked her "whether she hadn't better be at home mending her stockings than minding other people's business?"—at which indignity the sloven turned round, and with an offended toss of the head said, "Well, I'm sure, Mr. Dards!"—and threatened to tell her husband of his rudeness to her, a threat which did not much depress him, for as her inferior half was only an idle, and therefore half-fed, and therefore not very high-spirited knight of the cross legs, and hardly bigger than his sleeve-board, he did not fear him much. The other lady he recommended not to peep through other people's keyholes, for there was no surer way in the world of catching a cold in the eye. She begged him, ungratefully, to keep his advice gratis to himself till she asked for it; and, so saying, entered her house in a huff, and slammed the door in his face. Entering his own cottage with his tongue in his cheek, (for John was a licensed lessoner of his neighbours, and when they did not mind their manners, gloried in telling them of it,) his good old dame met him with no reproaches for last night's rum and watering it at the too-affable Red Lion, but with a smiling "Well, John, what sort of a take hast had this morning?" "Eh, but middling, Molly dear!" he answered; and setting his baskets down, and clapping the drift-wood on the fire, he hurried back to his boat. He found the old gentleman examining into its condition: for a coble it was, indeed, hardly a bit of the original boat it was remaining in it, it had been so cobbled. When John came up to him, the stranger was shaking his head and lifting his hands in pity of the poor old man, daily risking his life in such a worm-eaten walnut-shell for a living, and thinking whether he could not embark him in a boat more river-worthy: for he had taken a liking at first sight to the homely, honest-looking old fellow. Ere he had resolved how this should be done, John came up, and civilly thanked him for his care of his nets: "For nets, sir," said he, "want watching, or they'll slip away, and be never no more seen; and nobody never accounted satisfactorily how they went, and where they went to; but it is supposed that they're spirited away by the ghosts of old mudlarks who were knocked on the head by cruel coal-heavers for helping themselves to nubblies, and hard-roed fishermen, in former times, when the Thames was famous for salmon, for taking one out of their wells behind their backs." The stranger smiled again so pleasantly, that John stepped into his boat, and fishing out of its well a dozen good-sized dabs, spread them on a small white basket, said he had saved them for him; hoped he would take them in a neighbourly way, as, when fried nicely, they would make a pretty dish on his breakfast table. They were pressed so heartily, that they would have been accepted, had the stranger, who was his own cook and caterer, been competent to dress them. "That shan't be a obstacle," said John, "for my old woman, though I say it, might fry fish for a duchess." The dabs and Mrs. Dard's services were now so graciously accepted, that John opened his heart at once, and told the stranger, "that he had taken quite a fancy to him, though he didn't know why." "Don't inquire," said the stranger, with a grave, quiet smile; "let your fancy, when well, alone." And he looked archly

aside, from under his broad-brimmed hat, at honest John, and then walked up the shore, leaving him smiling too: for, being a humourist himself, he had a quick appreciation of that pleasure-giving faculty in others.

John followed Mr. Newcome, as he called him, with his eyes, till he saw him enter his house, and suddenly slapping his thigh, as men do when they have made a great discovery, he cried, "If he's not one of the Everards I'm a Dutchman; and I shouldn't wish to be so round-starned and wide in the waist as that! To be sure he is! Why, to be sure he is! He has the very trick and turn of the eye of old John Everard, the jolly barge-master of the Marchant Tailors. Oh, yes; that's the Everard eye sure enough! I was but a lad, not half an oar high, when the good old boy died in that very house, some say of a Lord Mayor's show sarfeit, and left his daughter Kate, (kind Kate as everybody called her,) without a relation in the wide world, unless this stranger was one unbeknown to us; and not a friend, saving and excepting her neighbours, and such as her beautiful blue eyes, and her beautiful fair face, like an angel's in humble life, would bring about her. Poor Kate! Nobody never knew what became of her at last. She went into sarvice somewhere high up in Surrey, and only came to see her old friends and neighbours once, and that was four years arterwards; and she looked like a lady, if ever there was one, but had no pride about her—not a morsel—not she; and she said she was doing well, and were likely to get married to a gentleman and farmer; and she went away with all our blessings on her head; and how my good old mother, bless her old soul, did cry sure-ly; and we never heard no more of her, whether she was dead or alive, doing well or doing ill, if she could do ill, or anybody do it to her. But belay, John, belay! This won't do the old gentleman's dabs. Hows'ever, this I will say, seventhly, and to conclude—if he hasn't the Everard eye, I don't know a dab from a flounder—the bows of my boat from her starn—or any of that kind of useful knowledge. Yes, I knew him in the twinkling of an eye by the twinkling of his eye. But I won't break it to him yet: he shall have his dabs first." And so resolving, John made his boat fast, flung his nets and skulls over his shoulder, and hurried home to set Dolly-Polly-Molly, as he always called her when in good-humour, to work with the frying-pan.

In a few minutes John was seen rushing out of his house with one clean white dish carefully laid over another, the slattern, who was at her door, sneering at "the crawl," as she called him, on the one side of the way, and the lady who looked through keyholes on the other, at "the currier of rich men for their favours," as he gave a rap with his knee at the stranger's door; and at the cry of "Come in!" in went the not unwelcome visitor, with a duck of the head which nearly knocked the dishes out of his hands. "Here they are, sir," said John, "as nice as ninepence;" and laid them down, frizzling and squeaking with heat, on the table. He stared to see it spread as neatly as any "neat-handed Phillis" could have done it: the country-washed table-cloth looked like a sheet of snow; the furniture was already arranged, the fire was burning briskly, the kettle singing merrily on the hob, the bread and butter cut and spread, and there wanted nothing, as John said, (and let him not be accused of any evil association of images,) but a cat and a nice old lady about the old gentleman's own

age, to make the domestic picture of an Englishman's fireside complete. He begged pardon for staring so rudely about, and then fixed his eyes on the portrait, already hung up opposite the fire-place, and was sorely disappointed to find that it personified no Katherine Everard, though it was like her in beauty, and had her eye and her smile. "I am out in my know," thought John, as he stood looking in the face of the old gentleman, as it shone with serene satisfaction at the rough attentions tendered and rendered to him by his honest neighbour. John only asked one thing—that he would do justice to the dabs while they were hot and crisp. The stranger said it was easy and pleasant to obey him; and so he fell-to, and did ample justice to the dish and its provider, and said he had never touched a nicer. John was pleased; for he loved a gift well-meant to be well-received; and he loved, more than all, to hear anything which his old dame had done in a walk of genius wherein she had few superiors,

"Praised to the *palate*, which did applaud again:"

for, old as the old couple were, they loved one another with all their hearts; and Dolly had not a fault to find with her John, excepting his partiality to Red Lion rum: it was very good, she believed, and might do him good, in moderate quantities: he thought it most good when most abundant. As it was neighbourly to do, by way of initiation, the stranger said he believed he had a bottle or two of old rum."

"Ja-ma-ï-ca?" asked John, syllabilizing the words as though he loved it.

"The same. I must insist on your taking a glass with me, for kindness' sake."

"Don't," said John—he knew his weakness: "I shall want another."

"You shall have another," said the old gentleman, gaily; "I know that there is a sort of superstition among men of your way of thinking," ———

"Drinking," said John, with a deferential bow.

"Well, let it be drinking—which goes against giving one eye a preference over the other."

"They should both be wetted or neither," said John drily. "I know there's no use in pulling with one skull: wet them both, and you make way." And he was allowed to wet the other eye, according to his humour. Good liquor is thrown away on some men: they drink it apathetically, and it does them no good: they are as lifeless and unrevived and uncordial as ever. Not so John. His eyes—both of them—brightened with a joyous fire not burnt out, though it had been flaming now for nearly seventy summers: his face reddened: that goodly *ness* or promontory, his nose, looked like a conglomeration of scarlet strawberries; and the river-burnt brown above his shaggy eyebrows warmed up, till he looked as ripe and rosy as Silenus, as he went on expatiating eloquently on this prime sample of ge-un-ine Ja-ma-ï-ca rum, and admiring its amber hue as he held it up to the light, and approving its softness and its smoothness. And to sum up all its excellences, he observed, that any man gifted that way might as easily let the entire bottle slip down his throat as two glasses, it was so like mother's milk. When he heard that it had been seven years in bottle, the lover of good drinking doubted, in his own mind, whether it was not a sort of sin—a sin of omission—to keep such a dainty spirit imprisoned like another Ariel during so long a term.

"But for keeping it so long it would not have been so admirable," urged the old gentleman; "and, what is more to the point, neighbour, it would not have been left for you to drink."

"That's true," said John. "You have convinced me that good liquor is none the worse for being bottled up a good while, provided that, when it comes to be uncorked, there's somebody by as will speak the sentiments of his mind, and say it's good—very good—and beats the Red Lion to a stand still." And John tipped up his glass, smacked his lips, wiped his mouth, coughed, and placed the glass so handy to the bottle, that, if he was asked to take a third, the trouble of reaching it would be no object. The old gentleman slily noticed that, all the while John set talking to him of the neighbourhood, he directed most of his observations, if he might judge from his eyes, to the bottle; and as, even in the midst of his historical account of the winter hardships of poor watermen, he twice said that he felt no ill effects from the two glasses he had taken, though taken on a empty stomach, but it was so innocent, a babby might drink it, the old gentleman drew the bottle nearer, on which John held his breath; and then the glass, on which John rubbed his knees; and then fiddled for some time with the cork, to squeeze it out, on which John rose with great alacrity, and said, "It's swelled a little: allow me; my fingers is stronger than yours." The obstinate cork removed—and there is an evident reluctance in too many of them to pass unnoticed—(why should they be so loth? What is it to them?)—he was told to help himself to a third glass, which he did, readily and steadily, to the brim, and carried it to his lips without spilling a drop. "My hand's very steady, thank heaven," said John, in a grateful spirit, as he put down the glass, and took care to replace the cork so gingerly, that there would be little difficulty in drawing it in future. But though

"On hospitable thoughts intent,"

the stranger was a lover of sobriety; and as he removed the rum John followed it with his eyes, and repeated his former praise of it, that a babby might drink it, it was so innocent; and, when he saw the button of the cupboard door turned on it, went on with his melancholy account of the loss of a poor fisherman in a squall, boat and all, without further parentheses.

During this interview the new resident learned something of the history of his neighbours, told, without varnishing, by homely John, with plenty of good will, and not a word of ill will to the poor creatures round about him. John was much amused the while, by seeing how handily "quite the gentleman" cleared the decks, swabbed the tea-things, and set everything in its place; and, having served in a man-of-war himself in his young days, made up his marine mind that Mr. Newcome had been a seaman in his time; for there was no dry-bred or landsman could have stowed away everything in such quick time he would have sworn, and sworn falsely. While these conjectures were passing through his mind, his eyes, when disengaged by the corner-cupboard, wandered from article to article of the furniture, all bespeaking a better station once than they now occupied, and his memory reverted to old times, and, once more, "the Everard eye" haunted him; and as he looked round the old house and its new occupant, the jolly barge-master, in all his ninth of November glory,

and his rosy, portly wife, and their beautiful daughter, came and went like shadows in a dream. One article, especially, riveted his eyes. It was an old-fashioned spice-box, built up like the leaning tower of Pisa, pile on pile, which he could have sworn he had seen occupying the same place, on the top of the corner-cupboard, forty years ago. But no—he must be deceived: that was not Kate Everard in a carved frame, unless time and growing out of girlhood into womanhood had altered her figure-head, and yet there was the Everard eye; and the preserver for so many years of such a superb bottle of rum was no Everard, surely: jolly old John, of the Marchant Tailors, would not have kept it as many months; and yet he had the turn of the eye. But he gave up the eye for the present; and yet it was strange—very—that an entire stranger should select that house, if he belonged not to that house, in some way or other too mysterious to mention.

When the old gentleman, having put his hearth in order, reached a large, old-fashioned folio, opened it at a part doubled down, and seemed disposed to resume his reading, he said, with some hesitation, wiping his spectacles the while, "Neighbour, you will leave me, if you please, to my habits, which are peculiar, but long custom has made them part of my pleasures. Every one has his habits. Every one has his passion. You know what a passion is, of course?"

"In course I do," said the unsophisticated fisherman. "Getting swingeingly savage, swearing a good deal, and knocking somebody down."

The old gentleman smiled. "No; I mean, by passion, the one darling, daily habit and liking of one's life. My passion is the love of loneliness."

John, though he could not understand so singular a taste, and loved to see the Red Lion parlour full of people when he went in to take his pipe and porter, (for he took rum-and-water only on high-days and holidays,) was old enough to know good manners, and was about, cap in hand, to bid his strangely-disposed neighbour "Good morning,"—no Everard now, he was certain,—when the old gentleman said, "Friend John, let us be neighbourly, but not troublesome, the one to the other. Drop in upon me sometimes. If I am at home, I shall tell you myself that I am. If, in answer to your knock at the door, I say that I am not at home, but shall be back in the evening, you are too mannerly a man to say that I am at home, and will call again in the evening." John could not see how this could rightly be, but he said nothing, which led the stranger to add, "I shall appear, in your eyes, and to your open nature, an unsocial man; but I am not. Once for all, understand that I love my fellow-creatures. Show me how I can prove it, and you will see that I do. I am not rich: I should not have selected this humble habitation if wealthy; but I am rich enough—I will be rich enough—to spare something to the sterner wants of my poor neighbours. Let no worthy person want anything which I can give." The eyes of the old fisherman brightened, and his broad chest heaved a sigh of hearty approbation. "I have not much, but, being frugal, I have always something at the service of the honest poor," he added; and when that bottle"—John held his breath—"is gone, it has several relations."

"Rum relations?" inquired John, with a dry eye.

"Rum relations," replied the old gentleman, as drily.

"An agreeable family," said John; "I should like to know more of em." And throwing himself back in his chair again, and casting his

eyes, moistening with gratitude, to the top of the corner-cupboard, Mr. Dards seemed so lost in contemplation—haply, how well this world was ordered, take it altogether—that his host had to say, "And now, good morning, neighbour," twice, before he rose to take his leave.

And while the one adjusted his spectacles, the other picked up his dishes, and, opening the door, bade the strange stranger "Good day," and went, muttering to himself, "Well, he's an oddity, however; but a good one, I believe. And now I remember, old Everard had his crotchets; and one day was as jolly as a sand-boy, and the next would hardly speak to one. I can't help thinking"—But what he could not help thinking, as he carried his thoughts in-doors with the dishes with him, we could only guess, and shall leave unguessed, lest we should guess wrongly.

SONNET I. SUGGESTED BY THUCYDIDES, lib. i. pages 93—99.

O MATCHLESS portrait of the man of old,
Olympian PERICLES, in whose high soul,
Train'd to Philosophy's divine control,
Virtue's most perfect image we behold,
Bright as the morning star on clouds of gold.
Statesman and Orator, whose wondrous mind,
Shap'd for heroic ends by Heaven's own hand,
To teach, to rouse, to save his native land,
All that was bright and beautiful combin'd;
Here him but speak—the thunder of the spheres
Hath lesser force, the lightning hath less fire.—
Lo! at his call, ten thousand glittering spears
Start forth for Athens—maiden, son and sire
Flush'd with the thoughts sublime his mighty words inspire.

SONNET II. SUGGESTED BY THUCYDIDES, lib. ii. page 130.

A year hath pass'd into the sea of Time,
The deadly havoc of the fight is o'er,
The giant of the battle, drunk with gore,
Hath sunk to sleep to dream new deeds of crime.
See, where the warriors stand around the bier
Of the lov'd slain who liv'd for Greece and died;—
Drop to their memory a solemn tear;
Nor yet despair—they perish'd in their pride;
Their death was glorious—they are heirs to fame,
Immortal honour crowns each deathless name.—
Behold the great tribunal by their grave!
As if with Glory's trumpet see *him* rise,
With weeping words he consecrates the brave—
Blest is his fate who thus for Greece and Freedom dies!

SONNET III. SIR ROBERT PEEL.

While I thus mus'd, the Spirit of Ancient Days
Methought arose—a veil of stars was thrown
O'er her bright form, and round her brows a zone
Of dazzling splendour like the rainbow's rays;
Onward in thought she led me, till we stood
In the great senate house of our own isle,
Where I saw one from whose oracular tongue
Truth, knowledge, wisdom, in one golden flood
Of language pour'd, till the renown'd old pile
With bursts of loud applause and wonder rung;
There stood the Statesman, Orator, and Sage,
With counsel wise guiding the commonweal;—
Great as the greatest in the historian's page,
Admiring England sees a Pericles in PEEL.

June 11th, 1844.

A VISIT TO ISPAHAN.

BY THE HON. C. STUART SAVILE.

On the fifth of February, 1833, we left the hospitable roof of the English ambassador*, at Teheran, and commenced our journey to Ispahan. Our attendants formed a tolerably formidable-looking *cortège*, consisting of a Mehmandar†, a Jellowdah‡, a Peeshkidmud§, a cook, (a native of Bengal,) and two Mehters‖, together with a muleteer, to conduct our four baggage-mules. The whole party, excepting the cook and the muleteer, were mounted on horses, the two latter riding on the top of the baggage. The plain of Teheran was covered with snow, to a great depth, with the exception of the track along which we proceeded.

In the evening, we arrived at Karinogird, a large caravanserai, situated about six fursuks from the capital, where we passed a very miserable night, on account of our baggage, which we had passed during the day, lagging behind, and not arriving. We were consequently obliged to sleep on the cold ground, without any carpets or warmer covering than our cloaks, and were indebted to a passing traveller for some provisions. Our muleteer did not arrive until the afternoon of the next day, having loitered behind to visit some friends at a village on the road. Our Mehmandar gave the fellow a good drubbing, which he richly deserved.

On the seventh, we left the caravanserai; and about the middle of the day, quitted the region of snow, and entered the salt desert, along which we proceeded until the ninth, when we arrived at Koom early in the day. Koom is a very large town, in rather a ruinous condition, although much improved by the shah since his accession. On his majesty's ascending the throne of Persia, he exempted the inhabitants from paying tribute, and accorded them various other privileges, the fulfilment of a vow made while prince-royal. The town is much larger than Teheran, and has a very picturesque appearance when viewed from the north-west. It is famous for its earthenware. The chief mosque contains a famous sanctuary, where refugees, no matter what may be there guilt, can evade justice in a manner similar to those who concealed themselves in the sanctuary of Westminster, mentioned in Horace Smith's novel of "The Tor Hill."

On the tenth, we slept at a caravanserai called Passangoon. The ground here, again, became rocky and precipitous, and covered with snow. The country, since we had left Teheran, had been of the most bare and uninteresting nature, consisting of a salt desert, bounded by mountains, without being enlivened by a single tree, excepting in the vicinity of the villages, of which we had as yet seen very few, almost the only resting-places to be met with by the traveller being the caravanserais, which are to be found at intervals of six to eight fursuks. These buildings are not inns, as may be supposed, inhabited by "mine

* Sir John Campbell, K.G.H., K.L.S.

† A Mehmandar is an officer appointed to accompany travellers in Persia, to look after their wants, to provide them with lodgings, and protect them from insult.

‡ A Jellowdah is a head groom.

§ A Peeshkidmud is a servant whose duty is to attend upon the person of his master. The name is derived from Peesh, before, and Kidmud, service.

‖ A Mehter is an under groom.

host" and his auxiliaries the waiter; by no means—a caravanserai is a rectangular, one-storied edifice, in which are numerous cells, generally full of filth. It is uninhabited, save by passing travellers; and no provisions are to be obtained thereat; insomuch, that everything necessary to comfort and for sustaining life must be carried on the backs of the mules. Into some of these cells are turned the horses and mules; while the others, having been swept and spread with carpets, are occupied by the masters. These cells are without windows, but are provided with door-holes, which act the double purpose of admitting air and light.

On the eleventh, we arrived at Seinsin, where, by a remarkable coincidence, as I discovered by some writing on the walls, the English embassy to the Persian court, under Sir Harford Jones, had stopped that very same day twenty years before.

After a long ride, we arrived, on the twelfth, at Kashan, a small ruinous town, where I saw nothing worth notice, excepting a long, wide, and paved street, leading completely from one end of the place to the other. Three men were severely bastinadoed in front of our caravanserai during the afternoon. They had been guilty of theft: one of them received no less than nine hundred blows on the soles of his feet, which were beaten to a jelly; I am sure the poor wretch was lamed for life.

On the thirteenth, at about four fursuks from Kashan, we began to ascend some very lofty hills; and having proceeded for some time up a circuitous path, we suddenly came in sight of a most beautiful waterfall, of a great height, the water of which was supplied by a small lake, situated half way up the mountains, between two ranges. The water of this lake was of a fine clear blue; it was the most beautiful spot I had seen in Persia. Having ridden two fursuks further, we arrived in sight of a well cultivated valley, thickly wooded, in the midst of which was a village called Kohrood. It must be a delightful place of residence during the summer season; the cold, however, of winter is excessively severe. I saw here some of the most beautiful women I had ever beheld; they had large dark black eyes, so bright, they seemed to look through one. In the valley, innumerable species of fruit-trees flourish; it yields also an abundance of corn, particularly barley.

On preparing to depart, on the following morning, we found that a recent fall of snow had so completely blocked up the main path that it was impassable. A couple of villagers, however, offered to guide us through the mountains by a roundabout route, where the snow, by their account, did not lie so deep; we accordingly mounted and followed them. Our guides proceeded on foot, feeling the way with long sticks. After having, however, advanced about half a fursuk, they stopped, and protested that it was impossible to proceed further, as the snow was much too deep. However, by the use of both threats and promises, we induced them to persevere: and after much difficulty, we managed to force a passage, and at length descended upon the plain at the foot of the hills, where we quitted our guides and the snowy regions at the same time. In the evening of the next day we arrived at Moorchauhaut, a caravanserai nine fursuks distant from Ispahan, for which city we started long before dawn on the sixteenth. At sunrise we arrived at Gez, a small village, where we breakfasted

and rested for an hour. The day was sunny and warm, and the plain entirely free from snow. Early in the day we came in sight of the ex-capital of Persia; it is a city of infinitely greater extent than Teheran, and was the most picturesque Persian town I had hitherto beheld. Its numerous mosques, with their vaulted and gilded domes, shining brightly in the rays of the glorious Eastern sun, gave it an appearance of grandeur far beyond that of the present comparatively insignificant capital.

Having entered the city by the Teheran gate, we proceeded at once to Julfa, a suburb situated towards the south, and inhabited by an Armenian colony. We procured here a lodging in a house standing in the midst of a very beautiful garden, full of fruit trees. We had not been long arrived, when an old Italian priest called upon us. He was, it appeared, the chief of the Roman Catholics in Julfa, which are not so numerous as the Armenians of the Armenian church, who have a bishop of their own. We found Padré Johannes, for such was the name of the Roman Catholic priest, a most kind and excellent personage; he was of the greatest service to us during our stay.

On the seventeenth, we set off on an excursion through Ispahan, accompanied by the padré. We firstly visited the royal palace, which is an extensive building, situated at the upper end of an avenue of tall trees, which are considered to be the finest in the country. The interior of the palace is well worth seeing. Many of the apartments, and chiefly the banqueting halls, are ornamented with ancient Persian pictures, consisting mostly of battle-pieces, in which the Persians were always represented as getting the better of their enemies. The most conspicuous figures are those of the kings, who are painted in the act of putting whole legions to flight by the prowess of their single arms. Although the colouring of these paintings is very beautiful, there is in general a great want of attention to the perspective; and in more than one of the pictures, the victorious kings seem to be cleaving the head of an enemy distant many miles.

Besides the battle-pieces were others representing Oriental entertainments, in which were grouped beautiful dancing-girls performing before the guests; there were also portaits from the royal harems of Shah Abbas and his successors, some of the faces in which were really lovely.

The view down the avenue is magnificent; this row of trees was planted by Shah Abbas, but as the old trees are decaying fast, and young ones are never planted, before very long a few stumps will alone remain to commemorate this still beautiful spot. Like almost everything else in the once glorious Persia, the palace is falling to ruins from neglect and want of proper repairs.

Having quitted the royal mansion, we proceeded through the streets, some of which, although in a ruinous state, are still very fine, and show remnants of former grandeur. The bazaar is spacious; but the lack of merchandize evinces the little commercial prosperity that exists in the country. The mosques are the buildings which are in the best state of preservation; and their gilded domes, glittering in the rays of the sun, produce a very striking effect.

While we were sauntering down the main street, a soldier approached, and informed us that the commander of the Ispahanee forces requested us to honour him with a visit. We accordingly pro-

ceeded at once to the house of that personage, which was close at hand, where we were most hospitably received. The commander-in-chief was a Georgian, and his power is secondary only to that of the prince-governor. His dress was a mixture of Asiatic and European fashion; his coat, which was a frock of red cloth, was ornamented with an enormous pair of gold epaulets; he wore large Turkish trousers, tied round the ankle by bandages of red cashmere; at his side hung a Khorasan scimitar; and in his girdle was a Georgian dagger. Like the generality of his countrymen, he was a remarkably handsome man. The second in command was present; he also was a Georgian. After a short visit, during which kalianus, tea, and sweatmeats were handed round, we took our leave.

The following day, as we were proceeding along the main street, we observed a very large crowd, and on inquiring what was the reason of the people collecting together, we were informed that an execution was about to take place. The sufferers were a man and a woman; the former a Jew, the latter a Mussulman. They had been caught in the act of adultery, and as the crime, in the opinion of the Persians, was aggravated by the religion of the male culprit, the husband had abstained from taking summary vengeance, and had appealed to public justice. The consequence was, the guilty parties were condemned to be hanged in the midst of the main street. My being a Frank caused the mob to make way for me, and I managed to get close to the place of execution. A rude temporary gallows had been raised, and at the foot were the two condemned parties, in the custody of the executioners, six ruffianly-looking men. The woman was veiled; but it was easy to perceive that her whole form was trembling with fear and agitation. Close at hand was the husband, an ill-looking old man of sixty. The Jew was a very handsome youth, and evinced great firmness at that awful moment. To the yells and screams of "Accursed Jew!" "Unclean dog!" "How dare such a filthy animal attempt to defile our hearths," &c., which issued from the mouths of the populace, the wretched man returned a sneer of contempt. He was, as it were, alone in the midst of that great crowd; no one of his religion was present; indeed, to have been so, would certainly have been fatal to any Jew, considering the excited state of the spectators.

A few minutes after our arrival, the executioners proceeded to tie a rope round the neck of the Jew, and then began to perform the same ceremony with regard to the woman, who, on being touched, screamed fearfully. In her struggles her veil and chauder* fell off, and her form and face became revealed. I seldom, if ever, indeed, beheld such a beautiful creature; notwithstanding the pallor of her countenance, caused by fright, her loveliness was so perfect, that it caused a general burst of surprise. She could not have been sixteen. I turned to Padré Johannes, and asked him whether there were no means of saving her life; the worthy man, who was weeping, bitterly shook his head, and whispered, "There is no hope for her." The fatal cord was now fastened round her neck, and, together with the Jew, she was hoisted on the shoulders of some of the executioners, while the others proceeded to fasten the ropes round the beam. The scene was at this moment heart-rending: the screams of the woman were dreadful to

* A chauder is the large veil which covers the form.

hear, and so great was the poor creature's horror, that a few moments before she was launched into eternity streams of blood began to flow from her nostrils. All was now ready; the veil and chauder were thrown over the female sufferer, and the two wretched beings having been thrown off the shoulders of the executioners, were instantly hanging by their necks, when the face of the Jew being uncovered, became so horridly convulsed, that I could no longer bear the sight, and hurried away.

On the twenty-second of the month, the fast of the Ramazan ended, to the great joy of the inhabitants of the city, who passed the day in rejoicings and festivity. It may be as well to observe, that the fast is one of the greatest strictness, and is a most severe penance during its continuance, which is a lunar month. No Mussulman must taste food of any kind whatever, or drink one drop of liquid from sunrise to sunset: even smoking is interdicted. The consequence naturally is, that during this fast night is turned into day, and is passed in debauchery and drunkenness. On account of the Ramazan continuing for a lunar month, and taking place every twelve months, it occurs sometimes during summer, when it becomes a terrible penance, and many persons are much hurt by suffering from thirst.

There was one person in Ispahan to whom the beginning of a new month was not altogether a day of rejoicing—namely, our jellowdah, whom we found guilty of gross cheating. He had, besides, starved our noble steeds in such a cruel manner, that had we not detected his conduct, they would soon have been irrevocably injured. Notwithstanding the testimony of various persons to whom he had sold the stolen provender, the fellow continued to deny his guilt. We took him, therefore, before Dawood Khan, the Georgian commander-in-chief, who soon settled the business, by ordering him to be bastinadoed, which punishment was inflicted so sharply that the culprit roared out an acknowledgment of his guilt. We of course dismissed him from our service. His punishment, however, did not quite finish with the bastinado he had received, for he was sent for the time to prison. We afterwards heard that, before his liberation, he was favoured with a second infliction of the sticks, for robbing a fellow prisoner.

The suburb of Julfa, where we resided during our stay at Ispahan, is entirely inhabited by Armenians, who, by paying a certain tribute to the King of Persia, are accorded various privileges. They are all Christians, and are divided into two sects, of one of which (the Roman Catholics) our friend, Padré Johannes, was chief, at the period we visited Ispahan. An Armenian bishop is at the head of the remainder, who are of the Armenian church.

Ispahan was governed, at the period of our visit, by one of the shah's younger sons, whose age was not more than nineteen; but who has already a family consisting of eight children, the offspring of several wives.

The elevation of the plain upon which the city is situated is less than that of Teheran, being only three thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea, consequently the winter season is much less severe in the former place than in the latter; indeed, little snow, comparatively, falls, and several species of fruit-trees flourish on the plain of Ispahan which are unknown at Teheran.

Ispahan is seen to the best advantage from about three miles dis-

tance, when you are somewhat elevated above it, and can see the whole city at once: it forms, indeed, a magnificent view. I could not, however, look upon it without regret, as I remarked the too evident approaches of decay; indeed, not many years hence, the traveller in Persia, as he passes by this plain, will probably look upon the "RUINS OF ISPAHAN."

TOWN LIFE IN ITALY.

THE FIASCO.

BY L. MARIOTTI.

"THERE was a sound of revelry by night;" there was bustle and confusion, and a throng of tilting carriages in the court of the Palazzo Rospigliosi, at Florence. There were flaring torches, stamping horses, coachmen swearing in English, German, and Russian.

Lady Phillimore gave one of her grand cosmopolitic routs. It was not a ball, nor a concert, nor yet one of those harum-scarum entertainments that go by the name of "mobs." The object of the meeting was known to few, and understood by none. It was to be a *lettura*, an *improvisazione*, a *seccatura*, a literary réunion after the fashion of the country.

Lady Phillimore had, on this occasion, been *extremely particular* in her invitations—that is, she had drained Florence of its motley population. The guests were from the four corners of the globe. The accomplished and the wealthy, the great and the learned of many regions, were blended in a crowd. There were long-haired professors, and bewigged Danish *savans*, bare-necked German artists, and *lorgnetted* French attachés, and amongst a few of a better class, many of that vulgar breed, whom gold enables to haunt the idle towns of the continent, the two varieties most prevalent in the European menagerie—the Russian bears and the English bores.

Conspicuous among the latter, and distinguishable by their colossal turbans, and by their air of familiarity with the lady of the house, were two female dabblers in literature, a Mrs. Brattle, a notorious novelist, who had, as she expressed it, *walked* half the courts of Europe; and a lady Emmelina Bruton, a person of whom her best friends said she had all bumps in her head save that of *adhesiveness*—a *mal-maritata*, who dipped her pen in gall, and emptied her quiver at all *man*kind, with a hope that some random shaft might find its way to her ill-wedded lord. The rest of the company was made up of dowager countesses and consumptive spinsters; a lord bishop, with a swarm of his daughters, and the squires and lordlings licensed to flirt with the said bishop's daughters—besides sundry lean and lank poets, magazine editors, wits, rakes, sharpers, and missionaries.

The "natives" were few; and there would have been none but for the circumstance that one of their number was to be exhibited as the hero or the victim—the lion of the night. They shrunk back and clustered together in a corner, awed and abashed by the consciousness of their own insignificance. All good understanding between the Italians and their foreign visitors, especially the English, is for ever at an end. Tourists may have their neat hotels in the best quarter of the town. The grand-duke—that inn-keeper on a larger scale—may throw

open his drawing-rooms, his galleries to them. But Italians who respect themselves never appear at court. The English may buy the pure sky, the climate, the country; they may feel at home in the Vatican, or the Palazzo Pitti; but, from that very reason, the heart of the soundest part of the nation is closed against them. This evening, however, there seemed to be a compromise between the parties. Some of the noblest of Florentine patriots mingled in the crowd. Gino Capponi and Niccolini, the former blind with incessant study, the second bright with the inspiration of genius, stood conversing in the embrasure of a window. Next to them sat Domeniconi, the actor, holding the hand of a pale youth—the same who was produced that night as a candidate for the honours of authorship. He was to read a few extracts of a new tragedy, "*Vanina d'ornano.*"

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Altoviti was utterly unknown even in his native city of Florence; an orphan from childhood, he had been brought up in a Jesuit college at Rome, and had but lately returned to his birth-place as an *abate;* wearing, that is, the church dress, without yet being an ordained priest.

Altoviti had known no boyhood. The sternness and austerity of his early guardians had moulded his character to an habitual gloominess, which his subsequent years of cloistral education were not calculated to dissipate. On his return to Florence, he found himself a stranger in the land of his nativity; he felt companionless in the home of his infancy. The levity of that gay frivolous town clashed with the moodiness of his temper. He sought refuge in the country, where he lived in an almost ascetic retirement, on his father's estates, in an old tumble-down tower, on the brow of a bare steep hill in the neighbourhood of Fiesole.

His solitude, however, his meditative studies, were frequently broken in upon by foreign visitors, chiefly English, wandering in quest of the picturesque. A thunder-storm, a horse ungovernably wild, a bevy of ladies screaming and fainting with terror, in an ill-omened day, forced the abate from his secluded apartment. Assistance and shelter were hospitably proffered, and eagerly accepted. The beauties recovered so far as to be able to laugh at their own fears, at themselves, and at every thing besides. The old tower was invaded and rummaged with unceremonious curiosity. The solitary inmate wondered at, and quizzed with more wit than urbanity. The frolicsome humour of the guests seemed, by degrees, to win upon the bewildered host. He skimmed off the oil from some flasks of chianti as old as himself. He spread before them a substantial luncheon, to which the keen Apennine air, and a two hours' ride, had imparted unutterable relish. Altoviti parted with his new friends an altered man. He insisted on riding with them as far as the town gates; and not without a promise to wait upon them on the morrow at the Rospigliosi palace.

Yes; the leader of that frolicsome exploring expedition was no less a person than the lady of that mansion, the grand *Miledi Inglese*, Lady Phillimore herself.

This gentlewoman has been settled at Florence for above twenty years. She was among the first to venture out of this wave-bound ark at the first subsiding of the revolutionary flood. She was the relict of a city sheriff or alderman, who died only six months after being knighted by the last of the Georges. With a princely fortune and the vague ap-

pellation of "Lady," the young widow had tact enough to perceive that her position in London was fraught with difficulties and mortifications. She crossed the Channel, and was now playing princess and sultana at Florence. She was a patroness by profession. The Rospigliosi Palace became a caravansera for all European Hadjees. The proudest of her countrymen sued abroad for the acquaintance of the citizen's wife they had carefully shunned and dreaded at home. Strange as it may appear, the alderman's widow had been polished even to regeneration by intercourse with people of rank on the Continent. Her title and wealth, and the favour of British ministers, had been a passport to some of the pettiest German and Italian Courts; where her *gaucheries* had been set down on the score of national peculiarities. Mere lowness of birth, in a woman, is never utterly irreclaimable. She is always up to any station, if she will only trust the prompting of her unerring feminine instinct. A queen need only be a woman to be sure to become and to grace her throne.

Indebted as she considered herself to foreigners for her promotion, Lady Phillimore insisted upon freely admitting them into her brilliant society. The feeling of estrangement, not to say hostility, which contemptuous haughtiness on one side, and resentful vanity on the other, have engendered between the best Italians and the worst class of their overbearing visitors, was allowed no utterance in the marble saloons of the Rospigliosi Palace. "Love me, love my guests," was Lady Phillimore's motto; and the few among the Florentine gentry whom she took under her protection, were safe against the *morgue* and purse-proud superciliousness, which, it would be vain to deny it, renders but too many of her countrymen unpopular abroad.

Owing to some slights she fancied she had received on the part of the Grand Duke, Lady Phillimore had gone over to the liberal party, and her drawing-room had thus become a focus of opposition, where patriots could safely vent their animosity against Austria and the smooth-pawed, oily despot, whose lulling rule is cited as a model of enlightened parental authority *.

Such was the house into which the Hermit of Fiesole found himself so unexpectedly domesticated. The old alderman's relict, however, had been too long a buxom widow to flatter herself with having, by the agency of her own charms, operated so astounding a revolution in the habits of the recluse, or to claim for herself the honour of that valuable addition to the list of her daily visitors. Lady Phillimore had her decoy-bird. She had a niece—a distant relation, and humble friend—or whatever else her position in the house of the grand lady might be—one Caroline Etheridge, a parson's daughter it was understood, and as lovely a creature, as arrant a flirt, as a parson's daughter need be.

Lady Phillimore had borrowed her from her father in Devonshire, who was blessed with half a score of children besides, and could well spare this one, with an express understanding that she should "bring her out and marry her off." The blooming beauty of the English girl, and certain vague hints from her aunt as to the probable reversion of the late alderman's property, had enlisted several hundred fortune-hunters, British and foreign, in the ranks of Caroline's suitors. Lady Phillimore and her advisers, the two bosom-friends above mentioned,

* ——— "Odio il Tiranno
Che col sonno t' uccide———."—NICCOLINI.

Mrs. Brattle and Lady Emmelina, laid their wise heads together, and after a careful review of the respective merits of English, Irish, and Scottish *beaux*, it was unanimously resolved, that the girl's *free choice* should fall on the Hon. Augustus Phibbs, a gentleman noted for a long scraggy neck, a squeaking voice, and bristling carrotty hair, but who combined the advantages of rank and wealth with various accomplishments, which enabled him to act amateur sub-editor and gratuitous penny-a-liner to the "Palladium of Universal Literature," a periodical work of universal notoriety.

The wedding, however, was, by desire of Caroline herself, adjourned *sine die*, and the happy man that was to be, was in the interim travelling southward, to collect materials for a series of papers on the "Mental and Moral Degeneracy of the Italians," under the ponderous burden of which the massive columns of the "Palladium" were to quake and quiver for many a number to come.

On these terms matters stood at the epoch of Lady Phillimore's visit to the old tower at Fiesole. The flushed countenance, the luxuriant charms of the excited beauty of Devon, her over-acted alarms, and subsequent pertness and petulance, the thousand *agaceries* of a spoiled beauty, a consummate coquette even when only a romping country-girl at her father's parsonage—aimed, in a moment of wanton exhilaration, against the peace of an unsophisticated recluse, roused a tempest in Altoviti's mind which instantly and hopelessly hurled reason from its throne. A rush of unknown, but as he instinctively apprehended, unhallowed passion, assailed the unguarded heart of the young candidate for priesthood.

Caroline perceived it. She marked every change in his working countenance; she had never before witnessed how, and she was delighted to see at what rate, an Italian and a priest could fall in love.

Caroline had not a bad heart. Indeed she could hardly be said to have any heart, good, bad, or indifferent. Her craving for excitement was proportionate to her natural defect of excitability. Perpetually in want of strong emotions, she left nothing unattempted to work herself up into an artificial state in some degree resembling enthusiasm. Her most successful contrivance to that effect was to watch the ravages of passion in other people's bosoms. There was some philanthropy in her apparently heartless coquetry. She exerted herself to liberate others from a state of apathy which appeared to herself unendurable. She heartily wished some one would have done as much for herself. But till her own turn came, she was indefatigable in testing the susceptibilities of every heart within reach.

Never in her brilliant career of systematic flirtation had such a subject been offered to her psychological experiments as the unhappy Altoviti. She dragged him along the street of Florence chained to her chariot. He had surrendered at discretion. She wished him to forego his hermitage at the old tower at Fiesole. He removed to town. She objected to the blue collar and three-cornered hat of his priestly costume. He made a bonfire of his ecclesiastical trappings. Finally, she desired him to make a show of his literary talent, and there he now stood in her aunt's drawing-room, a *debutant dramatist*.

Caroline, with the quick apprehension of her sex, had read the secret of her lover's heart. With the penetration of a well-cultivated understanding, she felt that it was no mean captive that had fallen into her

toils; that Altoviti was a poet-born; that the diffidence of true pride alone prevented him from emerging from obscurity and command the homage of multitudes. She determined that her friends should see what lofty spirit worshipped at her shrine; that the world should witness, applaud, and envy her conquest. She had a discourse with her aunt on the subject. Lady Phillimore, we have seen, was addicted to the exercise of patronage. She was a promoter of Italian literature and art; that is, she fed a swarm of locusts, under the name of *improvisatori*, *dilettanti*, and all such rabble. She murdered Italian dreadfully enough to frighten her Florentine maid into hysterics, and wore a circlet or diadem with four cameos, effigiating the four great national poets. By her exertions and Caroline's wilfulness, Altoviti was now to be brought before the public and made a great man of, in spite of himself.

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And now the poet was at his post. A deep, awful silence prevailed in the crowd. Caroline, by way of a prelude, struck up the first notes of the famous introductory chorus of Norma, with a masterly hand, long since accustomed to command applause. Every now and then she tossed her head backwards, as if to shake off the auburn ringlets which danced witchingly about her proud fair face, but, in reality, to behold how her victim stood the tremendous ordeal to which her ambition had brought him.

Altoviti sat alone, at a little distance from the piano, his face turned towards the audience, his manuscript on the table before him. He was pale—paler than his friends had yet seen him—and though apparently calm and almost haughtily serene, it required no very keen observer to perceive that the heart quailed within him.

He gazed mechanically at the glittering crowd—that crowd so quaintly jumbled together—those *few friends* Lady Phillimore had prepared him for. Most of his audience were utter strangers to him; most of them, too, utterly unfamiliar with the language he was to read in. Most unblushingly and unmercifully was he stared at in return. The bishop's daughters and their admirers, especially, directed against him as well maintained a fire from their burning eye-glasses as Archimedes ever poured on the devoted fleet of Marcellus. Mrs. Brattle and Lady Emmelina encouraged him with a familiar wave of their fans. Lady Phillimore went round and whispered a few words on the historical subject the drama was derived from.

Occasional murmuring and tittering also would break out from the stillness of the promiscuous assembly, the meaning of which, if it ever reached his ears, was not calculated to reassure the uneasiness of the poor pilloried poet.

However, as Lady Phillimore observed, he was in for it; and the comments of the foreign part of the audience on the novelty of an exhibition so greatly at variance with their preconceived notions of propriety, and their remarks on Italian charlatans and public exhibitors, and the *bore* of listening for hours to unintelligible, outlandish gibberish, and the unhandsome manner in which they had been *taken in*,—all this was meant as an aside, and the poet had no business to take any notice of it, even if he had the misfortune of being familiar with ultramontane tongues and their slang, as he was with his own pure Tuscan.

But Altoviti was young and handsome: two great qualifications for

the suffrage of the most tender, and happily the largest part of his auditory: and as his eyes flashed and his cheeks were flushed with the rapid emotions which Bellini's glorious strains roused in his bosom, his audience became aware that they stood in the presence of one of those gifted beings, whose energies need only be directed to a proper object, to be sure of their ascendancy over their fellow-creatures.

Nothing, also, when he began, could equal the manliness, mellowness, and flexibility of the tones of his voice, and notwithstanding that slight *cantilena* which seemed inseparable from poetical recitation in Italy, his vivid and impassionate delivery had something in itself irresistibly suasive and winning.

He had little or no action. He read sitting; only rising for one instant for a slight obeisance at the outset. This posture, and his diffidence and trepidation, did not allow him to make any attempt at that exaggerated gesticulation for which his countrymen are justly ridiculed abroad; but there was an eloquence in his countenance, a language in the ebbing and flowing of his flitting complexion, an expression in the movement of his head, in the quivering of his lips, in the very faltering of his voice, which had power to rivet the attention, and to find its way unerringly, immediately, to the sympathies of the bystanders.

The first words were, as might be expected, almost inaudible; but as he warmed with his subject, as his eyes met Caroline's, who had silently stolen from the piano and resumed her seat by the side of her aunt, the rest of the company faded from his view, and he proceeded with that impressive ardour, with that heart-storming vehemence, with which he alone who created can read, and which proves how little the most unearthly music can add to the natural melody of the human language.

Caroline grasped Lady Phillimore's hand. She cast frequent glances at the object before her, enraptured at an exhibition of feeling never before witnessed. The transport of the reader proved for a moment contagious. She felt a choking at her throat, a tingling in her ears; she yearned to her lover; she longed to throw her arms round his neck, to hide her head in his bosom, as if the throbbing of his heart and the glowing of his cheek could communicate heat and life, could thaw the iceberg that had till that moment lain so heavily on her breast.

Hardly one person in the room but sympathized with her. The first act had been listened to with that respectfully frigid attention which characterises a circle of well-bred but hypercritical hearers; but as scene followed scene, and the interest attached to the subject, and the rapidity and intensity of action, the beauty of style—the real merit, in short, of the composition became apparent, the Italian part of the audience, and all familiar with the language, insisted on having the whole drama from beginning to end, and gave the most unequivocal testimonies of unmixed delight.

As the last words were drowned in a burst of applause, Caroline stole a last glance at the poet. By an unaccountable association of ideas, the thought of the absent Hon. Augustus Phibbs occurred to her fancy, and for the first time in her life she felt as if the heart ought to enter for something in a matrimonial arrangement.

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Scarcely had a fortnight elapsed since that memorable evening

when the good people of Florence shut up shop, and cut their *Benedizione*, to be in time for the new tragedy at the Teatro Cocomero. It was then mid-Lent. The *Pergola* and the Opera were under the interdict of the holy season, and the habitués had no resource left but the *Prosa*. The playhouse was opened long before sunset, to avoid tumult at the entrance. Altoviti had repaired to the theatre, prevailed upon by Caroline and her aunt to escort them to their box. The dress circle was invaded by the English. The bishop's daughters, long-necked as cranes, tall and erect as Lombardy poplars, were nodding, smirking, and telegraphing on the right. The ponderous turbans of Madam Brattle and Lady Emmelina were to be seen towering on the left. Altoviti shrank back in his box. Although his tragedy had been announced anonymously, although he was almost unknown to the public, he felt as if all the eyes of the crowded audience were turned towards one box and riveted on one object.

Alas, poor votary of fame! Come forward and dare to look at this dread jury that are here convened to past their verdict on the work of your brain! See among those rows of vulgar gaping faces in the pit, still stupified by the drowsiness of their hasty dinners, whom you would deem likely to comprehend the poetry of your soul? whom you would select as fit to be introduced into the sanctuary of your mind? whom you would raise to the level of your loftiest inspirations?—and it is of such a crowd, of these men, for each of whom, singly, you entertain no feeling short of utter contempt, that you, proud man, stoop to court the gregarious acclamation. It is from the roaring of such a menagerie that you, privileged being, you phœnix, suffer yourself to be disturbed from the serenity of the ethereal region it was given to your broad-winged genius to expatiate through!

True, the Florentines are, comparatively, a bright, keen-witted people. True, you may find among the habitués, men of judgment and taste; but these deem it beneath their dignity to suffer themselves to be betrayed into any exhibition of feeling. The well-bred and accomplished give no sign. Gloved hands never clap.

"Vanina d'Ornano" was not a work destitute of taste. The subject was happily chosen; the poet had done it ample justice. The long assiduous cares he had bestowed upon it had left nothing to desire on the score of plausibility of plan, delineation of characters, harmony and loftiness of style. But it had little or no stage effect. Correct and faultless as a literary production, his piece stood little chance of success as a dramatic performance. Those who had been so warm and pretty nearly sincere in their commendation of that juvenile essay, when actuated by the prestige of the poet's own declamation, in Lady Phillimore's drawing-room—Capponi and Niccolini among the number—were now surprised at the tameness and languor pervading that chaste but unimpassioned exhibition, and repented the encouragement they had given for its production on the stage.

But it was not on the ground of its good or bad qualities that poor "Vanina" was to encounter its fate. There are a hundred accessary circumstances on which the ultimatum of popular judgment depends, even more than on the intrinsic value of the piece itself—a hundred all-powerful, mysterious, inexorable agencies, which the proud Altoviti neglected or scorned to propitiate. He had no hired *clacqueurs;* no interested partizans except the few aristocratic friends of Lady Philli-

more in the dress circle, chiefly foreigners, whose demonstration, even had they condescended to make any in his favour, was sure, out of sheer contradiction, out of national jealousy, to call forth the animadversion of the many-headed *mobocracy* above and below. The Italians are mightily patriotic, mightily independent on the parterre of their theatres, a state of hostility is invariably found to exist between the native and the foreign faction at the opera; and although the tragedy had been given as the work *di penna Fiorentina*, still the interest of the *Inglesi* in its success was too obvious not to call forth a contrary disposition on the part of the emulous multitude.

Some untoward events, also, conspired from the very outset to keep the audience that evening in a state of unwonted restlessness and ferment. A parcel of foreign youngsters, being, in fact, some of the officers of an English frigate anchored at Leghorn, had newly arrived in town; and after revelling and carousing at Shneider's Hotel till late in the afternoon, had been seized with a sudden whim to see the new play. They had rushed in, in a state of raving intoxication, and taken the pit by storm: one or two of them had, even before the raising of the curtain, been laid hold of by the *carabinieri* and turned out for misdemeanour. The remaining party had been sobered down and struck dumb for a moment; but a sullen determination had been entered into, by the most daring of them, to leave no stone unturned to mar the enjoyment of their peaceful neighbours, and to wreak their vengeance on the luckless drama and its inoffensive author.

Although enough is known of the doings of English officers at Malta, Corfu, and other foreign ports, to screen me from any imputation of harbouring a wish to calumniate them, I must, in this instance, so far do them justice as to state that their misconduct was not so much the result of their natural love of mischief, as of the suggestions of an evil designing spirit, who had an interest in urging them to do their worst.

That carroty-headed monster, the Hon. Augustus Phibbs, was amongst them. That worthy *littérateur* had just returned from his protracted trip to the south. He did not like the look of things in general, as he found them on his return. He was not pleased with the domestication with Caroline of what Lady Phillimore called "the interesting native." He was bored to death by the drama, and the fuss everybody in the house made about it. Surlily enough he declined countenancing the play with his presence, even for the sake of his lady's company. He joined a group of fellow-travellers at the hotel; among the officers of H. M.'s frigate, Minerva, he found some old college friends. The spirit of ancient schoolboy mischief was revived by that unlooked-for meeting. Phibbs threw out a hint about the *fun* of the new play. He described it as a parody, a travesty; he prepared them for a farce in tragic disguise. Having thus worked them up to a proper mood for "a lark," and relying on their ignorance of the language, and still more on their fuddled understanding, he gave the signal for a general move. He was now busy in the middle alley of the pit, bustling from one group to another of his disappointed companions, teazing and taunting them, setting them up against the dullness and flatness of Italian humour.

This little piece of malice prepense succeeded beyond his fondest expectation: what with the broad jests of those tipsy brawlers, their outrageous peals of laughter, their crowing and squeaking, snoring and

sneezing, and the cries of "Shame!" "Silence!" "Turn them out!" of the scandalized citizens around them, and the jostling and pushing of the vainly interfering police—it soon became impossible to restore order and calm.

A mirthful mood, so deplorably jarring with the solemn train of feeling which the development of the action was intended to call forth, gradually gained ground and became contagious. The farce in the pit got the better of the tragedy on the stage, and when, as the evil powers would have it, towards the close of the fourth act, the drama being then at the acme of pathetic intensity, the Hon. Augustus Phibbs, emboldened by success, flung a chestnut towards the stage, which was heard rattling against the Roman nose of Domeniconi, the hero—the roaring of the multitude knew no limits. Scarcely a word could be heard of the ensuing act, and the curtain fell amidst such an awful finale of hisses, of howls and yells, as gave ample evidence of the most decisive *Fiasco* the old Cocomero had witnessed time out of memory *.

The failure of one of his pieces is no great disgrace to the French or English dramatist. Writing is with him a trade, and as much liable to the ups and downs of earthly vicissitude as any other money-making concern. He looks down on his incensed judges with a philosophical sneer, and repairs to a good oyster-supper with his good friends the actors, calm, stoic, impassible, as if nothing had occurred.

With Altoviti it was otherwise. He was born and educated in a country where literature, entertaining no hope of solid rewards, must rest satisfied with, and aspire to, nothing beyond the vain clamour of popular applause, where success or failure clings to an author for life. He was not poor, and had been impelled to enter into the dangerous arena by no selfish views of pecuniary emolument or worldly preferment. That single drama had been the object of his secret pride for years. He had strained his faculties even to exhaustion; and he hoped—nay he had been induced into a belief—that it was well worth, that it would repay all the cares bestowed upon it.

Nor was that all. Caroline had praised it. She seemed to lay as much stress as himself on that ill-fated production. From the evening of its first reading her manner seemed changed towards him! She had evinced an interest in the work—perhaps she felt for the author! That proud, ambitious spirit was to be propitiated by a signal success. And now!—a hissed author!—an absurd character, held up to public derision—crushed, annihilated!

On the same night the unsuccessful dramatist, alone, on foot, in a state bordering on distraction, sought the retirement of his old tower at Fiesole. He had shut the world out, and would see none of his friends. By stratagem or bribery, by some feminine devilry, *one*, however, gained admittance. Caroline had felt some compunction at her heedless conduct. "She came," she said, "to offer her condolence, her sympathy:" with the consent of Lady Phillimore—there present—she tendered the greatest, the most welcome, the only reparation in her power,—her hand—and as much of her heart as he had been able to thaw.

* Few of our readers can be unfamiliar with the meaning of *Fiasco*, a cant word used throughout Italy to designate a failure, especially in theatrical matters.

* * * *

The dilapidated old tower was left to the rooks and owls of the Apennines. Vanina was suffered to work its way into public favour by a new experiment at the next season,—and the happy pair removed to a cool, shady, Devonshire cottage, where the flirt and hoyden of three Florentine seasons soon subsided into that most perfect model of feminine grace, an English wife.

* * * *

The Hon. Augustus Phibbs and three of his most unruly fellow-rioters were, for that night, locked up in the guard-room of the carabinieri. Released after a cheerless night, by the paternal interference of Her British Majesty's representative, he lost no time in calling at the Rospigliosi Palace, where he found the ladies from home. From home they have been to him ever since!

What schemes of mischief and revenge may not be hatched by a brain under the influence of a head of carroty hair! The disappointed Phibbs vowed to everlasting infamy the ill-starred *Abate* who had irreparably robbed him of his bride. Three days and three nights he brooded over his scheme of vengeance. At last his concocted venom found its vent in the columns of the "Palladium;" where, among the items of "our weekly chit-chat," the all-important intelligence was conveyed to English readers, that the new tragedy at the Teatro Cocomero had turned out a "Solennissimo Fiasco."

A DISSERTATION ON ENGLISH DOMESTIC COOKERY.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

"Give but an Englishman
Beef and a sea-coal fire—he's yours for ever."
Otway.

THERE is a passage in the celebrated Persian romance, the "Sháh Námáh," of the immortal Ferdusi, which singularly coincides with a well-known English proverb. The poet declares that "Iblis," the foul fiend, "was himself the inventor of the cooking art. This is, perhaps, a Persian compliment; but in England we attach a different meaning to the phrase, and intend to convey anything but a compliment when we say, that "The devil sends cooks." There is, indeed, one *rifaccimento* called after his Satanic majesty which is not held in disesteem, but this is the exception; as a general rule, the (so called) cookery of these islands is of a fearful character, as the following slight dissertation will testify.

The art of cooking—and a glorious art it is where its principles are understood—is in this country divided into two grand branches, which are broadly and distinctly marked, and may be classed under the respective heads of scorching and scalding; the spit and the cauldron are our two great allies, and what is termed "a good plain cook" our generalissimo.

This nomenclature, by the way, is of difficult interpretation. In France, a cook means something; he is the high-priest of a *culte*—the intellectual director of a science. "The mind of a good cook," says a clever French writer, "is an inexhaustible catalogue of scientific receipts;" he is never alluded to save by the attribute of "*Le Chéf;*" in

short, he is the head of a society for the encouragement of the useful arts, and is held in reverence accordingly.

But in England we order things differently; "a good plain cook" means an ill-tempered, ugly woman, whose sole qualification for the office she undertakes, is that of being able to endure any given degree of heat, and whose only skill consists in rendering unpalatable the viands committed to her care. *She* also belongs to a particular *caste*. She is fat—it is in consequence of her greasy calling; fiery—it is a quality derived from the element she worships; and factious—for such has from time immemorial been the nature of cooks, whose wrath is to be deprecated.

When the power of a state is vested in the hands of a tyrant, its interests must of necessity be sacrificed to his individual will; so it is with cookery, which falls a victim to the peccant humour of cooks. No one should presume to exercise the art who does not possess entire presence of mind; even the great Vatel was not perfect; he was unequal to a sudden reverse, and, despairing of the arrival of a basket of fish from the coast, "played the Roman fool," and died on his own sword.

The chief qualification of a great cook, as of a great general, is *sang froid;* the French artist is, generally speaking, a model of his kind; but, however the native coolness of our countrymen may sustain them in the field, it entirely abandons them in the kitchen. If this be the case as applied to man, it is eminently so in regard to woman. How can it be expected that a female cook should bestow her individual attention upon a leg of mutton, when her thoughts are, perchance, reverting to the symmetrical leg of John the footman? What interest can she feel in a breast of veal, when her own breast is the slave of other emotions? The late Lord Ellenborough was not only an authority in law, but in the science of good-living; his *dictum* was: "Never keep a *she*-cook!" and had this judicial fiat been pronounced at an earlier period of our history, we might not now have had to deplore the crippled condition of our culinary skill.

Before we consider the unhappy *decadence* into which we have fallen, it may not, perhaps, be amiss to cast a glance on the customs of our predecessors; we shall then more readily perceive that the barbarism of our own day is our indisputable heritage.

A certain quaintness, however, redeems the manner of the ancestral art. Not to speak of the times when the *entremets* of chivalry formed one of the principal features of a feast; when the wine, ale, and ypocras were measured by tuns; the wheat by quarters; and the oxen, wild bulls, porks, muttons, &c., by hundreds; as at the great entertainment given by Archbishop Neville, in the time of Edward the Fourth: not to speak of a period so remote as that, let us examine the state of the culinary art at no more removed distance than the seventeenth century.

The habits of the middle ages continued still to possess some influence; the quantity, the variety, and the quality of the food were yet remarkable. "Porpoises and seales," wild boars dressed whole, elephantine masses of beef, entire gammons of bacon, "peacockes," (whose sauce was "wine and salt,") herons, *hedgehogs*, *leeches*, and other incongruous and unattractive dainties figured on the board. The curious reader may, on this point, consult with advantage "A

proper new Boke of Cookery," printed in 1575, at the most appropriate office of "Mr. Abraham *Veale*, at the sign of the *Lambe*, in Paule's Churchyard." Surely Pelham's learned gastronomic friend, Lord Guloseton, must have had this worthy in his recollection, when he observed that "there was a great deal to be done in *veal*." It would be matter for curious speculation to inquire whether this "proper new boke" were the *vade mecum* of the cooks in the taverns frequented by the poets and wits of that day. In that case, Shakspeare might, like his own Macbeth, have "supp'd full of horrors" at "The Devil," and Jonson have gleaned from the bill of fare the "calver'd salmon," the "beards of barbels," the "salads of oil'd mushroomes," and all the other dainty dishes on which Sir Epicure Mammon dwells so approvingly.

The terms of carving alone offer us an abstract of the meats which were most esteemed. Take, for instance, the following:—"Disfigure that peacocke;" "Undertench the porpuss;" "Spaul that hen;" "Break the deer;" "Side the haddock;" and "Lift that swan." More genuine delicacies were, however, admitted; as in the directions to "Chine a salmon," "Sauce a capon;" "Barb a lobster;" "Tame a crab;" "Rear a goose;" "Tire an egg;" "Mince a plover;" "Allay a pheasant;" "Embrace a mallard;" and "Unlace a coney."

We are, however, to seek amongst the receipts of the day for a fuller conception of the cooking mystery: these are to be found in abundance in "The Treasury of Commodious Receipts;" "The Gentlewoman's Cabinet unlocked;" "The Accomplisht Lady's Delight;" and other recondite works, exemplifying the progress of cookery under the Stuarts.

"Good old English fare," is a phrase very much in people's mouths; much oftener than the thing they praise. Let us see what a dinner consisted of in the reign of Charles the First.

Imprimis: "A soupe of snayles, a powdered goose (not a footman), a joll of salmon, and a dish of green fish buttered, with eggs." This was a first course. Then came "A Lombard pye;" "A cow's udder roasted;" "A grand boyled meat;" "A hedgehog pudding;" "A rabbit stuffed with oysters;" "Polonian sausages;" "A mallard with cabbedge;" and "A pair of boyled cocks." To these succeeded as *hors d'œuvres* and *entremets*; "A spinage tart;" "A carbonadoed hen;" "A pye of aloes;" "Egges in moqueshine;" "Christial jelly;" "Jumballs;" "Quiddany;" "Bragget;" and "Walnut suckets." Cock-ale, surfeit-water, canary, sack, and Gascony wines, served to moisten this heterogeneous repast.

After this specimen of "Old English fare," go to the Reform Club and throw yourself on the mercy of Soyer, or, if in want of an appetite, read the Manual of Ude,—for French science can alone furnish a remedy for razing out the memory of those British enormities. A learned reviewer once countenanced an accusation of cruelty against the distinguished professor whom we have last mentioned. That accomplished artiste triumphantly defended himself, but had he wished to turn the tables completely upon us, he needed only to have pointed to "The Accomplisht Lady's Delight," already alluded to, to overwhelm us with the proof of our native ferocity.

In that *gentle* work we find the following tender directions:—

"To make a strengthening broth, take a redd cock, strip off the feathers from the skin, *then break his bones to shivers with a rolling-*

pin;" not a word being said the while as to whether the unhappy bruised cock be alive or dead! Again: "To *souce* a pigge; take a faire large pigge and *cut off his head;* then *scald him* and *slit him thorow the midst*, take forth his bones, *collar him*, *flaw* him and perboyle him;" not a syllable all this time about *killing* him. Surely this is hard treatment even for a pig,—that "inestimable bête," as Monsieur Grimod de la Reynière calls him, and of whom, deeply resenting the injustice of the world in regard to him, he says: "On a poussé l'ingratitude à son égard jusqu'à faire une grossière injure du nom de l'animal le plus utile à l'homme, lorsqu'il n'est plus, on outrage sa mémoire, tout en dévorant sa chair, et l'on ne paré que par des mepris ironiques les ineffables jouissances qu'il nous procure."

There are other receipts less equivocally cruel. As, for example: "To make blew *mangle*," (rightly named); "Take a capon and cut out the brayne of him *alive*." "A carp pye: take a living carp and *knock him on the head*." This dish is declared to be "meate for a Pope;"—perhaps the mode of preparing it was pleasing to the Pontifical taste; Hildebrand, Julius the Second, or Alexander the Sixth, would have approved the receipt.

But the most diabolical dish on record is one contained in "Wecker's Secrets of Nature," (folio, Lond. 1660,) descriptive of the manner of *roasting a goose alive*. The details of the process are too barbarous to repeat, but when the roasting is accomplished, the writer adds: "Then take her up, set her before your guests, and *she will cry as you cut off any part from her*, and will be almost eaten up before she be dead; it is *mighty pleasant to behold*."

Let us turn from the atrocities of art to its mysteries.

What are we to understand by the following? "How to fricat calves' chaldrons." We have seen "a tiger's chaldron" dressed with gunpowder, on the stage, by the witches in Macbeth, but the process of a "*fricat*" has not, we believe, been attempted. The nearest approach to it, within our recollection, is a very savoury dish on whose merits we once heard a veteran of Napoleon's army at the Hôtel des Invalides expatiate with great emotion; he, however, called his condiment a "*fricot*."

"To make an *outlandish* pye. Take the liver of a hogg and cut it in *small* pieces, *about the bignesse of a span!*" This is not the way to make a *pâté de foie gras*, at least according to the custom of Strasburg, a sufficiently "outlandish" place.

Some of the "Accomplisht Lady's Delights" are quaint enough, but would scarcely pass current now in fashionable life. Here are several: "To make a *stump* pie;"—a strange compound of "mutton, sugar, eggs, currants, raisins, dates, and white wine vinegar!" "To make Poor Knights;" this must have been one of the receipts of the civil war, and was no doubt easily accomplished. "To make a *vaunt;*" a receipt imported probably from Gascony, for the United States were not then in existence. "To make a *fray* at night;" an Irish receipt perhaps. "To dress a crabbe;" the modus operandi is curious: "First take away all the legs and the *heads;*" these must have been Cerberean crabs. We close the list with "essence of *gammon*," the receipt for making which is by no means lost at the present day, any more than that for making a fool.

The cultivation of art generally was little improved in the eighteenth

century; painting, poetry, and architecture fell below the former standard, and cookery, such as it was, declined also. "Germanized views," as M. Von Raumer says of another branch,—narrowed the sphere of our conception, while it enlarged the size of our dishes. Cookery, in short, had taken up its sole abode in France, and the art became traditional in England. A distinguished modern author has justly observed:—"Roasting, boiling, frying, broiling, do not alone constitute the art of cookery; otherwise the savage of the Oronoco might be *maitre d'hôtel* to Prince Esterhazy." The English are about as well qualified as the aborigines of Spanish America!

Let us examine a few of the dishes which usually furnish forth the mahogany, not merely "in houses where things are so-so," but in those of higher pretensions, where French cooks are unknown and female domination prevails.

It is strange that any doubt should ever have been entertained of the truth of Bruce's account of the Abyssinian mode of preparing a rump-steak; it is scarcely different from our own. The animal, it is true, is first killed, but its flesh is eaten no less raw; it is submitted to the action of fire, but that is only done to save appearances. Your genuine steaker—be he hungry stag from Capel Court, or plethoric broker from Change Alley—is a very Abyssinian in taste, and likes his "vittles," as he calls them, "*on*derdone." It is no make-believe gravy that contents him; the native hue of the beef, the scarlet in-grain, is the only colour he prizes. There are some who glose over their cannibal propensities by garnishing this description of food with the shreds of that much-abused esculent root, the onion, (in whose absence all cookery is futile,) which are rudely manufactured into a kind of savage sauce, and scattered like shorn ringlets over the ample surface of the palpitating steak. Others, who think to achieve cookery by overlaying it, like the early painters who indulged in back-grounds of plated gold, have a fashion of adding oysters smothered in butter by way of sauce; the combination is, as may be supposed, detestable, for there are but four ways of managing an oyster, either to embed it in a scallop-shell,—dissolve it in soup,—embalm it in a pâté,—or swallow it in its native simplicity; and this last method, as De Foe says, "is the course I adopt myself."

A boiled leg of mutton is another of the *cannibalia* in which the Amphitryons of Britain delight. This unhappy joint is kept just long enough in the pot to give to the exterior the semblance of its original fleece; it is then deluged in "Perfidious Albion's solitary sauce," and environed by a few wretched capers, is placed upon the board. A steel fork, with two ferocious prongs, is then thrust into the unresisting mass, a sanguine stream flows, the carving-knife inflicts a deadly gash, a gaping wound ensues, and all the *convives* exclaim: "What splendid mutton!" The Anthropophagi did nothing worse than this.

A word or two on melted butter: Monsieur Ude observes, in the preface to his immortal work, that "melted butter in English cookery plays nearly the same part as the Lord Mayor's coach at the civic ceremonies. It is a sample of the national taste." We have also been reproached by our lively neighbours with having a hundred varieties of religion and only one sauce, and one at least of the schisms fares as badly as the melted butter, for we recollect hearing a French lady observe, speaking of the Quakers, "Quelle drole de religion, où il

faut se mettre mal!" But this, by the by, regards the universal application of our only sauce; if this were all it would not signify so much, but the butter is invariably badly melted; it either assumes the consistency of paste or the washiness of water-gruel; it is stiffened with flour or diluted with water, and were it not for "India soy," (which, by the way, is made of London black-beetles,) it would be even too bad for British deglutition. Those who eat it would do well to bear in mind a passage from "The Institutes of Menù," which, as they are probably little read in Europe, we shall here transcribe for their edification: "When these persons (the cooks) offer the clarified (melted) butter, it brings misfortunes to good men and raises aversion in the deities; such oblations therefore we must carefully shun."

There is a variety, a sub-genus of melted butter, which perhaps exceeds it in atrocity, as a copy is always worse than the original. It is called parsley and butter,—of all nauseous compounds the worst. It serves as a proper accompaniment to that tasteless joint, a boiled knuckle of veal, for dressing which Gay, in a moment of insanity, wrote his practical receipt. If the taste of the clergy generally be illustrated by that of the "Dean and Chapter," for whom, according to the poet, the dish was prepared, all we can say is, they have earned a reputation which, we think, they little merit. There are certain curious vegetables bearing a strong resemblance to the toes of statues, and known, we believe, by the name of "broad beans," which are worthily united to the above. We have a kind of indistinct consciousness of having, like Brummell, "once eaten a bean," but we cannot charge our memory with any remembrance of its flavour, for to the best of our belief it had none. Yet these congregated insipidities have obtained the suffrage, the "most sweet voices" of the British public! There are many good grounds for personal animosity, but we know of none more justifiable than that arising from being inveigled into dining upon a boiled knuckle of veal. We could forgive the man who, like Tantalus, cooked his own son for our dinner, but not the soulless individual who could dream of exciting our appetite by the helpless mawkishness of such a dish! Boiled rabbits figure in the same category, and that appalling dish, boiled tripe, is of close affinity.

The national character is said to be nourished by beef, and the assertion may be true; but this at least is certain, that all the varieties which *lower* the national character, have their origin in the anomalous preparations we have just adverted to. It was a diet of boiled rabbits that caused the defeat of General Whitelock, at Buenos Ayres, while on the other hand, the murder of the two young princes in the Tower may fairly be ascribed, in spite of Walpole's "Historic Doubts," to the well-known propensity of Richard III. for "Bifteek à l'Anglaise."

We will not dilate on the sad exhibitions of national cookery, which are offered in what is termed "liver and crow," in "beef-sausages,"—"toad-in-the-hole,"—"bubble and squeak,"—"Welsh rabbits," and "beefsteak-pudding." Whoever wishes to behold these dishes, in the moment of projection may repair to the "Museum Eating House," in Drury Lane, where "a genteel parlour" awaits him, and the spirit of M. Von Raumer hovers as the *genius loci*. There let him follow the professor's written example, and revel unrestrained in these delectable specimens of British enterprise.

But our task becomes a painful one. Besides the *animalia*, the

wide field of vegetables rises in full array before us. Carrots as hard as walking-sticks, and nearly as long; turnips, retentive as sponges of water; parsnips,—the cherished mortification of the Church of Rome; radishes, fatal to digestion; cabbages, the adored of tailors, puffed with impurity and baleful to appetite; these, and a host of cruder roots, crowd on our recollection and warn us, for the present, to pause. Man has been defined to be "a cooking animal;" certainly, the English are not a cooking nation!

Polydore Virgil Lonzago described our carnivorous propensities:—"*Maxima pars victus in carne consistit;*"—and little art has been superadded to improve the quantity of meat which we devour.

If we cannot learn from the wisdom of our continental neighbours and make the noble science of cooking our study, we must perforce be content with the aphorism of Old Burton, that "custom doth alter nature itselfe, and to such as are used to them, it makes bad meats wholesome, and unseasonable food agreeable."

A title page in full, and not a diluted extract therefrom, as subjoined below*, will show that the spirited publishers, Messrs. CHAPMAN and HALL, have left not only no excuse for the neglect of what is usually understood by the term Continental Cookery, but by the artistical researches and explorations of Mr. Joseph Bregion and Mistress Anne Miller, who is cook apparently at the same moment in several English families of distinction, the *cuisines* of India, America, Russia, Poland, Germany, &c., &c., have at length been scientifically introduced to the British public. To any one seriously interested in the art of cookery, the Russias presents the greatest field for enterprise. The "Imperial mode" of preparing sturgeon has been previously made known by the author of "Revelations of Russia," of which revelations this was one of the most curious; but the *ouka* surpasseth all imagination. Begin with beef steak, two roasted fowls, and the under nut of veal; add five varieties of vegetables, then raise the fillets of a small plaice or brill, a large perch, and a middling-sized eel; prepare at the same time a quenelle of whiting, with a *purée* of mushrooms, then make an essence of the fish, with a sole cut in quarters, two pottles of mushrooms, three kinds of vegetables, three of herbs, two of spices, and a little *consommé;* afterwards add sorrel and chervil blanched, and finish by adding to the whole a plate of livers of turbots (lottes), disgorged and boiled in *consommé*. Nothing in modern cookery approaches this soup, save Catherine the Second's soup of fillets of perch; but for the receipt of this and of other curiosities of gastronomic art, we must refer the reader to a work which distances all competitors, and is the most comprehensive treatise on the science of cookery that has yet appeared in this country.

* THE PRACTICAL COOK, English and Foreign; containing a great variety of old receipts, improved and re-modelled; and many original receipts in English, French, German, Russian, Spanish, Polish, Dutch, American, Swiss, and Indian cookery: with copious directions for the choice of all provisions, the laying out a table, giving small and large dinners, and the management of a cellar. By Joseph Bregion, formerly cook to H. E. Prince Ransmonski, &c.; and Anne Miller, cook in several English Families of distinction. 1 Vol. Chapman and Hall, London.

GOLDSMITH ILLUSTRATED *.

Little did Goldsmith, wandering

> "Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow—
> Or by the lazy Scheldt, or wand'ring Po,"

earning an occasional welcome by playing on the flute, anticipate the time when the art of England would be engaged in illustrating his simply sweet and affecting poetry. Yet that art cannot be more creditably employed than in contributing embellishments, the artistic pretensions of which may, in some degree, compete with the subject, to writings which will last as long, probably, as the English language itself. Such a combination renders the illustrated Goldsmith the most valuable of annuals, and a present best calculated to survive when charms of a more ephemeral character shall have passed away. Here, the eye may rejoice over Mrs. Blaise, or the mirthful maze; contemplation may be awakened by sweet Auburn, or Creation's mildest charms; the spirit roused by a Swiss tumult, or a struggling savage; or soothed to melancholy by the bed of parting life, or the still more affecting houseless and imploring poor. Beauty in design and refinement of the art of engraving conjoin in these long-familiar and ever-welcome pages, to render them, in so charming a garb, the present we would choose first, of all competitors, for the one we most respected and loved.

THE ROSE GARDEN OF PERSIA †.

> "Nature made me love the Rose."
> *'Umar Khiyan.*

Truly the Rose is the emblem of Persian poetry. Full of beauty and sweetness, it embodies the Persian's idea of his art. It is also his most favourite hyperbole. Its lustre gladdens every bower, and

> "If no rose bloom for me,
> Thorns my only flowers must be."

The colours of the rose are pale compared to the loved one's cheeks; and the same cheeks shame the rose in Muasi, Khakani, and Hafiz. The roses give their essence to the waters that flow through the gardens of Afrasiyab; and in Kashmir the poet sings that the nightingale pours its melody from its branches, and builds its bark-like nest amidst its leaves. Hafiz wrote the "Season of the Rose;" and Sadi called his chef-d'œuvre, Gulistan, or the "Land of Roses." We have now the "Rose Garden." A lustrous one it is, too, containing the choicest specimens, incomplete as they are, of the art of setting jewels as practised by the orientals. The above being in that country a familiar expression for poetic composition.

"Atkinson, Chézè, and Von Hammer have, in England, France, and Germany," says Miss Costello, "done much towards rendering the greatest Persian poets known; but a less learned hand may, perhaps,

* The Poetical Works of Oliver Goldsmith, M.B., and Professor of Ancient History in the Royal Academy of Arts. Illustrated by Wood Engravings, from the Designs of C. W. Cope, A.R.A., Thomas Creswick, A.R.A., J. C. Horsley, R. Redgrave, A.R.A., and Frederick Tayler, Members of the Etching Club. With a Biographical Memoir, and Notes on the Poems. Edited by Bolton Corney, Esq. Longman and Co., London.

† The Rose Garden of Persia. By Louisa Stuart Costello. One Vol. Longman and Co.

succeed in making them familiar, and by collecting a great number of poets together, enable the reader to judge and compare at leisure." This is truly opening a new and beautiful source at which to drink of that draught of poetic life which belongs to all nations, and to humanity in every situation. That England should have nothing to learn from the land of the sun, and the home of the fire-worshippers—the rival of Rome in its palmiest days—would be absurd to suppose. The principles of Suffiism, or the mystic relation of intellect and feeling with the Divine Essence, is one of the most beautiful philosophies ever embodied; from its extreme simplicity it is at once easy of acceptance to untutored minds, and admirably adapted to the yearnings of the poetic temperament. Miss Costello may truly congratulate herself at having placed a new mine of intellectual wealth within the reach of every educated person. And that the graceful in form and appearance might not be wanting where the beautiful in intellect is so redolent, the "Rose Garden of Persia" comes to us in a noble type, on fine paper, and with marginal ornaments, exquisite arabesque illuminations, and every roseate luxury of binding that is calculated to delight a sultana, or woo an English maiden from her habitual fastidiousness and *insouciance*, to the charms of Persian poetry and romance.

THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN INSTITUTE*.

This superb volume certainly indicates both taste, industry, and liberality on the part of the management of the British and Foreign Institute. Professedly a popular institution, this record of its transactions is not composed of elaborate and recondite essays, or of contributions to science and philosophy; but it contains papers of a more general and literary character, accounts of the evening meetings and conversations, reports of lectures, and sketches of travel and reviews of books, in both which latter departments the resident director, Mr. Buckingham, is the master-spirit. Dr. Grant has delivered lectures on Zoology; Dr. Camps, some admirable lectures on Physiology; Mr. Brayley, on the Progress of Physical Science; Dr. Lancaster, an excellent lecture on the Relations between the Animal and Vegetable Kingdoms; and we were also much pleased with a learned essay on the Character of Cromwell, by Mr. Leicester Buckingham, in sequence to an essay of opposite tendency, by Mr. W. H. Leatham. It is altogether a very complete and interesting volume. It gives an ample narrative of the foundation and progress of a society which now numbers more than a thousand members, and promises to flourish in proportion as its objects are praiseworthy and admirable; and what purposes can be more so, than the diffusion of knowledge among the higher classes, the foundation of intercourse between the noble and the intellectual of the land, and the establishment of international friendship? It is just such an institution as the metropolis of Great Britain was in want of; and it is to be anxiously hoped that it may continue to thrive and prosper as it has begun.

* Transactions of the British and Foreign Institute. 4to. Fisher and Son.

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